THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y), 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXVII, No. 8 New York, November 20, 1920 Whole Number 1596

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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HOW LABOR VOTED

THE AMERICAN WORKER is his own political boss and makes his decisions under his own hat. This, in the opinion of many journalistic observers, is one of the big facts revealed by the Republican landslide. Samuel Gompers, speaking as the head of the great American Federation of Labor, with its membership of 4,500,000 and its presumedly wide influence throughout our industrial population of about 40,000,000, had proclaimed Governor Cox, on his record, a better friend of labor than Senator Harding, and the Democratic platform more favorable to the unions than the Republican platform. On the stump he had bitterly assailed Governor Coolidge for his attitude in the Boston police strike. Yet Harding and Coolidge were swept into office on a tidal-wave of votes, of which many millions must have been cast by laboring men and women; for, as *The Wall Street Journal* remarks, "every industrial State in the Union, without a single exception, piled up a record-breaking total against Cox." In Iowa Senator Cummins was reelected, altho marked for defeat by the American Federation of Labor because of his part in framing the Esch-Cummins railway legislation, a measure not to the liking of the powerful Railroad Brotherhoods. In Kansas Governor Henry J. Allen was also reelected, altho he was conspicuously in the Federation's bad graces for his part in breaking the coal strike and for his establishment of a special State court for the compulsory adjudication of labor disputes. "Analyze the election figures in any one of the big industrial States," says the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.), "and guess for yourself where the bulk of the labor vote went." "In vain does Mr. Samuel Gompers or anybody else try to make the trade-unionists vote as trade-unionists," remarks the Democratic New York *Times;* and the Republican *Herald* of the same city exclaims that "it is to the shining credit of American labor, organized as well as unorganized, that it can not be led to the polls in Sam Gompers's halter." "Once more America has shown its essential solidarity, its refusal to crystallize along class lines," approvingly notes the Republican Kansas City *Star*, which adds that "it would be a grave misfortune if this nation should break up into class-conscious, warring groups, each seeking its own advantage at the expense of the others." The electorate, in the opinion of the Tulsa *World* (Ind.), "has proclaimed that the man who preaches classism in America preaches treason"; and this Oklahoma daily "thanks God" for the prospect that "it will be a chastened labor oligarchy—for a time at least." "What became of the great labor vote that Mr. Gompers was to lead into the Democratic camp?" asks the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.), which offers as a partial solution of the mystery the suggestion that "the workingmen of foreign birth voted as racial groups against the Democratic party, and not as class-conscious groups." "Taking it as a whole, the outcome of the election is a blow to the political prestige of organized labor," thinks the Dallas *News* (Dem.); and it predicts that "it is certain to occasion a revision of opinion among politicians as to the expediency of deferring to the demands and threats of labor-leaders." This idea is carried still further by the Buffalo *Commercial* (Rep.), which avers that "Sam Gompers and Secretary Morrison and the whole crowd that runs the American Federation of Labor are a great big bluff." The same paper goes on to say:

Photo by "Edmonston," Washington, D.C.

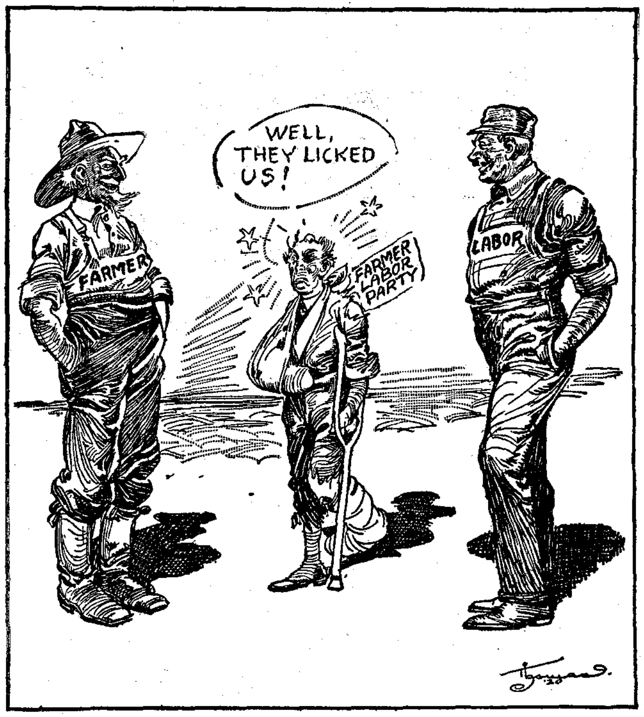
THE ONLY SOCIALIST IN CONGRESS.

Meyer London, a former member, now elected again from New York City.

> "In politics they have always failed because at every election there is a showdown, when they have to lay their cards upon the table and the public sees for itself just what they have been holding. In the industrial world there is seldom a showdown because they have employers scared. When a man like Judge Gary rises up and fights the crowd he wins, of course; because the Federation is no stronger in industry than it is in politics. It assumes to speak for the workingmen of the country. It doesn't. The workingmen of the country do as they please."

Mr. Gompers, on the other hand, while characterizing the Republican victory as "a great plunge toward reaction," reminds us that the political policy of the Federation of Labor in this campaign was to reward its friends and punish its enemies regardless of party, and for this policy he claims success in the Congressional elections. The Federation, he says, brought about the defeat of "fifty Congressmen who were inconsiderate and hostile," and helped to elect "from fifty-five to sixty men whose records show fair and considerate service." This result, he claims, "completely justifies" the Federation's policy, and "convincingly demonstrates the futility of separate party action." To quote further from his first statement on the outcome of the election:

> "It is not to be said that the election was satisfactory in every respect. Every forward-looking man and woman must feel some deep regret because of the great plunge toward reaction. But democracy will right itself at the proper time, and meanwhile the actual tabulation of results in Congress, the law-making body, shows a definite and specified gain for all that makes for progress and a response to the needs of our time.



OH! DID THEY?

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

> "The non-partizan campaign of the American Federation of Labor was primarily and most effectively a campaign in Congressional districts. Its results were gained in the primaries and in the election. These results will serve as a constant reminder to all servants of special privilege, and the ever-present and always impressive fact will be before the new Congress that fifty of the unfaithful and the hostile were defeated by the organized workers of our Republic."

Another side-light on labor's vote is thrown by a Nashville dispatch to the New York *Times* in which we read that "organized labor throughout Tennessee, forgetful of traditions in politics and even of the color line which for half a century had kept Tennessee in the Democratic 'Solid South,' threw its strength of about 52,000 votes to the Republican party last Tuesday as a protest against Gov. Albert H. Roberts, erstwhile coal-miner and later lawyer and judge, who offended his labor constituents by furthering a State Police Bill to suppress strikes."

But if Mr. Gompers and other conservatives were not completely successful in their efforts to make their leadership function in the political field, neither, it seems, were those more radical leaders who urged labor to seek its Promised Land by way of a "third party." Returns for the Socialist and Farmer-Labor votes are not yet available, but estimates place them at figures the reverse of startling in view of the general unrest and the increased electorate. "It is surprizing that the vote for Debs and Christensen did not reach higher proportions," thinks the Canton *News* (Dem.), which estimates that the Socialist vote will prove to be about 5 per cent. of the total vote cast. The same paper remarks:

> "There is nothing in this percentage that need give particular concern to any person who is opposed to the radicalism that is exprest by this organization. The announcement of Socialist leaders that 'the donkey is dead, and the elephant will be next to go,' sounds like a bit of postelection humor."

Estimating the Socialist vote this year at about 2,000,000, the Washington *Star* (Ind.) remarks that "with Harding's majority of 6,000,000, or more, the casting of 2,000,000 votes for Debs out of a total possibly of 30,000,000 is not a striking manifestation of discontent and protest." The Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.) reminds us that when Debs ran for the Presidency in 1912 he polled 897,011 votes out of a total of 15,002,090. "By and large," this paper adds, "the so-called 'drift' to the third party, while not without its degree of interest, can not be said to be more than an eddy, in comparison with the mighty tide which set away from radicalism and toward the port of conservatism in the tremendous pluralities for Harding and Coolidge.

But *The Weekly Review*, another conservative New York journal, warns us that the ferment of social unrest has been working in this country during the last four years to an extent not shown by the election figures. "It would be foolish to deny," says this weekly, "that there is among us far more of Socialistic sentiment and of revolutionary sentiment than has ever before existed." On the other hand, the New York *World* (Dem.) can discover in the Socialist party "little sign of recovery from the blow it dealt itself in its attitude toward the war, driving out most of its American-born members and its ablest leaders."

Despite the defeat of Victor Berger, Socialist candidate for Congress from Milwaukee, the Socialist Schenectady *Citizen* declares that the party has reason to feel proud of its showing in the election. "We have elected Meyer London to Congress from New York; Edmund Siedel to the State Senate from the Bronx—the first Socialist to sit in that body; and at least three Assemblymen. In Milwaukee, Victor Berger, our candidate for Congress, was defeated by a narrow margin. Six or eight Assemblymen and three Senators will represent our party in the Wisconsin legislature." Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate, announces that the fight to win the United States for the Socialist cause in 1924 was launched the day after the 1920 election. But to a correspondent of the London *Morning Post* he said that his election this year would have been a great calamity, because—

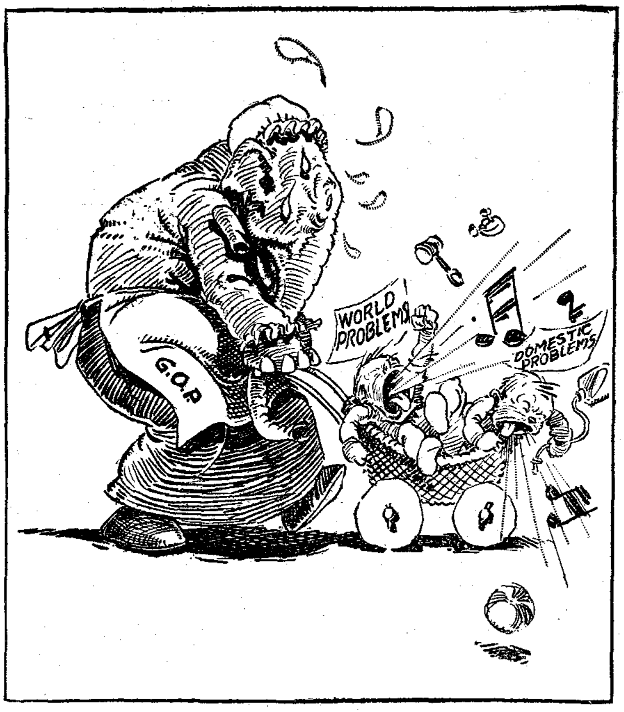
> "The world is not yet ready for Socialism and its agents are not yet ready to put Socialism into effect. Before that can be done there must be a long process of education. Otherwise things will be worse than they are now."

While the Socialist party is the strongest of the minor parties in the United States, much interest centered on the new Farmer-Labor party. This party, says the New York *Herald*, proved to be "a joke at the polls." Yet its candidate, Parley P. Christensen, predicts that the next fight will be between the Republicans and his party. In a statement issued at Salt Lake City he says:

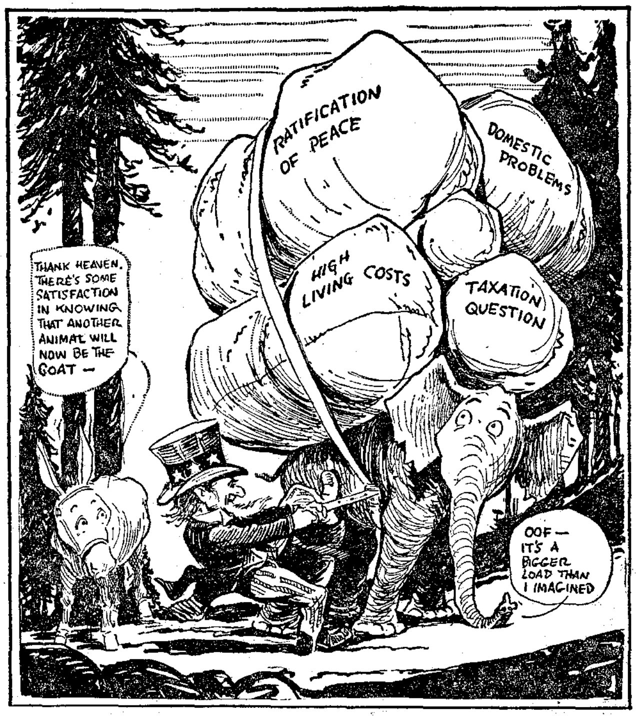
> "Our vote is very satisfactory. The result means that the next fight will be between the Republican and the Farmer-Labor parties. Democrats can not come back. Organized labor also has learned its lesson. We can not hope for relief from either of the old parties.
>
> "In the next fight labor will be united with the farmer and other forward-looking people in the Farmer-Labor party. Our campaign has just commenced. To-day we begin organization work for the Congressional elections of 1922, looking to a complete rout of the old reactionary Republican party in 1924."

In the Chicago *New Majority*, an organ of the Farmer-Labor party, we read:

> "Angry at Wilson and the Democratic party, the voters milled



THE NEW NURSE ON DUTY.
—Williams in the Indianapolis *News.*


RATIFICATION OF PEACE
DOMESTIC PROBLEMS
HIGH LIVING COSTS
TAXATION QUESTION
THANK HEAVEN, THERE'S SOME SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT ANOTHER ANIMAL WILL NOW BE THE GOAT —
OOF — IT'S A BIGGER LOAD THAN I IMAGINED

MERELY A CHANGE IN PACK-HORSES.
—Chapin in the St. Louis *Star.*

THE EMBARRASSMENTS OF VICTORY.

around silently throughout the campaign, and then, helpless in the grip of the Wall-Street-Old-Party system, they broke in a wild stampede to Harding. They were convinced that it was the only effective way they could castigate the Democrats for stripping American citizens of liberties and rights guaranteed under the Constitution, during the last four years. Workers disregarded the Farmer-Labor party appeal, the Socialist appeal, and the Gompers-A. F. of L. appeal, and vented their revenge on the Wilson Administration for its effort to smash labor in the coal, steel, and railroad strikes, by voting for Harding."

"If the Socialists, the Farmer-Laborites, and other radicals had supported the more liberal of the two great parties the result might not have been greatly different so far as the candidates elected are concerned, but there would have been less encouragement for reactionary legislation," argues the San Francisco *Labor Clarion*, which is convinced that "the chief function of every political party of radicals is to serve as a sideshow to the reactionary party." To quote further:

> "One need but think back to previous Presidential elections to notice the fact that the radical parties served simply as a means of alienating voters from the liberal or progressive parties. And it is for this reason that all reactionaries give encouragement to such parties. By so doing they divide the progressive elements of the people. It is the old political maxim, divide and conquer."

But to another labor paper, the Seattle *Union Record*, the election conveys just the opposite lesson. According to the editor of this Pacific-coast journal "the election has shown that all thought of securing remedial action through either of the old parties must be given up and a new party, the nucleus of which has already developed in the Farmer-Labor party, take its place as the champion and representative of the producers." Still another labor paper, the Butte *Bulletin*, while welcoming the rebuke administered at the polls to the Democratic party, admits that it expects little or no improvement, from the labor view-point, under a Republican Administration. *Labor* (Washington, D. C.), organ of the Plumb Plan League, remarks that "the forces of reaction have won a victory, but their triumph will be short-lived. The pendulum is sure to swing the other way at the next election." On the other hand, the Indianapolis *Union*, the oldest labor paper in the United States, welcomes the Republican victory whole-heartedly on the ground that what is good for business is good for labor. To quote:

> "The election is over. Business professes to be profoundly satisfied with the result, and what is good for business must be good for labor if the division of the profits of business is made in a spirit of peace and reciprocal good will."

Since the Republicans now have the Presidency and both branches of Congress, remarks the Spokane *Labor World*—

> "No longer will it be possible for a Republican Congress to blame a Democratic President, and *vice versa*, for the slow progress the nation has made since 1912. The Republican party holds the reigns of government, and labor will watch with interest where we will be guided. Much remedial legislation is needed for union and non-union worker alike. This legislation is to be asked for by labor, not from a selfish, personal standpoint, but for the betterment of all the people, and if this legislation is not forthcoming the Republican party will be solely responsible and will be held to answer in 1924."

Leaders of labor, says the Chicago *Unionist*, "are hoping that President-elect Harding will select men for his Cabinet who will see that the interests of the wage-earners are represented as well as those of capital, and that the workers be given the same chance for progress in the next few years that is given to capital." "That the hopes of the labor leaders may be fulfilled seems assured," it adds, "and there are indications that progressive men will guide to better and brighter conditions."

Less optimistic for the future, however, is the tone of the Allentown *Pennsylvania Labor Herald*, in which we read:

> "Organized labor views with alarm, and justly so, the great landslide to Harding and Coolidge by the army of voters.
>
> "Hardly had the votes been counted before a statement is issued by the Republican Publicity Committee, of which ex-Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., is chairman, the statement declaring for the 'open shop' as part of the legislative program to be pushed by the Republican party.
>
> "All members of organized labor know that the 'open shop' as interpreted by the Manufacturers' Associations means 'closed shop' to organized labor. This, then, is to be the policy of the Republican party, now swept into complete power. . . . . . . This is what the vast majority voted for last Tuesday, even tho they did not realize the plain facts, and if they get what they voted for and get it quickly we hope the lesson will be of some benefit to them."

SIZING UP THE SIXTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS

THE ONE CHEERING THOUGHT to the Democrats, as they contemplate the huge Republican majorities in both Houses of Congress, to judge from the comment of representative party papers, is that if there is any misbehavior the voters will know whom to blame and to punish. And there is the thought, too, perhaps fathered by the wish, that the Republican majority will prove unwieldy and embarrassing. To the Republicans the cheering thoughts are perhaps too numerous to list here. The victors, according to unofficial figures which may be slightly affected by recounts, will have a plurality of 176 in the House of Representatives, which body will be made up of 305 Republicans, 129 Democrats, and one Socialist. In the Senate there will be 59 Republicans and 37 Democrats, giving the former a majority of 22. What will the Republicans do with this voting strength in Congress? Three outstanding issues confront the next Congress: taxation, prohibition enforcement, and the Peace Treaty. First of all, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, the Republican party "is pledged to a revision of the taxation laws, a simplification of the income-tax return system, and a creation of a tax board." The party leaders, it is further noted, have promised that the "excess-profits tax shall be repealed, and instead of it will be a sales tax or some more direct tax on consumption. Both parties were pledged to the abolishment of this tax, and therefore an attempt may be made to repeal it in the coming session, altho the disposition of the majority leaders is to delay the consideration of all tax and tariff matters until the special session, when a Republican President will be called upon to pass upon measures that Congress may enact." A New York *Evening Post* correspondent says that before there can be any legislation on taxation the party leaders must agree upon the policy, for here "there is a wide divergence of views between Republican Senators of the Penrose school and the Borah-Norris-Johnson group in the Senate." Republican leaders, we read in a New York *World* dispatch, plan to "create a Select Commission on Taxation with broader scope than is ordinarily covered by the Ways and Means Finance Committees." As we read—

HE WILL PRESIDE OVER THE SENATE.

But in this picture little Calvin Coolidge was perhaps thinking rather of the pretty bird or musical rattle in the hand of the photographer.

> "The Commission would be composed of members of the Senate and House and prominent experts on taxes and their relation to business.
>
> "The Commission would make a thorough study of existing tax laws. It would ascertain the defects and their remedies, the amount of reduction, if any, in the rates and the taxes that should be eliminated or added, reporting conclusions to Congress."

This Commission "would not touch the tariff," but the redemption of the protection pledges of candidate and platform will be left to the Ways and Means Committee.

When we consider the tasks facing the Senate there is, as the editor of the New York *Evening Mail* observes, a great deal back of that large Republican majority besides the mere figures. As he says:

> "It puts Messrs. Hiram Johnson, Borah, and La Follette out of business. Each of them had planned an insurrecto rôle for the next four years.
>
> "If there were to be a Republican majority after March 4, as narrow as the majority that now exists, their three votes would have been essential to the Harding Administration. On every question they would have to be reckoned with, and their attitude would be decisive. That would mean the end of party responsibility in the Senate; the balance of power would be in the hands of a little group of men who would use it to dominate.
>
> "Nothing of the kind can happen now. The Republican majority is large enough to get along without Johnson, Borah, and La Follette; when they want to bolt party measures, no one will be found urgently entreating them to remain in line."

This has a direct application to the prospects of Treaty ratification. The ample Senate majority means that the Republicans will be able to find a league of the right kind and put the nation into it, declares the pro-League Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Rep.), for as a result of the Republican tidal wave "'the bitter-enders' have lost their sting."

What! replies Mr. Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*—are the Senate Republicans by virtue of their large majority to "do as they please without consulting Johnson or Borah?" Well, continues this writer for a chain of papers which took the Johnson-Borah view of Republican league policy,

> "The program may not go through so smoothly, for Hiram Johnson, thrown overboard at one end of the ship, is apt to climb up at the other end.
>
> "Johnson, Borah, and La Follette, before the four years are over, will be able to make the Republicans do a lot of hard thinking."

Nor, observes the Springfield *Republican*, do these three Senators stand alone—

> "It should not be forgotten that there were at least ten 'bitter-ender' Republican Senators opposed to the League in any form with any reservations whatever. Added to these was the Democrat Reed, of Missouri. Altho Reed's side-partner in bitter opposition, the blind Gore, of Oklahoma, will be replaced, possibly by a Republican, there is Watson, the newly elected Democratic Senator from Georgia, from whom even more violent antagonism may be expected. Other Democratic Senators like Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Shields, of Kentucky, were opposed, but less extreme."

"The ranks of the Republican irreconcilables in the Senate have," we are reminded by the New York *Evening Post*, "been swelled by the results of the election," for "side by side with Johnson and Borah will fight, they believe, Gooding, Borah's colleague from Idaho, and Shortridge, Johnson's new colleague from California." This independent daily, which supported Cox and the League, goes on to discuss the ways and means of ratification:

"At best, the Republicans will fall far short of the two-thirds requisite for action upon the Treaty. This feature of the situation should have two consequences: refusal by the Democrats to pursue any policy of mere obstruction, and a sincere effort by the Republicans to arrive at a solution of the problem of the Treaty and the League that will be acceptable to their Democratic colleagues. Patriotism demands both of these things. And Republican party interest impels it to the same end. The country expects a speedy disposal of the chief matter before it. Unwarranted delay will be punished by a stinging rebuke in 1922. But how can the Republican Senate cooperate with the Republican President unless it curbs its irreconcilables? The course plainly marked out for the final disposition of the Treaty and the League is a combination between the mass of Republican Senators and Democratic Senators to thwart the bitter-enders in both camps. If President Harding will exert himself to bring about this consummation, he will illustrate a kind of cooperation between President and Congress of which we can not have too much."

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IT WAS EVIDENTLY A SOLEMN OCCASION

When Master Warren Harding and his sisters had their pictures taken. As every boy at this age has Presidential dreams, we may draw our own conclusions about what he seems to be seeing in the future.

And ex-President Taft, perhaps the leading Republican friend of the League, admits, in one of his Philadelphia *Public Ledger* editorials, that—

"In the matter of settling our foreign affairs, the Democrats must help if the necessary number of two-thirds is to be obtained. The hold-over Democratic members who voted for Republican reservations, and others who would have done so but for Mr. Wilson's objection, will furnish, we may hope, the requisite addition."

Prohibitionists profess themselves well satisfied with the make-up of Congress. For, as the Canton *News* puts it, "While the views of the membership of the new Congress on the prohibition issue have not all been confirmed, indications are that the drys will gain not less than fifty in both houses, which makes it almost certain that a liberalizing of the Volstead Law is impossible." Anti-Saloon League officials assert that their Congressional campaign was fully successful. To quote a statement which was sent out from Anti-Saloon League headquarters in Washington:

"While three or four 'dry' Congressmen have been defeated by 'wet' Congressmen, on the other hand, at least four times as many Congressmen now 'wet' have been supplanted by 'dry' Congressmen. In addition, a very large number of the newly elected Congressmen are against any weakening of the Volstead Act. A significant fact is that 'dry' candidates to Congress ran ahead of their tickets, as a rule, and 'wet' candidates trailed behind. It proved that 'wet' candidates are no longer an asset but a liability.

"The adoption in Ohio of the State-enforcement code by a referendum vote with 100,000 majority, when only a year ago a law-enforcement code was rejected by 80,000, shows the trend of public sentiment.

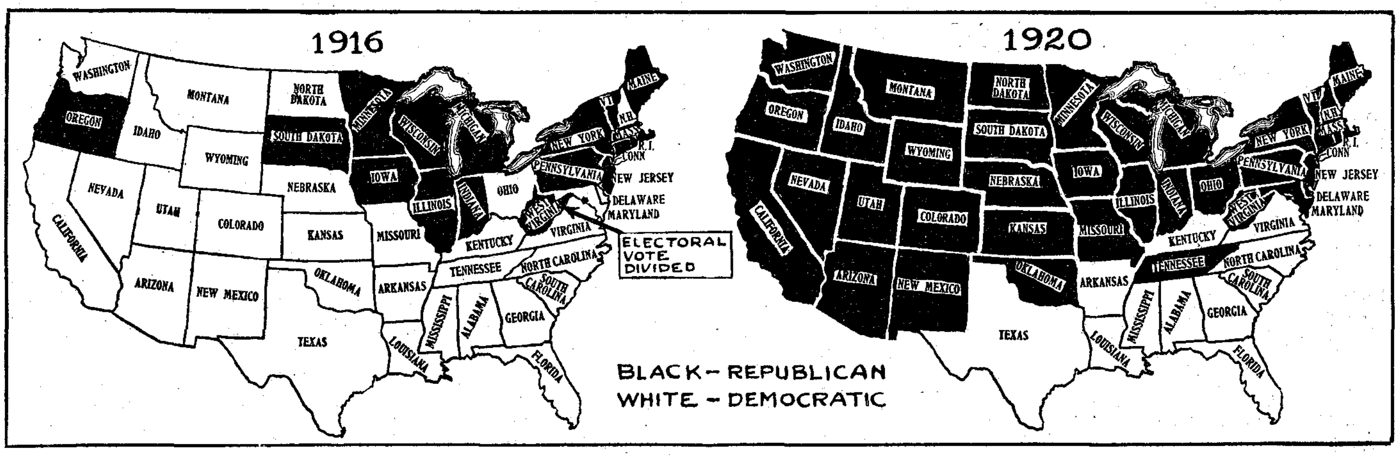
"There is no encouragement in the present situation for the 'wets.'"

On the other hand, the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.) calls attention to 'wet' victories in two States. "In Massachusetts the referendum on the bill to legalize the sale of light wines and beer was carried by a majority of 19,000. In California, a State prohibition enforcement act was defeated by a hundred thousand majority." These figures are taken to indicate a reaction against prohibition, and *The Citizen* believes "the champions of personal liberty will be encouraged to continue the fight against this tyrannical invasion of popular rights until a modification of the law in accordance with the popular will is enacted by Congress."

A conservative Republican daily, the Boston *Transcript*, looks upon the election of 1920 as epoch-making in marking the end of a period of executive aggrandizement at the expense of the national legislature, with its consequent recurrent conflicts between the two branches of the Government. This paper proceeds:

"In some degree this condition of warfare, which has existed even when President and Congress have been of the same party, has been the people's own fault. Their impulse and their action tended to make the President a kind of popular tribune against a political oligarchy in Congress, and particularly in the Senate, which has been steadily aggrandized at the expense of the House of Representatives through the operation of its permanent tenure and its power to confirm appointments and ratify treaties. If the people could not rule through the House of Representatives they were bound to rule through the Presidency. Tho constitutionally but an executive, the President, as the people's tribune, gained a great influence over legislation. The result has been a series of clashes and deadlocks, often with a paralysis of the public business which has satirized our institutions. But in the Administration which will be brought in by yesterday's great victory two influences against this condition of things will operate. The first of these is the fact that by a large majority in the House of Representatives, and by a sufficient and resolute majority in the Senate, the President and Congress are to be brought into close sympathy. The second influence is the sagacious determination of the man who will be President from March 4 to be an executive and to let Congress make the laws. A man of experience and of instinctive appreciation of the popular bent, Mr. Harding has recognized the fact that the people are tired of all this. He sees that the prolongation of the struggle means paralysis for our institutions. He is wisely content to fulfil his constitutional functions without stretching the Presidential powers even under the popular urge."

Some of the leaders have fallen in the battle of the ballots. Washington will miss Champ Clark, Senator Chamberlain, General Sherwood, and Senator Phelan. But there will be new faces to take the places of the old. Ex-Senator Burton reappears in the House. Mr. Volstead, unloved of the "wets," retains his seat after a hard fight. A new woman Congressman appears in the person of Miss Alice M. Robertson, of Muskegee, Oklahoma. All Republican Senators who were candidates were reelected.



OUR CHANGE OF POLITICAL COMPLEXION IN FOUR YEARS.

THE DEMOCRACY'S EBB-TIDE

"ALL IS LOST, perhaps, save honor." So one Democratic editor voices the feeling of his fellow partizans who are still gasping for breath after the Republican landslide which swept everything before it in the Electoral College, in Congress, and in most of the States, even dislodging two States from the "solid" Democratic South. "The Democrats can not come back" is the unsympathetic comment of the Presidential nominee of the youngest of our parties upon the disaster which has overtaken the oldest. But, retorts the Raleigh *News and Observer*, in an editorial head-line, the party is "Not Dead, Not Even Sleeping." Indeed, it affirms, "the Federal law-making body will not be in session a single day before the nation's need for the party of the plain people will be made evident, and the response to that need will not be the response of a corpse." In such lively fashion does Secretary Daniels's paper interrupt the post-mortems that are being held over the Democratic party. Or, in the dignified words of the defeated Presidential candidate, "the flag of Democracy still flies as the symbol of things more enduring than the passions and resentment that come with the aftermath of war." But the dent in the erstwhile "solid South" is a fact to reckon with, editors of both parties agree. "The Republicans have gained a foothold in the South," admits the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.); "Tennessee marks the first break in the solid South in a national election since the overthrow of carpetbag government after the Civil War." Republicans, says the editor of the New York *Evening Mail* (Rep.), have long dreamed of breaking the solid South. And—

> "At last the dream has come true. We have a Republican Congressman from Texas; we have two Republican Senators from Maryland and Maryland's electoral vote; we have a Governor and the vote of Tennessee; Oklahoma has joined the marching hosts, and Louisiana is breaking up.
>
> "Kentucky turns in a Senator."

Besides the loss of the electoral vote of Tennessee and of Oklahoma, which is described as "a new State, geographically Southern and largely responsive to Southern traditions"—there are interesting demonstrations of local Republican strength in Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, and Alabama, in some cases resulting in district or county Republican majorities. In Louisiana, for instance, Senator Harding carried ten parishes, a fact which led the editor of Mr. Harding's Marion *Star* (Rep.) to send this telegram to his brother-editor of the New Orleans *States* (Dem.):

> "Senator Harding asks our office to utter his most grateful appreciation of the fine vote given him in Louisiana, particularly as it manifests a growing belief in the Republican position.
>
> "He asks me to say to you he has one ambition, which is to wipe out the last vestige of sectionalism in America in thought, politics, our economic life, and in government."

As showing a trend away from sectionalism, the Republican majorities in the South are looked upon by the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* (Rep.) as "good omens." The Dayton *Journal* (Rep.) feels convinced by the heavy Republican vote in the South that the people of that section are disposed to meet Mr. Harding half-way in carrying out the policy outlined in his telegram. There is really no justification, declares this paper, "for the spirit of sectionalism that now prevails between the North and the South." "A healthy incident," is the St. Louis *Star's* characterization of what happened in Tennessee and Oklahoma. This strong supporter of Governor Cox proceeds:

> "When the 'solid South' breaks up, and votes on the same issues that govern the rest of the country, it will be possible to secure a genuine division between the parties—a conservative party against a progressive party. If the Democratic party should emerge from such a realinement as the progressive element in American politics, it would find itself strengthened. And in any event the Democratic party would be better off if it had to fight for the Southern electoral vote every four years, instead of being able to count it in advance."

The success of the Republican candidate for Congress in Texas is accounted for by the Dallas *News* (Dem.) in that State as being due to the fact that there has always been a large Republican vote in his district—which was once before represented by a Republican—and to the fact that Germans who have hitherto voted Democratic in order to fight prohibition effectively have now "gravitated into the party whose principles and traditions best accord with their own sentiment." A Memphis labor paper attributes the Republican victory in Tennessee partly to the labor vote. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.) holds that the weakness of the candidates representing the party in the State was in no small degree responsible for the defeat. It also admits that "the Republicans made a clever fight. The white wing of the party took charge. The colored man was advised to stay in the background and he did. The candidates confined themselves mostly to State issues." Mr. John W. Farley, Republican leader in Memphis, is quoted in the papers of that city as saying that "the result of the election in Tennessee, which for the first time in fifty years will have its electoral vote counted in the Republican column, is undoubtedly largely due to the fight for white supremacy in the party councils which was made by the Republican leaders in west Tennessee." The Nashville *Banner* (Dem.), mindful of Republican campaign slurs on Southern Democratic office-holders, can not account for Republican gains in the South "except on the ground that a more liberal spirit exists in this section than in the North." The Republican Knoxville *Journal and Tribune* rejoices at the blow at sectionalism and wonders if it may not have come to Senator Harding "as inspiration from on high, to say what he has said to that New Orleans editor about wiping from the face of fair America, and cleansing the heart and soul of American men and women from the blight of sectionalism." And the Baltimore *Sun* (Dem.) comments on the result in Tennessee:

"There were Republican inroads Tuesday in other Southern communities, seemingly indicating growing political restlessness and dissatisfaction. That may be merely temporary. But Tennessee may be hard to recapture. It has an individuality of its own, and it is not greatly afraid of negro supremacy. The Republicans have gained a foothold in the South. Whether they can maintain it may rest largely with themselves, may be determined by their own moderation and wisdom."

Not since the Hayes-Tilden election in 1876, the Newark *News* (Ind.) recalls, "has one of the secessionist States, all of which then were back in the Union, given an electoral vote to the Republican ticket until this year." We read further:

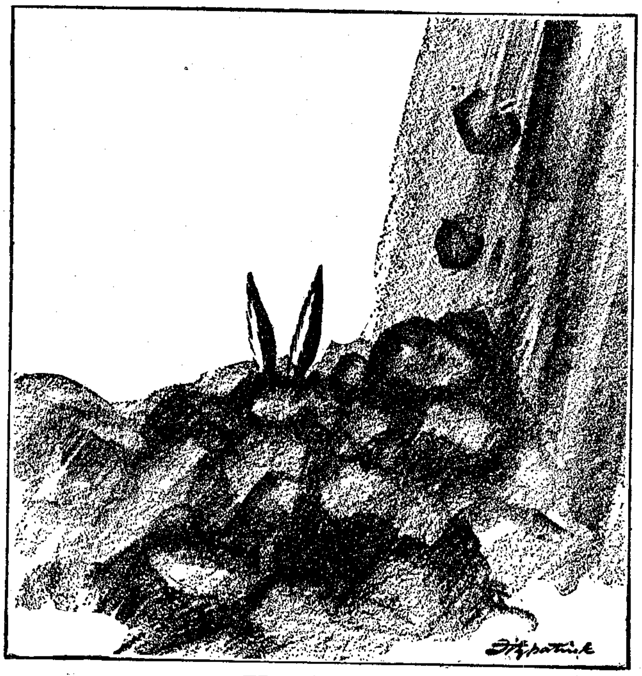
"In a two-party nation it has been a severe handicap to progress that one party should have such a reliance, and that a large part of its support should be blindly sectional, regardless of the needs of a country no longer mainly agricultural but now dominantly industrial. There are men scattered through the South by tens of thousands who through the last three decades have been Republicans at heart from time to time, both as to the tariff and as to sound money in 1896 and 1900, to cite specific instances, who for social and racial reasons have remained within the Democratic fold, which certainly, as individuals, they ought to have been allowed to emerge from without loss of caste.

"It will, however, require more than this one election, phenomenal in many other respects, to demonstrate, by the instance of Tennessee, that the 'solid South' is permanently broken. True, Oklahoma went for Harding, and even the Lone Star of Texas sends one Republican Representative to Washington. Tennessee, it must be remembered, has not the tradition of political homogeneity with the rest of the South as firmly fixt as the ten other States of the original group. The State seceded, but East Tennessee was Unionist during the great conflict of the States, altho it never had the physical power to break off from the parent as West Virginia did.

"So it remains to be seen whether or not the South is really broken. If it is, it marks the beginning of a trend in our domestic affairs, the results of which cannot even faintly be descried. Perhaps the Democratic party will go the way of other historic parties, or else be rejuvenated by the admixture of elements not now in it, so that there will be a new and general national alinement. But when it comes to a question of counting upon the white man of the South, always this has to be remembered: the grandfather clause and its virtual nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment are vital things still in the old slave States, where, by sheer force of numbers, the race problem, so called, is a living thing."

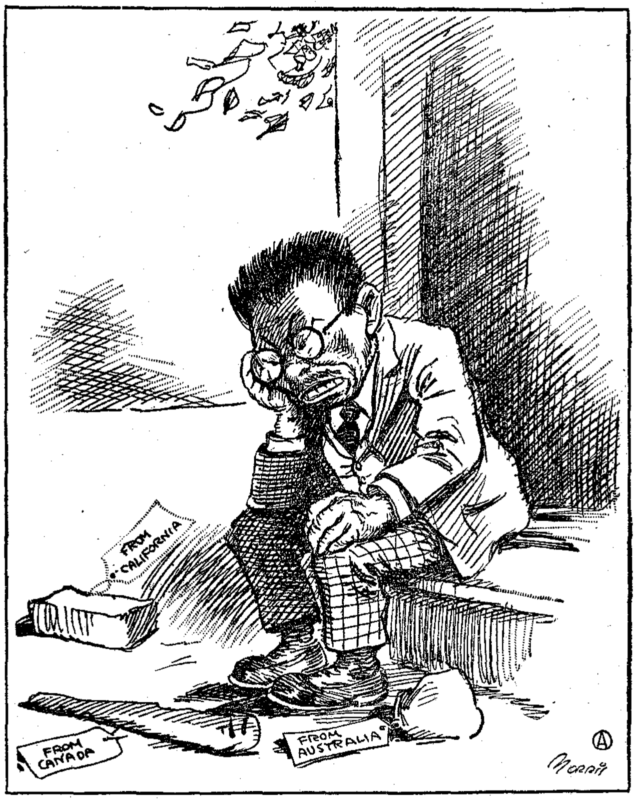
Mr. Christensen's declaration that the Democratic party can not come back is accepted by the New York *Globe* (Ind. Rep.), which believes that the old Democratic party has really been wiped out of existence, but that quite possibly "a new one more worthy of the heroic name might rise out of the ruins." But Democratic editors recall Grover Cleveland's statement: "One of the things which have most imprest me in my life is the amazing vitality of the Democratic party which seems to have placed it above and beyond human mortality." Governor Cox calls talk of a new party "absurd," for "so long as government exists the principles of Thomas Jefferson will be the center about which human hopes will gather." The Democratic party, says the New York *Times* (Dem.), "is indestructible because, whatever mistakes it has made, it is a people's party." On other occasions, the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union* (Dem.) reminds us, "striking victories have followed crushing defeats, and if the party will become democratic in principle again as well as in name, it will win other victories." Democratic leaders like Mr. McAdoo and Senator Harrison and leading dailies like the New York *World* assert the need of careful party reorganization. Mr. Bryan's declaration that President Wilson ought to resign forthwith has provoked much comment, altho in general it is not taken with excessive seriousness by the press of either party. Naturally, this statement coming at the close of a disastrous Democratic campaign in which the party's most experienced campaigner was conspicuous by his absence, arouses queries as to Mr. Bryan's place in party leadership. The fact remains, the Baltimore *Sun* notes, "that Mr. Bryan is the only Democratic leader of national proportions whose withers are unwrung by the hand of this disaster." On the other hand, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) observes that while party reorganization will come about in due political course, "Mr. Bryan will not be one of the organizers." Naturally, Mr. Wilson's illness eliminates him from the discussion of future Democratic leadership. The Montgomery *Advertiser* (Dem.) thinks that by his "almost single-handed fight" which "challenged the interest and admiration of the American people," Governor Cox "has won the leadership of the Democratic party in the immediate years to come." Conferences for planning the future of the party should, in the opinion of the Alabama daily, include such experienced Congressional leaders as Underwood, of Alabama; Glass, of Virginia; Simmons, of North Carolina; and Shepard, of Texas. With them there should be some of the "fighting" leaders of the North, including Al Smith, of New York; McAdoo, of New York; Taggart, of Indiana; Lewis, of Illinois; "old Champ Clark, of Missouri," "and even such diverse Democrats as William J. Bryan and Governor Cox." It seems to this paper that it is more vital to the party to develop new leadership and organization than "to search out and rescue from the ruins certain fundamental doctrines which have been lost in the past four years." "The party can not wait to reform its lines and to present an organization to which disgruntled Republican voters of the last election can flee for refuge." And the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) enlarges on the pressing problem of party reorganization as follows:

"What the Democratic party now requires is a new leadership. For eight years its councils have been too largely dominated by a single influence. We say this without disparagement to the great qualities Mr. Wilson has displayed, but which have been so exercised at times as to stimulate unrest, discontent, and division in his own party and to solidify against the democracy all of the discordant elements in the Republican party. Mr. Wilson is retiring from the political stage. The party leadership must pass into other hands. It will not go to Mr. Bryan. It might have gone to Mr. Cox had the result of Tuesday been an ordinary defeat and not a landslide of unprecedented dimensions. It will hardly go to Mr. Cox now. Its destination in the next two years is not discernible in the record of any man or set of men now in Congress. But leadership of some kind, intelligent, positive, and aggressive, will have to be found, and found soon, if the opposition of the Democratic party is to become a serviceable check upon Republicanism throughout the next four years. The party will survive. It will return to power, but it must first take to heart the lesson of disaster and concentrate its strength along new lines and under an entirely new direction."



TRAIL'S END.
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

MORE TEETH FOR CALIFORNIA'S ANTI-ALIEN LAND LAW



"NOBODY LOVES ME."
—*Morris in the Brooklyn Citizen.*

IF A LAW can not be enforced, it can be reenforced; if it lacks teeth, they can be supplied; and a California editor describes the vote by which the people ratified the law barring aliens from holding or leasing California lands as a move for "more teeth." A similar law, passed in 1913, we are told, could not be enforced because many of its provisions were so easily evaded. Some Eastern papers think the new law has too many teeth. "The people of California, by their ballot-box ultimatum, have in effect voted for war with Japan," declares the New York *World*, but Premier Takashi Hara is reported in the New York *Times* as saying that "relations between Japan and America have been and are fundamentally most amicable." "There is nothing in the Alien Land Law that conflicts with the laws and treaties of the United States," asserts the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Dispatches from Japan tell of considerable popular discontent and criticism of California's action, but certain students of Japanese diplomacy discount all this and darkly hint that Japan is keeping alive the agitation over Japanese immigration to this country as a "smoke screen" to distract attention from "the region in which she claims a policy not dissimilar to that of the Monroe Doctrine," in the words of the San Francisco correspondent of the Japanese *Jiji-Shimpo*. As we read in a syndicated article by Eugene J. Young, appearing in various newspapers:

> "In 1907 the 'gentlemen's agreement' was traded for the absorption of Korea. In 1919 the racial-equality issue was traded in Paris for Shantung. In 1920 the right of the Pacific States to bar out the Japanese will be conceded—for a price. It is not a question of sentiment, but of practical statesmanship.
>
> "The agitation they have stirred up bears all the earmarks of official incitement.
>
> "On the race issue itself Japan has no real grievance. She has her own laws limiting strictly the rights of foreigners, and the State Department has plenty of evidence at hand to prove discrimination that has been practised against them. It is a doctrine as old as settled government that a nation has the right to decide who shall be welcomed within its borders.
>
> "They are seeking to put the United States in a position of selfishness and imperialism on this side of the Pacific as a means of extorting the right to be selfish and imperialistic on their side. They are making cunning use of the Monroe Doctrine. Through all their propaganda runs the idea that Japan is willing to give us a free hand for our traditional policy, but it is only common fairness that we should give them a free hand in their exactly parallel policy as affecting the Orient. If America should be for the Americans, why not Asia for the Asiatics?
>
> "On the surface the plea looks just. The trouble is that the Japanese Monroe Doctrine has not the most distant relationship to ours. We are not undertaking to lay the western hemisphere under our influence. We are insisting that the peoples have a right to govern themselves and that imperialism shall be kept out."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* is no less outspoken in declaring that "Japanese protests are intended only as a smoke screen behind which that nation may strengthen its position in China; the question of racial equality has been used in this manner on previous occasions." This paper's contemporary, *The Post*, likewise looks upon "the hubbub over the California land laws as a side issue," and the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks "Japan may be using the California land issue in an effort to force concessions from us by securing our acquiescence in Japanese designs in the Far East."

"California as a frontier State is making the nation's fight against the incoming rush of an alien unassimilable race which would engulf our civilization," declares the Sacramento (Cal.) *Bee*. "Some Japanese announce their intention of leaving California for Texas and other States having no restrictive laws. Such immigration would prove the most effective method of convincing other States of the propriety of California's attempt to prevent the economic problem of to-day becoming the racial problem of to-morrow."

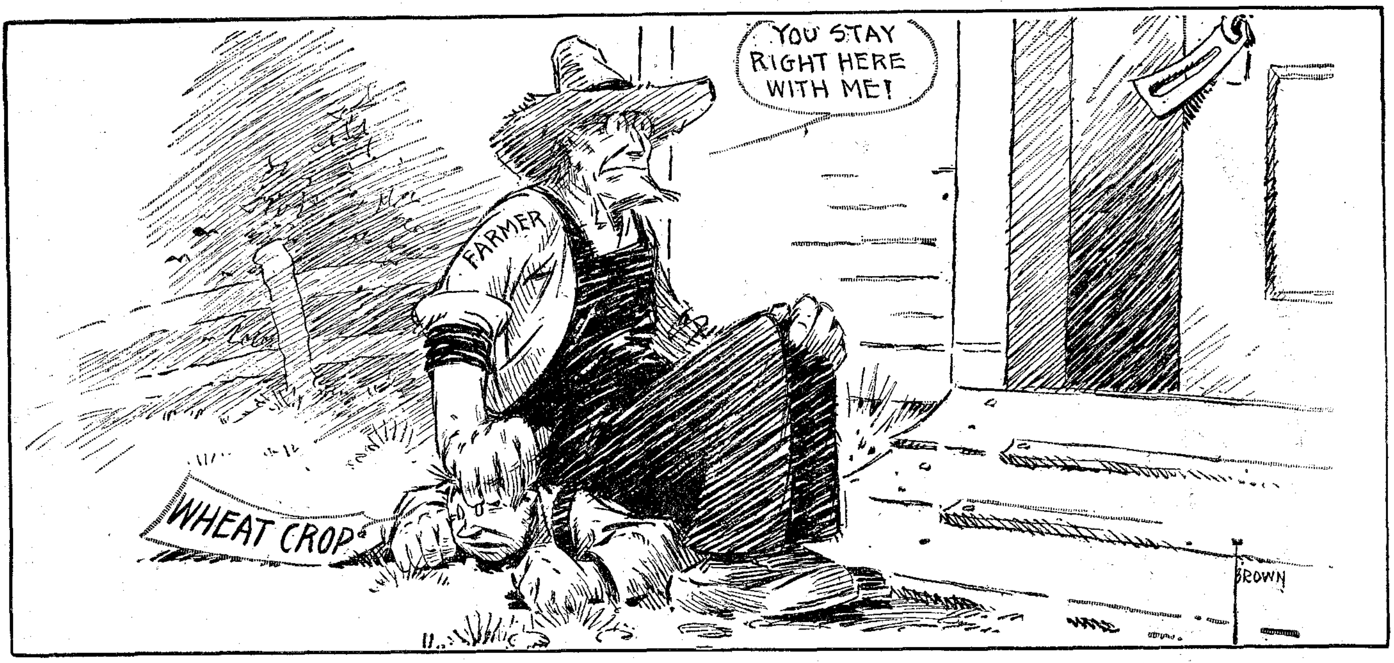
The California vote against the Japanese will not affect the negoriations which now are going on between the Japanese Ambassador and the Department of State at Washington, say Washington dispatches. "Japan can not gain anything by opposing a domestic law of the United States," asserts the Oakland *Tribune*, and in the Fresno (Cal.) *Republican* we are told:

> "We have a right to demand the protection of our racial integrity, and it should be the primary business of our representatives in Congress to take steps to secure national laws absolutely preventing further Asiatic immigration."

The new law as summarized in the press forbids the ownership or leasing of land by Japanese aliens, or the purchase of land by American-born Japanese minors under their parents' guardianship. Where Japanese minors already own land the law removes their parents as guardians of their own children. Japanese are forbidden to own stock in American land-holding corporations. These conditions "are no more strict than those which Canada and Australia have imposed upon the Japanese," points out the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "and while Japan is getting 'het up' over the California land law, it may not be out of place to remind her that so long as she ignores the far greater severity of the 'White Australia' Act, she can not consistently charge us with undue discrimination."

Governor Stephens, of California, in an attempt to explain the attitude of California in this matter, says in a letter to Secretary of State Colby:

> "The best figures available indicate that our Japanese population comprises between 80 and 85 per cent. of the total Japanese population of continental United States.
>
> "The Japanese, with his strong social race instinct, acquires his piece of land, and within an incredibly short period of time large adjoining holdings are occupied by people of his own race.
>
> "California harbors no animosity against the Japanese people or their nation. California, however, does not wish the Japanese people to settle within her borders and to develop a Japanese population within her midst. California views with alarm the rapid growth of these people within the last decade in population as well as in land control, and foresees in the not distant future the gravest menace of serious conflict if this development is not immediately and effectively checked."


YOU STAY RIGHT HERE WITH ME!
FARMER
WHEAT CROP
BROWN

ANOTHER STAY-ON-THE-FARM MOVEMENT. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

"The most serious and sympathetic consideration must be given to California's case, and . . . she must be allowed to be judge of what is wisest for her own welfare," remarks the New York *Evening Post*. "At the same time, California must recognize the international aspects of the problem and the importance of cooperating with the Federal Government in preserving a good understanding with Japan." The New York *World* thinks "the people of California have acted all along with little regard for the responsibilities of the country at large," and the Brooklyn *Citizen*, to avoid wounding the feelings of "a proud people like the Japanese," would have the whole Japanese question left "in the hands of the trained diplomats of the State Department."

"Japan has proved that she is the only Asiatic Power perfectly capable of self-government," points out the Rochester *Post-Express*, and *The Times-Union* of that city reminds us that the volume of trade between Japan and the United States "runs into hundreds of millions of dollars annually." A great deal of this trade, it is intimated in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is being lost to San Francisco because of the State's unfriendly attitude toward Japan. "Our attitude toward the millions of oriental peoples should be one of helpful sympathy," says this financial paper. And we read further:

> "Happily for the country at large, our trade with Asia is not at the mercy of the professional politicians of San Francisco or of the sentiment toward the Orientals settled among them of the voters of the State of California. San Francisco is no longer the foremost of Pacific ports, Seattle leading it by a large margin, with a foreign trade in the fiscal year 1919 of $588,652,209—a tenfold increase in ten years. Seattle does the bulk of American trade with Japan, and the people of the State of Washington have been wise enough to cultivate the relationship with Japan of a friendly competitor on the Pacific. The policy of Seattle toward Japan, in marked contrast to that of San Francisco, has been to maintain relations of friendship.
>
> "Japan has for years contributed by far the largest proportion of the foreign trade of the United States with Asia. Even with a greatly diminished total of exports and imports for the past few months, the figures for the completed nine months of the calendar year show a total contribution from Japan of $704,654,000, or 41 per cent. of our entire trade with Asia during that period. The commercial relations between the two countries are too intimate and too large to be seriously disturbed by the refusal of California to maintain a policy of simple justice toward the people whom she invited to assist in her development. But the future of the City of San Francisco and the communities around the bay is likely to be seriously compromised by a blind persistence in the policy of which the referendum is the latest manifestation."

THE FARMERS' WHEAT STRIKE

HOW ONE MAN'S FOOD is another man's bankruptcy is seen day by day as the falling wheat market brings flour down to prewar prices and at the same time brings the farmer to the brink of ruin. What is to be done? Well, for one thing, it appears that the farmers are planning to hold back their wheat for a higher price. "A bold conspiracy to hoard wheat until three dollars a bushel can be realized," is said by *Forbes Magazine* to have been entered into by the Wheat Growers' Association of the United States. "The farmer has the whip-hand, and he will use it," tartly replies the Des Moines *Register*, and *The Capital*, of the same Iowa city, assures us that "the farmers feel that financial ruin is just ahead of them; they have a right to strike." "The idea back of the movement to hold their wheat for higher prices is to eliminate the grain exchanges," adds the New York *Evening Post*, but the Detroit *Journal* is sure that "economic laws can not be overcome by defiance," and the New York *Tribune* points out that "the farmers' holding movement in the United States has given Canada the opportunity of marketing a large amount of her wheat in the domestic markets," and that there is little prospect of Great Britain "buying wheat in America until prices come down to the level of Australian wheat."

The president of the National Farmers' Union, however, declares that he has positive information that "the world's wheat situation is such that a very slight holding movement will lift the price of wheat," and *The American Elevator and Grain Trade* (Chicago) counsels its readers editorially as follows:

> "There seems every reason to believe that the farmer who holds his wheat this year until after January 1, or possibly a little longer, is going to speculate successfully. If he holds it he will be speculating, just as he was speculating when he planted the seed last fall or spring.
>
> "The grain market is responding to the psychology of the hour and has reached low levels. It may go lower for all we know, for mass psychology is a powerful instrument in temporary matters, and we are all pretty much set against the continuation of war-prices. Sooner or later, however, this sentiment is going to bump up against the law of supply and demand and law is stronger than sentiment. Large quantities of wheat are bought for export; flour supplies are low, and there has been no great accumulation of wheat anywhere."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* takes exception to the last statement, and quotes figures to back up its contention. We read:

> "But Canada this year has 160,000,000 bushels to export; Australia and Argentina expect to have a combined surplus of

250,000,000 bushels; India has grown 2,500,000 tons more than last year, an increase of more than 30 per cent. France has harvested enough to cover all of her requirements until next harvest. All the other continental countries of Europe have increased their yields and will require smaller imports than last year. Russia even is expected to reenter the export market next year.

"It seems inevitable that the price of wheat in this country must come down if we are to compete with the exporting countries named in supplying Europe with our surplus."

It seems that the wheat farmers lay their troubles to the restriction of credit under the policy of the Federal Reserve Board and the lack of demand from foreign markets that ordinarily would stimulate prices, and a petition for short-time credits has been addrest to the President, since no aid seems to be forthcoming from the Board. He even has been asked to declare an embargo on Canadian wheat. Meanwhile, says the New York *World*, 70,000 farmers, controlling two-thirds of the year's wheat crop, continue to hold their wheat "as a protest against the Chicago wheat pool," and "until a fair price can be obtained." Such a course, however, is considered little less than suicidal by *Forbes Magazine*, which says:

"American farmers ought to be far too level-headed to be misled by the exhortations of windy leaders utterly devoid of economic sense and utterly ignorant of economic experiences. Could a large enough number of farmers be induced to join the conspiracy to withhold supplies from the market, the price of wheat unquestionably could be inflated temporarily. But the greater the 'success' of the price-boosting tactics, the more certain would become a subsequent collapse.

"Canada has wheat which she would be delighted to dump into this market at somewhat less than $3 a bushel while their misled American agricultural brothers were holding the umbrella. Australia also would like to get $3 a bushel for wheat here. So would every wheat-growing country in the world—and there are quite a few of them. When the bubble burst it would be found that foreigners had reaped a rich harvest at the expense of American farmers."

The impossibility of running counter to the age-old law of supply and demand is pointed out by many editors, and instances cited of "profiteers" who have been caught when the market in their particular commodity "slumped." "The farmers are engaged in a vain attempt to control natural laws by artificial means," notes the Newark *Ledger*, and in another paragraph it reminds us of a "so-called farmers' strike back in the '80's for dollar wheat," in the course of which the farmers received, not a dollar a bushel for their wheat, but fifty cents. "Ordinarily," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "such efforts to maintain prices at an artificial level bring about their own retribution."

One of the strongest arguments for the farmers' side of the question is set forth in the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* in the form of a table showing the cost of production of wheat and other farm products in 1920, from figures furnished by Professor Munger, of Iowa State College:

"Average cost of raising spring wheat—$2.36 per bushel.
"Average price October 1—$1.70 per bushel.
"Average cost of raising winter wheat—$1.88 per bushel.
"Average price October 1—$1.70 per bushel.

Likewise, the farmer has a warm defender in *Capper's Weekly* (Topeka), which calls attention to the fact that "literally millions of bushels of wheat were produced under extreme war-time high-cost conditions." Continues this farmers' organ:

"All over Kansas organized groups of farmers are voicing their protests against the conditions which have forced this unwarranted and unjustifiable loss upon them. Farmers who have a whole year's effort tied up in a wheat crop produced under extremely high-cost conditions over which they had absolutely no control feel that it is no more than just to give them reasonable protection from financial loss as a result of market conditions against which they were and are powerless to protect themselves."

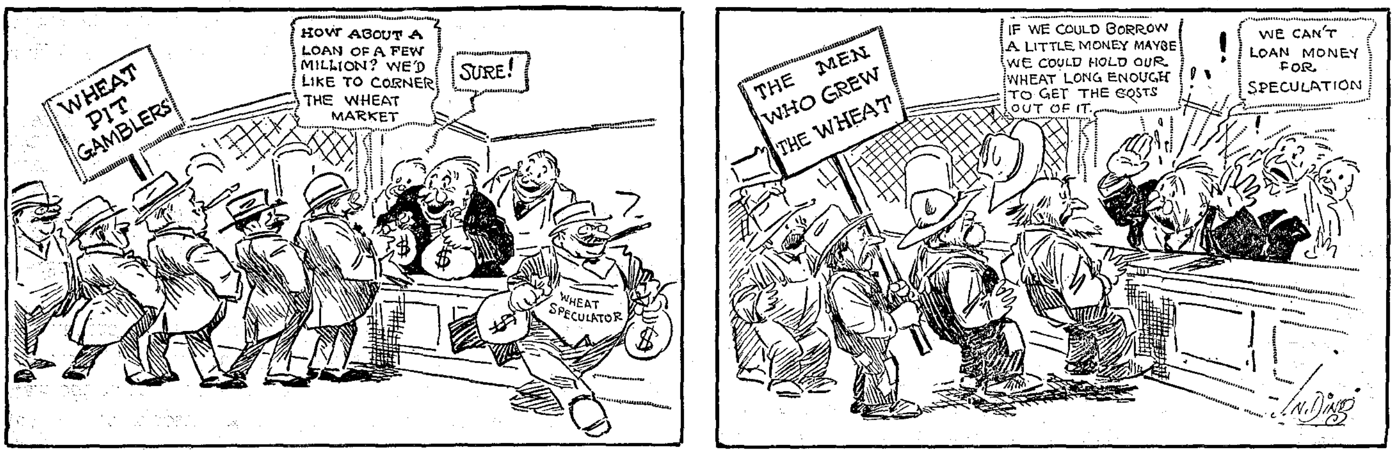
"The wheat farmer is thoroughly disgusted and disheartened over the annual repetition of low grain prices at the marketing season and high grain prices when the crop is in the hands of the dealers and speculators," succinctly remarks *The Michigan Business Farmer* (Mt. Clemens). And as to the method of financing the farmer until he can market his crop to advantage, at which many editors hold up their hands in horror, the New York *Herald* says:

"It would require more than an expert hair-splitter to define the difference between carrying on credit for gradual distribution a million or ten million tons of raw materials used in industry to prevent a too rapid break in prices, and carrying on credit a part of the wheat crop on the farms to prevent a collapse of prices. The wheat crop will be carried over anyhow, for the world will not buy more than it needs; but it will be carried over in such manner as to put the profit from prices stabilized to the consumer into the pockets of somebody besides the farmer."

The real solution of the problem, avers *The Nebraska Farmer* (Lincoln), "is not one of price-fixing, but one of clearing the 'decks' so that the law of supply and demand will operate freely, and so that unnecessary tolls will not be taken between the producer and the consumer." The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* agrees in this, and warns against "any rough, unintelligent remedy for the situation." "The farmers have suffered from the practise of rushing crops to market, and consumers have not benefited proportionately, while speculators have," asserts the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. In the Washington *Star* we are told:

"The only answer in sight is lowered costs of distribution. There is too great a 'spread' between the producer and the consumer; too many and too large profits taken by middlemen. The entire machinery of distribution is cumbersome and unscientific, the result of patchwork growth and not of intelligent planning.

"Here is a job for statesmen and political economists more vital to the American people than half a dozen federations of nations. Let the solution to this problem be found, and most of the other problems of reconstruction will solve themselves."


WHEAT PIT GAMBLERS
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!
WE CAN'T LOAN MONEY FOR SPECULATION
N. DING

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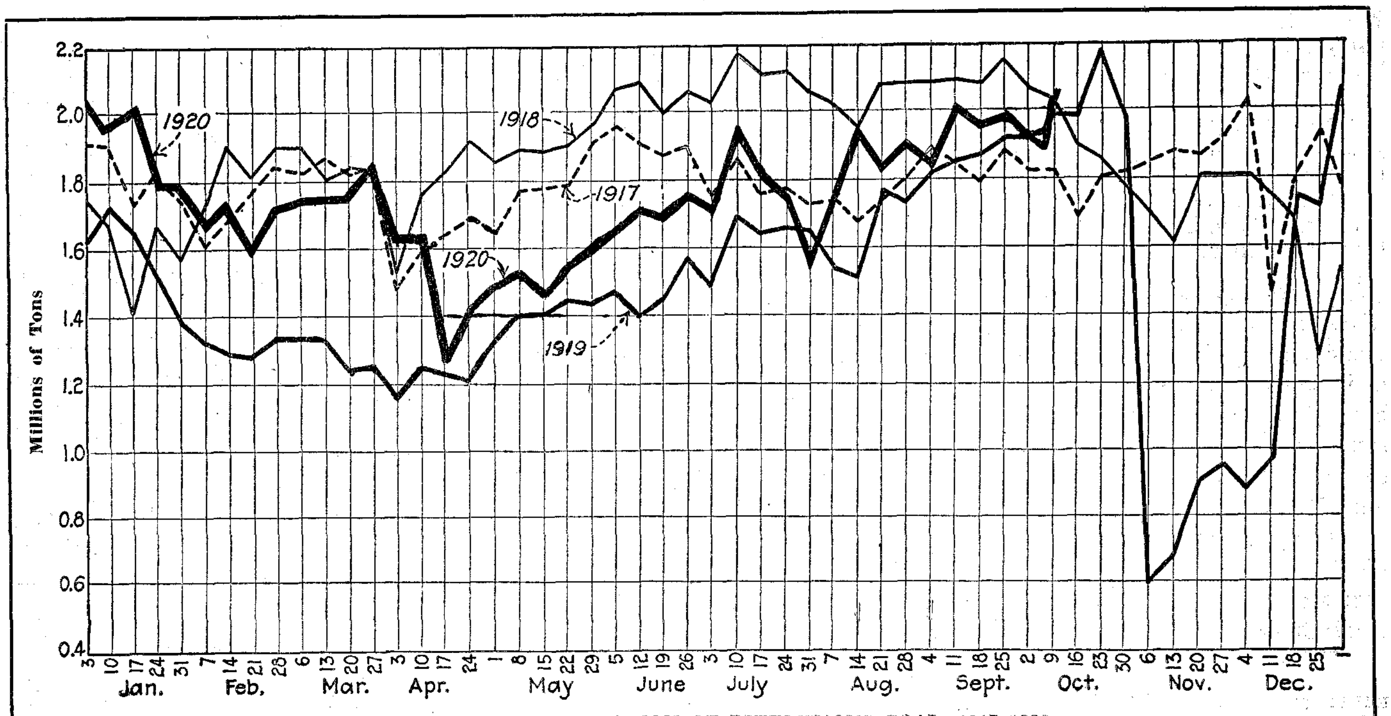
A LITTLE THOUGHT FOR THE BANKERS' REST-HOUR. —Darling in the New York *Tribune*.



AVERAGE DAILY PRODUCTION OF BITUMINOUS COAL, 1917–1920.

Drawn for *Coal Age* from the weekly reports of the Geological Survey.

COAL INDUSTRY WARNED TO REFORM

AN ULTIMATUM TO COAL PROFITEERS, who are "speculating as much in coal as others gambled in sugar," according to the Baltimore *American*, has been given to the press by Senators Calder, of New York, and Edge, of New Jersey. The ultimatum is to the effect that unless the price of coal to the consumer is materially reduced before December 6 they will recommend to the United States Senate that the Government take over the control of the coal industry. Thus the "most heinous of all the profiteering combines that remain over from the war"—to quote the Baltimore paper again—is said by the Senators to "stand self-convicted of practising gross extortion on the whole public of the United States." That "the ultimatum came none too soon," and "it is high time that some one in authority took the coal pirates by the throat," is the belief of the Newark *Ledger*.

While some editors construe the notice given by the Senators as a threat, others look upon it merely as a fair warning. The coal business as a whole is given thirty days in which to "reform." We are reminded that, because of a shortage of coal, factories have been compelled to close down, thus throwing men and women out of employment; that light and power companies have been on the verge of suspending operations for the same reason, and that coal has risen in price. "The acute shortage of coal of the present and the recent past is an artificial shortage," declares the Newark *Ledger*, which continues:

> "Such conditions are manifestly intolerable and call for the drastic action threatened. It would be futile to waste any more time in inquiry, argument, or listening to pledges. Results are required, and the coal bandits must either show them or have the Government take over control of their business."

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, however, believes that action on the part of the Senate will not be necessary. As it reminds us:

> "Eighteen years ago a declaration almost to the same effect came from President Theodore Roosevelt and compelled the compromising of the greatest anthracite strike in history, after Senator Platt and Senator Quay had been told by operators to mind their own business and the presidents of the coal roads had almost as flatly defied the President. What Roosevelt said was said to J. Pierpont Morgan, the overlord of the coal roads, and the so-called coal barons had to eat humble-pie. It is noteworthy that Roosevelt in 1902, like Calder and Edge in 1920, saw precisely what would be most effective, if worse came to worst, but the mere menace of it was sufficient.
>
> "Wisely, the Senators do not attempt to fix the blame for conditions that are intolerable. That would only encourage camouflage defense. Nobody cares much who is to blame or who is most to blame. Factory-owners and home-owners must have coal. Citizens must not be thrown out of employment by closed shops or left to freeze this winter. And if the situation has not changed by December 6, when Congress meets, the extortioners will discover that Calder and Edge have not been bluffing."

That bituminous-coal dealers came to the same conclusion is evident from the fact that soft-coal prices already have been reduced. In the statement first sent out by Senator Calder, who is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Reconstruction and Production, we read in part:

> "The time has come for the coal operators to live up to their contracts and stop trying to divert fuel to the speculative spot market by connivance with public officials.
>
> "With 46,000,000 more tons of coal produced so far in 1920 than over the same period in 1919, there is no reason for high prices and coal shortage.
>
> "The whole situation is up to the operators and the railroads. There are enough coal and enough coal-cars to relieve the present shortage. A square deal to the public only can dissipate the well-established public suspicion that connivance has been practised to bring about an artificial shortage for speculative purposes. This committee intends to go to the bottom of the whole affair and to take such steps as it may see fit to relieve conditions."

Later Senator Edge, who is a member of the Committee, added his signature to that of Senator Calder upon the following statement:

> "We are both strongly opposed to any form of government control, but the practical admissions of prominent coal men show that there is guilt among the men somewhere who have the power to regulate the price of the commodity. Now it is up to the industry to put its finger on those guilty and eliminate the unfair and illegal practises. It is up to them to solve this problem for themselves, but if they fail to do so the Congress must."

The production of soft coal during the month of October was as great as the amount produced during the month of October, 1918, when the miners made a special effort because of the war, notes the president of the National Coal Association. "Yet coal is scarcer in the domestic market, and the price is higher," declares the Brooklyn *Citizen*, and the New York *Herald*, which blames this condition upon the coal speculator, tells of an instance (which it verified) where the speculator profited to the extent of $210,000 for one morning's work over the long-distance telephone. "He bought and immediately resold 30,000 tons of bituminous coal, which he never had seen, and in the transaction turned a net profit of just $210,000," says *The Herald.* "The piling up of the prices for coal," therefore concludes the Omaha *World-Herald,* "was not at the mines, but between the mines and the consumer." In many instances, asserts the New York *Globe,* "speculators have netted a profit of from 300 to 400 per cent."

The Washington *Post* assures the coal industry that "if Senators Calder and Edge undertake legislation to regulate that business in the interest of the consuming public, they will find strong support in both branches of Congress." As *The Post* reminds us:

> "The war-demand for coal subsided long ago, and despite the labor troubles incident to putting new wage-scales into effect, production has increased. Yet the people have been at the mercy of profiteers and hampered by conditions which have necessitated the payment of prices for fuel in excess of those charged during the war. Operators have blamed it upon high wages and upon the speculators; speculators have said the law of supply and demand was responsible; and all have been inclined to place the responsibility upon car shortage. There has been a plausible alibi on every hand, but meanwhile the public has been the victim of gross extortion."

The president of the National Coal Association, which received the brunt of the Senatorial broadside, asserts that "the association long ago took steps to eradicate the abuses in the industry," and that the high prices for coal "have decreased materially in the last few weeks." We read further his statement in the New York *Times:*

> "Had it not been for the consistent efforts of the bituminous-coal operators, as represented in the National Coal Association, to overcome the shortage emergency throughout the summer and fall the nation would now be faced with the calamitous prospect of a soft-coal famine during the winter. This contingency no longer need be feared. There will be ample coal and at reasonable prices for all."

Under an editorial headed "Threats to Take Over Coal Business Dangerous," the Newark *Evening News* says that while Senators Calder and Edge "may be shooting blank cartridges above the heads of the coal men, their tactics are dangerous." And *The Evening News* goes on to explain:

> "Beyond doubt there has been profiteering in the coal business. But when these Senators threaten virtually to nationalize the industry unless the coal men clean house promptly, using this threat as a club, is there not an implication of a remedy worse than the ill?
>
> "It is pretty dangerous business to threaten national control to bring about even imperative readjustment in any particular industry. The very success with which it might be crowned would beget its employment in another instance, perhaps several. Inevitably, were such a program successful in bringing down prices, there would develop a growing body of belief that the remedy that impelled the price-cutting might be better in its application than the compromise reductions. The idea of socializing industry would advance with a whoop. And this is anything but what these two Senators, on their own profession of political faith, are desirous of.
>
> "That it is within the power of Congress to throw some governmental safeguards about the coal business and protect the people from profiteering in its regulation of commerce between the States is probably true, but that it will come to the point of national control is unthinkable."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

A HOLLER for offices is the Electoral College yell.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MOST of the trouble is produced by those who don't produce anything else.—*Buffalo News.*

THE only logical explanation of the price of coal is that the earth has begun to charge storage.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE Irish question should be tried on the League at once. If it can survive that, it will stand the wear and tear of time.—*Baltimore Sun.*

IT took us about three months to prepare for war, but we've been preparing for peace for two years now.—*New York World.*

THE politicians owe their most valuable discovery to Phineas T. Barnum.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

AN economist asks what England gets out of Ireland. The question isn't what, but when.—*Cleveland News.*

EVENTUALLY we may be forced to concede that woman's sphere is this one on which we live.—*San Diego Tribune.*

THE chief obstacle to everlasting peace is one nation's conviction that it can lick another.—*Albany Times-Union.*

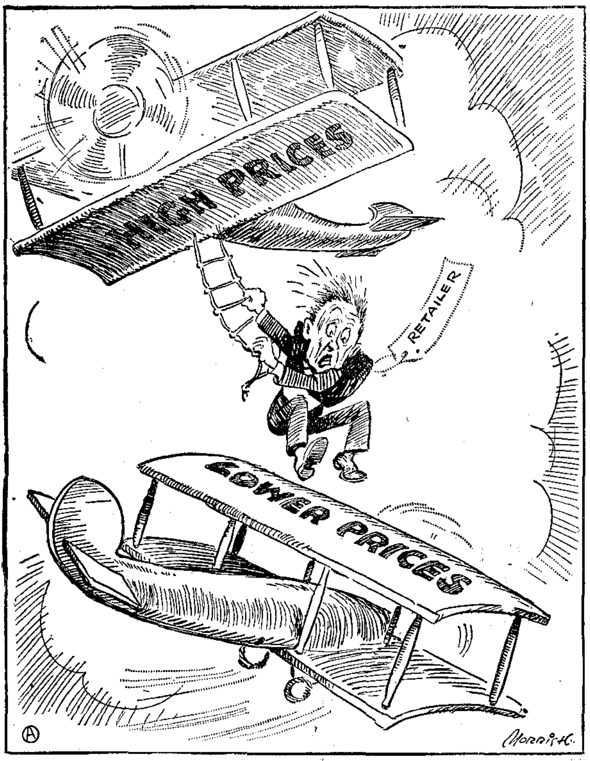
MEDITATING over "the drift to Cox," of which we heard so much, it occurs to us it must have been a snow-drift.—*New York Call.*

WE apprehended, when the silk-shirt craze began to die down, that cotton would be more or less hard hit.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

THERE is some comfort in the reflection that the indemnity leaves little room on Germany's shoulders for a chip.—*Greenville (S. C.) News.*

WE have learned of no casualties, so far, resulting from the ultimate consumer having been hit by falling prices.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

HELSINGFORS reports a revolt of Russian peasants against the Soviet Government. Lenine may yet have to dance to the muzhik.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*



Protected by George Matthew Adams.

CAN HE COME DOWN GRACEFULLY?

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

THIS year the Electoral College is a co-ed institution.—*New York Herald.*

A GREAT many vamps look suspiciously like revamps.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

THE Grand Vizier of Turkey is Damad. For that matter, so is the whole of Turkey.—*Marion Star.*

NOW that election is over, the only great blessing we have to look forward to is the income tax.—*New York Evening Mail.*

PRICES may not be coming down, but they're not taking the hills on high gear the way they used to.—*New York World.*

"DOWN with the bill-boards!" Sure. And down with the board-bills.—*Providence Tribune.*

THE race is not always to the swift, but John Bull is willing to put his money on the fleet.—*Toledo News-Bee.*

THE reason nobody wears old clothes is because the kind being sold now wear out before they get old.—*Dayton News.*

AFTER all, the slump in corn prices affects all of us. It's bound to make pure maple-sirup cheaper.—*Tulsa Tribune.*

"BUSINESS sees the coming dawn," declares a trade journal. No, no; what business sees is the coming down.—*Bridgeport Star.*

THE historian will determine what nations were fighting for by observing what they took after the fight.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

MR. CARPENTIER has promised his wife he will never fight again after meeting our Mr. Dempsey. This sounds quite plausible.—*Detroit News.*

THE Eighteenth Amendment put liquor in the home and the Nineteenth put politics there. You just can't keep 'em apart.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

SENATOR POINDEXTER favors a protective tariff on peanuts to keep out the Asiatic product. We favor legislation to keep out foreign nuts of all kinds.—*Augusta Herald.*

LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOW AT THE CHILDREN PASSING BY—TO DEATH!

IN THE FLOOD OF GIFTS coming daily in response to the appeal of three and a half millions of starving children, *yours* has now been included—or it has *not yet come*. More than a hundred thousand dollars have been added to the amount acknowledged last week, and the total for the two weeks is approaching three hundred thousand dollars. Our hearts have been thrilled by the generous action and the loving sacrifice of thousands who have given quickly and gladly. But to all who have given, and to every one who has not yet given, a compelling vision must come at this moment:

Look out of your office window into the busy thoroughfare—or out from your home into the quiet street. If you could see marching there, before your eyes, even three thousand five hundred children, *on their way to death* unless *you*, and your town, raised at once thirty-five thousand dollars to save them, **it would not take a single hour to raise the money—every dollar of it,** over and over again if necessary, to save these precious lives. Nothing would be held back, in homes, or banks, or factories. And exactly such a march of little children to death, *multiplied a thousand times*, is now going on in Central and Southeastern Europe.

Twenty-three million dollars is a huge sum. It can be raised in time only by big generosity and real sacrifice. Given at the rate of half a million dollars a week, it would take forty-six weeks, almost a year, to complete the amount, and before then most of the long lines of hungry, naked children would have marched by—to death. The full twenty-three millions of dollars *must be raised quickly*. It is the minimum required for the most needy cases this winter. It *will* be raised if *every one* who reads these words responds to the utmost.

Rich and poor are "casting their gifts into the treasury," as they did on that day, nearly two thousand years ago, when Jesus was watching. He is watching again to-day, and He knows the degree of love and sacrifice the gifts, large and small, express. Many, "from their penury," are giving until it hurts. The following are typical:

"I am a negro and only a poor working man, but my heart goes out to these children, so here's my check to save one."—J. M. R., Louisiana.

"I earn the living for myself and family by mending old shoes. I need for ordinary use all that comes to me. I am educating my children as far as able . . . but enclosed is a check for the destitute children."—W. D. H., Colorado.

"I am a coal-miner, 73 years of age. I work six days every week and pump water out of the mine on Sundays. I enclose $10 in currency, and will scratch up another, I trust, very soon."—E. J., Illinois.

"I have had twelve long years of sickness in my family and it has taken at times more than my salary to meet expenses, but want to help even if it pinches. Enclosed $20. Hope to send more later."—W. H. Y., New Jersey.

"The $90 enclosed is a collection made up by the staff and patients in this institution, all suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis—even the members of the staff have had it. A great many of the patients are not able to pay their own board and treatment and this sum represents a sacrifice on their part to help the suffering children."—Dr. E. W. G., Supt., Georgia.

"Your appeal was read to our boys in chapel. The result was a subscription, entirely unexpected and voluntary on the part of sixty boys, for the starving children in Europe. The boys on this industrial farm are without other means than hard-earned pennies for work and behavior here."—E. B. H., Supt., New York.

"The enclosed $9 represents an entire week's earnings of a colored washerwoman who wants to help feed the hungry children."

"Words fail to express the emotions with which I send you this letter. I am a poor workingman living by my daily wage. I am enclosing my tithing money consecrated to the Lord's work."—S. A. E., Delaware.

But the pain and joy of sacrifice are not alone for such as these. Gifts of $10,000 and $5,000 and $1,000 and other amounts are coming which represent great-hearted devotion and, doubtless, real sacrifice. On the other hand, hundreds of ten-dollar checks have come from substantial business men and others who have thought only of the "individual unit" which will provide clothes and one meal a day for one child. They have not thought of the vastness and the terrible urgency of the need to save three and a half millions of these precious lives. We do not wish to discourage the giving of a single unit, nor to belittle a single gift, however small, but if the generous-hearted givers had seen the long lines of starving children being driven past their windows to death, and had known that they could *buy the priceless lives of ten, or of a hundred, or a thousand of these children at ten dollars each*, they would have made haste to write their checks, not for ten dollars, but for a hundred—a thousand—ten thousand dollars instead. And many of them, we believe, will yet do so. Then the checks mounting into three, four, five, and even six figures will come in increasing number, and the dreadful march of millions of children to death by starvation and disease will be stopt. One letter from Los Angeles, enclosing a gift, reminds us that "when Jesus said 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' He seemed to be speaking of a kingdom on earth. It will be sad if our apathy makes it a kingdom to be entered only by the dead."

During the raising of money for the Belgium Children's Fund in 1917 many readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST organized their local communities for united efforts and turned in large amounts for the fund. There is greater need at this time to plan and work quickly on the biggest possible basis. Many cities and towns can raise within the next ten days $25,000, $100,000, $500,000, or $1,000,000 if the earnest, substantial citizens, leaders in business and philanthropic circles, will take hold of the matter at once. Remember, twenty-three millions, the very minimum amount imperatively needed, is a large sum, and if it is to be provided before the bitter cold of winter begins, every man and every woman who can do so must get under this great burden and *lift mightily*. In the meantime, we urge EVERY reader to send whatever is possible, be the amount large or small. Let not *even one* hungry little child hold out appealing hands *to you* in vain.

Make all checks payable to "The Literary Digest Child-Feeding Fund," and mail them direct to "Child-Feeding," THE LITERARY DIGEST, 354–360 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to THE LITERARY DIGEST CHILD-FEEDING FUND—Received to November 9, 1920.

$10,000—Mrs. Ethel Crocker.

$2,000—A. C. Bartlett.

$1,000.00 each— L. D. and A. J. Baldwin, William E. Harmon, Realty Estates, Brooklyn, N. Y., T. M. Adams, Julius H. Barnes, Wm. F. Heide, Julius A. Heide, Henry Heide, Jr., Henry C. Rowe, Joseph P. Knapp, L. Ware, Dr. and Mrs. L. M. Maitland, "Anonymous," Berlin, N. H.

$500.00 each—Miss Edith Boynton, H. St. E. Greeg, Chas. R. Long, Jr., J. R. Witherbee, A. B. Banks, Anna Charlotte Heide, Mrs. B. C. Morse, Jr., Mrs. Donald Parson, "In Memory of Sarah Mathews Sheldon," Elizabeth White, "C. Z.," Brooklyn, N. Y., First Presbyterian Church, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

$365.00—Edward E. Bruce.

$330.00—Herbert L. Malcolm.

$300.00—Andrew J. Maloney.

$250.00 each—C. Howard Smith, John Brand, Samuel Appleton, "M. E. R.," Washington, D. C.; Messrs. Allyn & Bacon, W. E. Shepherd.

$222.00—The Employees of the E. L. Wilson Hardware Company, Beaumont, Texas.

$200.00 each—Wm. A. Bryam, A. S. Farmer, "Anonymous," Toledo, Ohio, W. E. J. Elkins, Frank B. Black, Mrs. Clifford Cooper, W. Y. Lathrop, Miss Mary E. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Russ, Messrs Bechstein & Co., N. Y. City, Mrs. Richard March Hoe.

$150.00—Mrs. A. M. Mathesen.

$110.00 each—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Hanner, E. C. Idding.

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(*Continued on page* 110)

FOREIGN - COMMENT

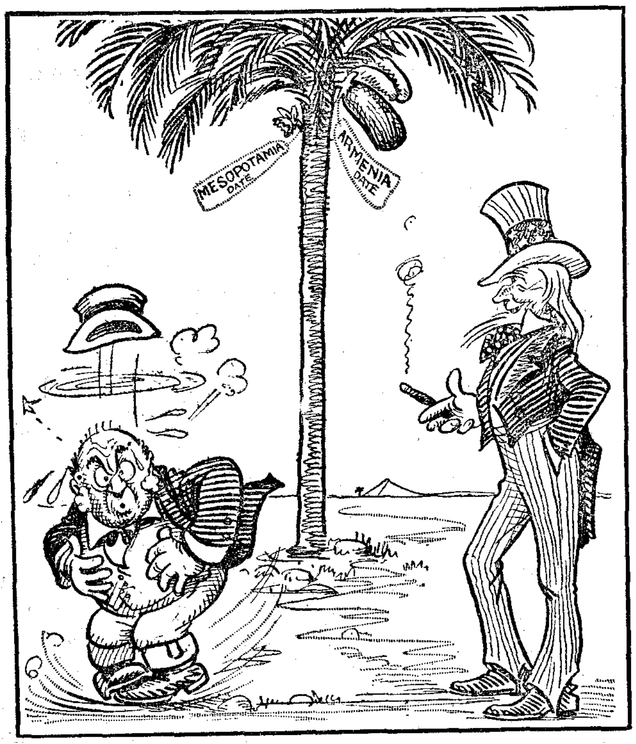
WHAT HARDING'S VICTORY MEANS TO EUROPE

While British opponents of the Covenant welcome the Republican victory as "a death-blow to the League of Nations," supporters of the League both in England and France are now accentuating Senator Harding's expressions in favor of "an association of nations" to accomplish purposes akin to those of the League. Journalistic critics of President Wilson rejoice in the defeat of "Wilsonism," of which the League is "merely the outward and tattered manifestation," to quote the Tory London *Morning Post.* But among the liberal press of both countries, we find disappointment at the seeming failure of the "solemn referendum on the League" and keen regret at Mr. Wilson's physical enfeeblement, for, as the London *Westminster Gazette* declares, "We can only wonder whether, if President Wilson had been well and strong, he would have been able to stem the tide and carry the policy for which he stood. There has been no adequate substitute for him on the platform." The London *Daily News* considers the make-up of Mr. Harding's cabinet "more important" to England than his election, "since the new President may be counted on to reverse the practise of his predecessor and avoid personal action independent of his ministers." This daily thinks the appointment of Messrs. Root and Hoover would be viewed with "unqualified satisfaction" in England, whereas accession to power of a Borah-Johnson combination "would mean concentration on an isolation policy that might easily become anti-British and anti-European." This view is echoed in Holland by the Hague *Het Vaderland,* which makes this forecast: "If Mr. Harding picks men like Elihu Root and William H. Taft, then we can expect the United States in the League of Nations soon. If he picks Senators Johnson and Borah, then the United States will be out of the League a long time." In Germany Senator Harding's victory was expected, say Berlin dispatches, and is pleasing to the German heart largely because his candidacy had the German-American indorsement as cordial as "Wilsonism" had denunciation. In Austria the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* says that isolation for America is impossible, and as President, Mr. Harding "must needs tackle world-problems the same as the man who led America into the war." The Italian press is cheered by Harding's election because it thinks a change of party at Washington may result in a change of America's policy toward Italian aspirations in the Adriatic, which Italians think has hitherto been distinctly hostile. In Spain the Madrid *Imparcial* considers Senator Harding's past life "a guaranty of serious and efficacious government," and a Republican daily of the same city, *El Pais,* remarks that Mr. Harding is "neither a Franklin nor a Lincoln," but it bids Spain rejoice that also "he is not an imperialist nor an uncrowned Kaiser." Says *El Sol,* of Madrid:

> "The Wall Street financiers regard Mr. Harding with favor. It is practically certain he will pursue a policy diametrically opposed to that of President Wilson. The United States requires a man of exquisite tact and prudence, as the new President has many difficult questions to deal with, including the relations of the United States with Mexico and Japan, and also the question of Panama Canal rights."

In England the Manchester *Guardian* fixes as the main motive for the electors' choice "accumulative dislike of Wilsonism and not love of Harding and his party," and it adds:

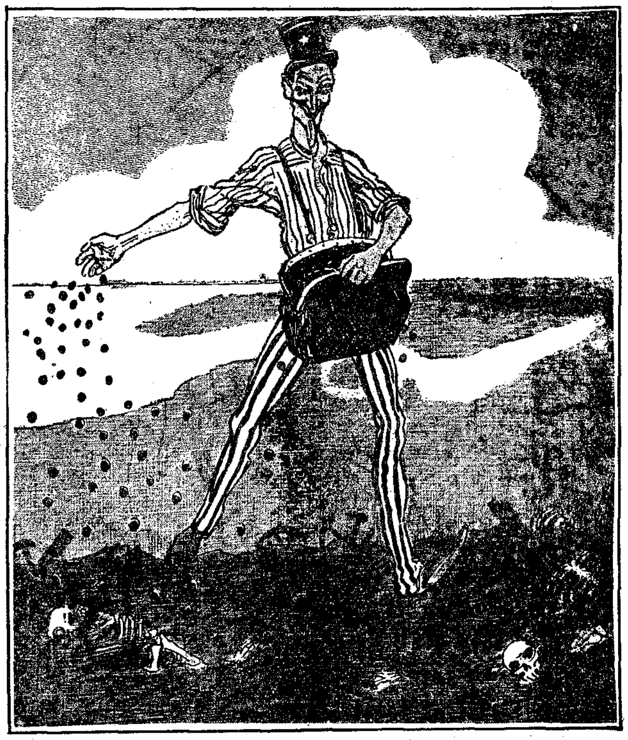
> "The national repudiation marks a tragic change from those weeks in the autumn of 1918 when the material power of America was deciding the world-war and her foremost mind was leading



UP TO DATE!

Jonathan—"Say! John, what's up with you?"
John—"I ate a 'mandate'!"
Jonathan—"I'm darned glad I didn't!"

—*Daily Express* (London)



THE SOWER—A LONG WAY AFTER MILLET.

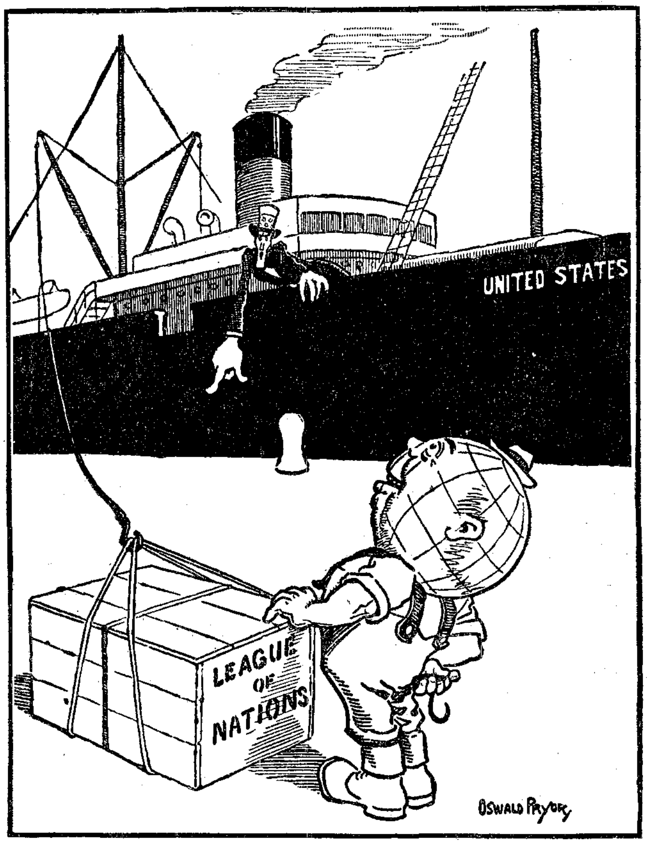
Uncle Sam smilingly sowing his dollars in the blood-soaked soil of Europe."

—*Tyrihans* (Christiania).

TWO EUROPEAN VIEWS OF YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

the world toward such a peace as might have given us a tranquil, swiftly convalescent world instead of the present World's Fair of spites, greeds, and suspicions between nations and disunion inside each of them. The soiled, scarred old world of international politics seemed to be on the eve of redemption on the day when the news came that Germany would surrender on the basis of Wilson's fourteen points.

"In what proportions a want of dynamic genius in President Wilson and an irredeemable viciousness of spirit in other politicians contributed to darken that opening prospect we can not tell yet. It is gone now. Europe is snarling, grabbing, and jockeying in the old slime, while all the remaining effect of Wilsonism in America is the decision of the Presidential election by an overwhelming balance of public antipathy to it. The story is that of one of the most pitiful of all failures in the execution of a task nobly conceived."



TWO THROWS OF THE DICE.

UNCLE SAM—"You don't put them thar goods on this ship!"
THE WORLD—"But your skipper's already signed for them."
UNCLE SAM—"We don't take any notice of the gol-darn skipper."
THE WORLD—"Well, what d'you have a skipper for? So's you can get two chances, eh—his and your own?"

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney, Australia).

In France an unwearied assailant of "Wilsonism," "Pertinax," writes in the *Echo de Paris* as follows:

"Does the fact that America has abandoned the Wilsonian League of Nations mean that America has definitely adopted an attitude of abstention from the affairs of Europe? The friends of the present League of Nations, seeking to support their chimera, reply in the affirmative to this question. We are not of their opinion.

"The United States can take part in the affairs of the old continent in two ways—they can aggravate and complicate them with disordered dreams, with humanitarianism, with their Biblical reformations, and their Bolshevism. That was the method of the Government which succumbed yesterday. They can help in reestablishing international order by applying themselves to the settling in concert with us certain concrete problems. In brief, they can act as prophets or they can behave as business men."

Some correspondents report that the Berlin press "act as if in inspired concert," saying that the result of the American campaign had been anticipated, and while Germany ought to benefit by the election of Senator Harding no exaggerated hopes or expectations should be based on his election. The reactionary *Lokal Anzeiger* remarks:

"Opinions in Germany were divided as to whether the election of Governor Cox or of Senator Harding would be the more welcome to us. Since the German-American National Conference in Chicago declared for Harding, we may as well assume that he will be the better President for us. If the new President should make up his mind simply to declare the war with Germany ended, that alone would be of considerable advantage to us."

The *Berliner Tageblatt* declares:

"If to-day we shake hands in spirit with President-elect Harding across the sea, it is because we see in him a man who can quickly bring us peace with union and who has the vision and the desire for a better League of Nations."

Similarly the *Vossische Zeitung* avows that—

"Germany's chief interest turns on Mr. Harding's campaign utterances favoring the quickest possible reestablishment of peace-time relations between Germany and the United States."

AUSTRIA'S PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

AUSTRIA ELECTS HER PRESIDENT on December 1, and for weeks has been in full campaign ferment, according to a Czecho-Slovak observer, the Vienna correspondent of the *Gazette de Prague*, who predicts that from a political standpoint the results of the election will show a noticeable diminution of strength in the forces of the Right, or Conservative party. That a Presidential contest in Austria is not so simple a matter as far as parties are concerned is apparent from the fact that no fewer than eight political parties were officially entered, and this informant lists them as follows:

1. Social Democrats.
2. Christian Socialists.
3. People's Pan-German party.
4. Union of German Farmers.
5. National German Socialists.
6. Communists.
7. Zionists.
8. The Czech Minority.

The electoral chances of the Czech Minority, we are told, are much smaller than they were in 1919, principally because of a new partitioning of districts which was distinctly unfavorable to them; and, secondly, because so large a number of the Czech electors have returned to their home country. This correspondent thinks there may be one Czecho-Slovak member of the new National Council, which supplants the former National Assembly. He says also that this legislative body will probably contain one Zionist and two Communists besides four or five National Socialists. We read further that in all probability the new President will be the Prince de Lichtenstein, who has conservative ideas but is not bound to any political party, and that—

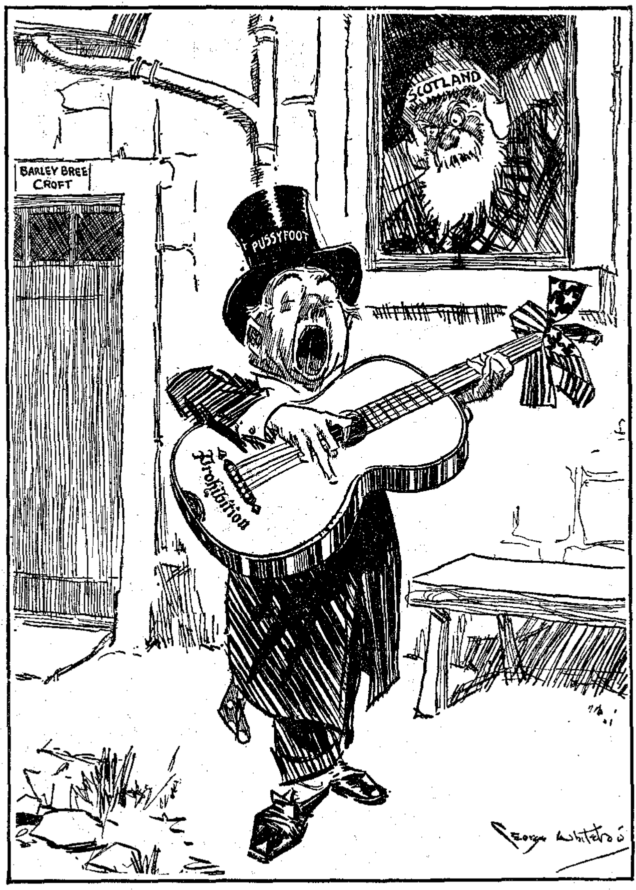
"It is held as an argument in his favor that he has no heirs, and so there is no danger of a new Austrian dynasty cropping up. Another point that bears heavily in favor of the Prince is that his large fortune will permit him to bear all the personal expenses of the Presidential office. In the present state of the Austrian budget this consideration is no slight one."

In the election results there is one feature about which prediction may be safely made, we are told, and that is that there will be no change in Austria's wish to be joined to Germany. Until recently only the Pan-Germans and the Austrian Nationalists openly demanded union with Germany. The Christian Socialists and the Social Democrats kept a prudent silence on the subject, but to-day, there is no silence or doubt on this question. As France has keen interest in the matter it will be instructive to consider the view of the semiofficial Paris *Temps*, which issues this warning:

"It is of importance for the Austrian people to realize that if they really wish aid from the Entente, such as the Entente is firmly resolved to proffer, they must loyally renounce all present or future project of union with Germany. Also they must wholly admit, without reserve or restriction, the spirit and letter of the stipulations of the Saint-Germain Treaty on this subject. This is a condition that France, as far as she herself is concerned, will never yield."

SCOTLAND'S "CANNY" PROHIBITION

AMERICAN PROHIBITION-WORKERS in Great Britain are sure of their jobs for some years to come, it is predicted on the returns of the local-option poll in Scotland, on November 2, by which 149 districts voted to make no change, 24 favor reduction of licenses, and 18 will go dry. The voting will continue in scattered areas for two months, press dispatches inform us, but afterward no similar election may be held for three years in the areas passing on the question now. Some American correspondents point out that the Scots do not take their prohibition "neat" but "cannily diluted," and say so-called prohibition in Scotland is "more like the Raines Law than anything else." While "every politician and almost every interest" favored this kind of prohibition, it is reported, the "distillers, the wholesale liquor-dealers, and serious drinkers" are not contemplating any great disturbance in their lives. The reason for this, we are told, is that the voting only decides "whether each of 700 parishes, out of a total of 911 parishes in Scotland, will reduce by 25 per cent. the number of drinking-places, cut out public drinking altogether, or whether they will go on as at present." Also, it is stated, 300 parishes already have no public drinking-places because of the action of the landlords. The Manchester *Guardian* also points out that the Scottish liquor measure "differs from the American in being much less drastic," and adds:



THE SERENADE!
—*The Passing Show* (London).

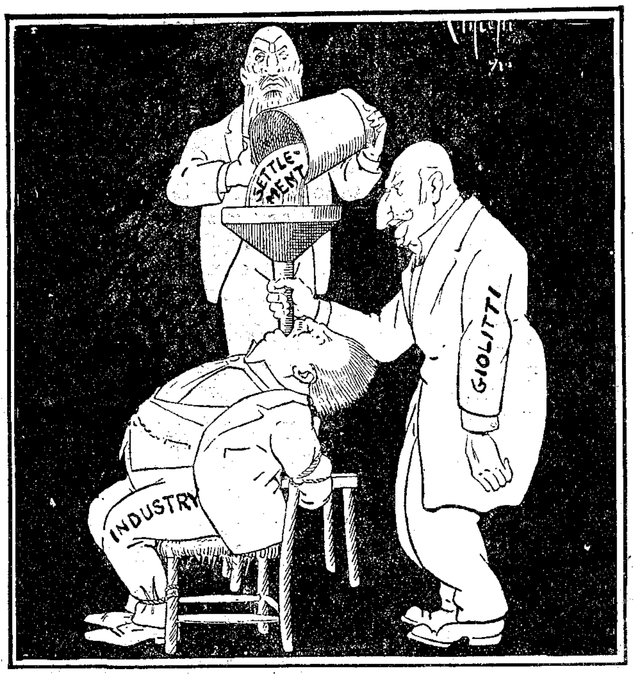
"It will, where supported, abolish the public house, but not necessarily the club, the hotel, or the private cellar. It will still be open to the magistrates to license any real restaurant in a no-license area, and neither clubs (whether wealthy or humble) nor domestic supplies will be affected. The Scottish Act is, therefore, not so much an attempt to abolish the use of alcohol (altho all prohibitionists in Scotland have rallied to its support) as to humanize the conditions under which alcohol is taken. This guiding principle may be detected at the bottom of most recent legislation on this subject in whatever country. Absinth, as such, was a disease in French life, and it has been cut out; vodka was the poison of a large part of the Russian peasantry, and it is prohibited. The saloon bar in America had assumed so sinister an aspect, both in social and in political life, that its abolition was demanded, however violent the steps taken to secure it. And in Scotland in the last century the public house has taken a similarly disgraceful and dangerous shape."

The Edinburgh *Weekly Scotsman* calls attention to the fact that prohibition as known in America means that alcoholic drink may not be manufactured, imported, exported, or transported, and contends that while the Scottish plan "does not prohibit drinking, it prohibits drunkenness." It is conceded that the act is "only an experiment; but it is an experiment that will be watched with interest both in Scotland and in England and even farther afield." An echo of this opinion is heard from Ireland in the remark of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* that "one way or another the results of the Scotch contest on the liquor question are bound to react on and materially affect future conditions in England, Ireland, and Wales." The London *Times* finds that altho the relaxation of the war-regulations has been slight since 1918, there has been "a disquieting and apparently progressive increase in conviction for drunkenness in Scotland." The "drastic American experiment has inflamed the aspirations of those opposed to the consumption of alcohol and has heightened the anxiety of all others," according to *The Times*, which predicts that one result of the present poll will be a vigorous campaign for prohibition in the absolute sense, and if England comes to have the drink problem submitted to a popular vote, the issue presented will be "more definite." *The Times* proceeds:

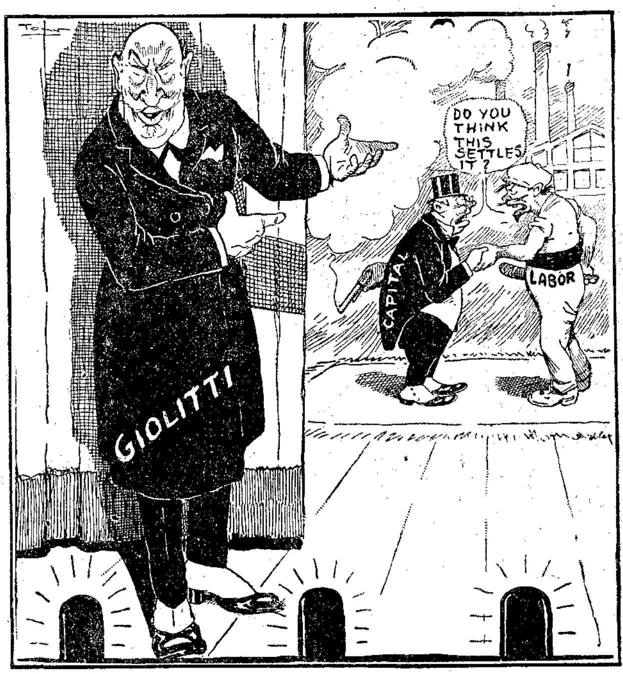
"The real question being forced on us is absolute prohibition. Is alcohol a drug so meager in its benefits, so insidious in its appeal, and so calamitous in its mental and moral effect on the individual and the race that we must declare its use to be a crime? Must we order our civilization so as not merely to punish but to prevent that crime? Must we even reject the illogical, but, if we are to judge from the American example, very practical defense, that degenerate human nature, deprived of alcohol, will turn to stimulants admittedly more destructive? Is the thing so evil that we must abolish it, even by an enactment that will be immediately effective against the poor man, who can keep no private store, and the honest man, who will consent to no illicit drinking, and yet leave unaffected the rich man and the sneak? We shall have to face these questions. Let us get ready to face them in the proper atmosphere—an atmosphere not contaminated by the sale of bad drink, too long hours, unsanitary and disgraceful bars, slack administration of the laws against drunkenness, insufficient provision for healthy recreation, houses in which the hours of leisure can not be passed tolerably."

A bitter antagonist of the Scottish proposal is the London *Globe*, which says it is "eaten through and through with the canker of class legislation," and adds:

"It does not aim at the prevention of drinking in Scotland. The manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor are in no way interfered with, and the Scot is free to buy as much as he pleases from the shop, and to drink as much as he can of it at home. What it does do is to insist that the Scot who is in humble circumstances and has no luxurious home in which to be convivial shall not take his liquor in comfortable surroundings. Practically, what it comes to is that the Poor Man's Club shall be taken away from him, while that of the rich man is untouched, that the sober workingman shall be deprived of the right to enjoy the company of his equals over a friendly glass of beer, but that the sot who soaks at home shall still have every facility for making his wife and children wretched. It will not make one drunken man sober, but it will drive many drunken men into practising their vice where it will cause the most misery to others. Again we commend the ingenuity of the project. The aim very obviously is to get the women, exasperated as they most certainly will be by the conditions imposed upon them, to call in the near future for total prohibition as the smaller of two evils. Its advocates are active and well organized; its opponents are, we fear, hardly organized at all, and are trusting to that broken reed, a majority which has not been made really aware of what is going on, and is, therefore, exceedingly likely to be indifferent when the moment for decision comes."



HOW THE PATIENT TOOK DR. GIOLITTI'S MEDICINE.
—*Il 420* (Florence).


DO YOU THINK THIS SETTLES IT?
CAPITAL
LABOR
GIOLITTI

THE STAGE-MANAGER EXPLAINS.
GIOLITTI—"Just see how cordially they clasp hands!"
—*Il 420* (Florence).

FLINGS AT THE ITALIAN INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT.

ITALY'S "BLOODLESS REVOLUTION"

BOLSHEVISM, ITALIAN STYLE, may be mainly excited speech without the Russian accompaniment of murder and pillage, but it is a sinister force none the less, say some French critics of the "bloodless revolution" in Italy's metal industry, by which the workers secured better pay and a share in the control of the metal trades. Milan press dispatches inform us that the metal-workers gained actually four lire, or fifteen cents, per day, and an annual six days' vacation; but of deeper significance is the *Decreto* of the Government by which "the right of workers to participate in the financial and economic affairs of all factories of Italy and the creation of factory councils on these lines was decreed." The ways and means of application of this principle are to be settled by Parliament, and, with the issuance of the *Decreto* the metal-workers' dispute was settled, and the result received "with an explosion of joy by the workers of Italy, with interest and sympathy by the middle classes and dismay and anger by the rich." The alarm in some sections of the French press is evidenced by the remark of the Paris *Journal des Débats* that the Italian settlement involves in fact "expropriation by force," and is echoed here and there in the British and German press, which find this novelty of labor settlement, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says, "of the highest interest to foreign observers." Some French and British critics look askance at Premier Giolitti, who, to quote the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, is "a past master in the use of eye-wash, and the 'formulas' by which he has brought the dispute to an end are just as likely in the long run to have one meaning as another." Yet—

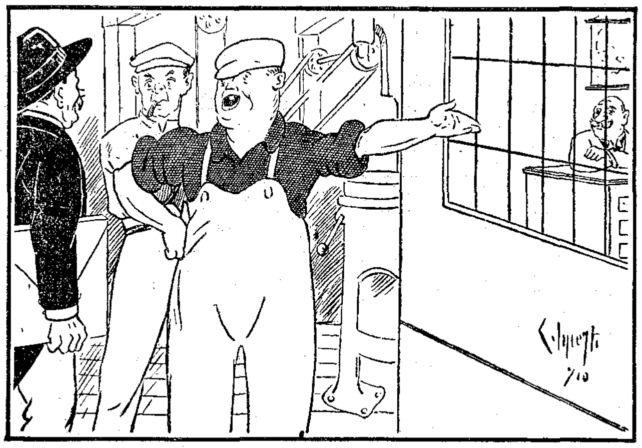
> "The substance of the settlement achieved appears to be that the workers are to have a share in the control of the industry and of its profits. If it works smoothly, Italy may yet be able to boast of being first in the pathway leading to real industrial peace and prosperity, and of setting an example to countries where the ill-temper of Labor still prevents it from seeking an equitable alliance with the employer."

For the benefit, seemingly, of American employers an official statement by Premier Giolitti was given to a Rome correspondent of the New York *World*, in which the Premier says that the disturbances in Italy's metal industry are not only "not revolutionary in character, but there is among our workmen no revolutionary movement of any importance whatever," and he adds:

> "The Bolshevism which seeks to overthrow by violence the existing régime finds so small a measure of support in Italy that it may be said to be virtually non-existent.
>
> "On the other hand, it is equally true that the working class is thoroughly dissatisfied with the old industrial system and demands an equitable share in the proceeds of production. There is in my mind no doubt of basic justice in its present aspirations.
>
> "Much of the misunderstanding abroad about the situation here is due, I believe, to one word—the Italian word *controllo*—which we use to define the change desired by the workers in their relations with the bosses. *Controllo* has been translated into English as control, and hence in America and England it is thought the workers desire to control—that is, to dictate the administration of the factories in which they are employed.
>
> "Our meaning of *controllo*, however, is not that at all. With us *controllo* merely implies supervision or surveillance, and that is all the workers ask. They have not asked to manage nor even to participate in the management of the industries. They simply ask to exercise over the administration a form of surveillance not unlike that to which the Government is subjected by our Parliamentary Commission of '*Controllo*.' Once this point is clearly grasped, the character of the conflict is greatly simplified."

At the base of the disturbance in the metal industry, writes a Milan correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, lay the falling value of the lira and the coincident rise in prices. The living-rate is so far above that of before the war, he tells us, that "the average working-class family in the metal trades before the strike could not live unless at least both father and mother went to work." When the employers told the workers that the state of the trade did not permit an increase of wages, the workers suggested an investigation of the causes of this trade condition, to be conducted by a mixed commission containing members of the shops stewards. Thus at the beginning, we are reminded, the principle of the Factory Councils and the right of entry to the proprietors' private books was asserted by the men's union. The employers denied their application, and the F. I. O. M. (Federazione Italiana Operai Metallurgici) was faced with the prospect of renouncing their claims or beginning a strike. But a strike was "out of the question," and this informant proceeds:

"So they determined to try new tactics. The eight-hour law was in force. They issued a prohibition of any overtime whatever. Then they went through the whole gamut of those devices which labor has imagined to coerce an employer without actually coming out on strike. . . . This period lasted ten days. At the end of that time the company Romaio, of Milan, a great foundry employing more than 2,000 men, suddenly decreed the lockout. When the workmen appeared in the morning they found the factory occupied by *gendarmes* armed with machine guns. The first blow had been struck."



SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

VISITOR—"Where's the boss?"
WORKERS—"We're boss now. Who are you?"
VISITOR—"I am the tax-collector."
WORKERS—"Oh, you want to see the owner, the man in there."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

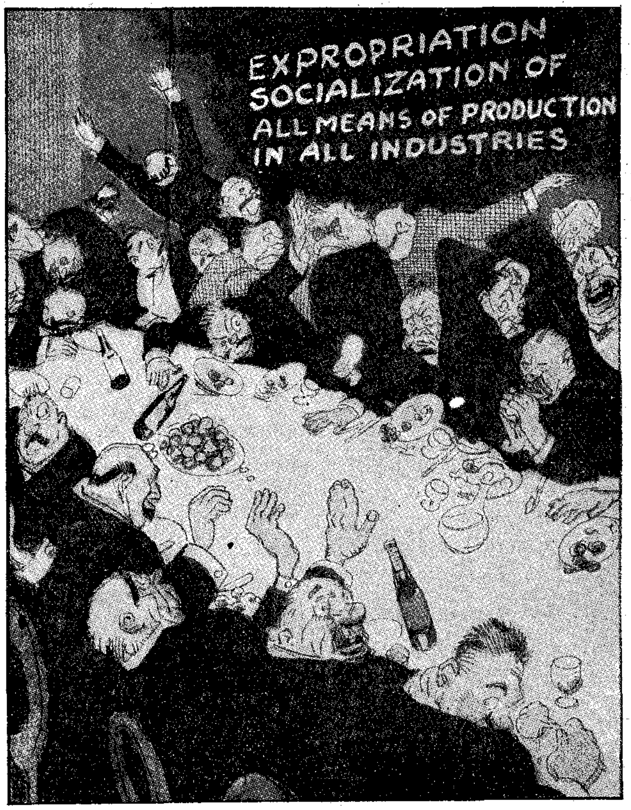
The *Guardian* correspondent relates further that a Committee of Action was then formed by the leaders of the workers, who were instructed to remain at work in the factories. The same day 300 factories were seized by them, and the red flag hoisted over the gates, while with feverish speed the men inside started to organize the defenses and string up barbed wire. There followed a general lockout in all Italy, but the *Guardian's* correspondent tells us "no good was done by this, and the employers put themselves in the onerous position of the attacking party at a time when already 2,000 factories had been occupied over the whole country." Meanwhile, Premier Giolitti's instructions to the Government were to retain strict neutrality, we are told, and the metal-workers were surprized that he "turned a deaf ear to the passionate demands and entreaties of the employers for troops and the military eviction of the mutinous workers." The *Guardian's* correspondent suggests that the labor-leaders probably knew that the attempts of the workers to fortify themselves against an armed attack were "quite unnecessary," and he adds that "the neutrality of the Government was one of the principal reasons for the victory of the men," and "if the men won, it is because Giolitti willed it." Then the shifts having been arranged, sixteen hours in the factories and eight hours out, provisioning having been seen to, and beds rigged between the machines, the men started to work. With the question of what they accomplished is associated the "second great cause of their success"—the coöperation of the technicians and engineers. For as we read:

"All depended on the attitude of the engineers and technicians. I was convinced of this by an inspection of factories of widely varying type. In Bianchi's motor-works, for example, almost all the engineers remained—the whole staff, in fact. The factory ran like a clock, something of the voluntary zeal which we have been told about in the Russian 'Sundayings' appeared in shops like this. Augmentations of 20 to 30 per cent. of the output were common where technical staff was complete and where raw materials did not lack. All this fine fever, of course, began to evaporate as soon as the men were told that the employers would not pay for anything that had been done, altho generally where the workers had worked well this continued until the day of the referendum. Discipline was strict, and in some cases men were actually dismissed. At Leghorn two torpedo-boats were launched, 'for the Russians' was the absurd story. On the same day another keel was laid on the empty slips. The classic example of discipline and work was in the establishments of Dalmine at Bergamo, where all except the head of the firm remained. In many cases the firms' buyers and sellers stayed in the factories with the men and went on with their work like the others.

"The buying and selling were conducted in general as between factories. Bicycles, motor-cars, and spare parts were sold to private persons. The foundries supplied the motor-works with structural materials. Private clients of the firms continued (to a certain extent) to take delivery of goods they had ordered. Raw materials were seized on railways, and many coal-mines and all subsidiary undertakings, the output of which was necessary for the metal-workers, were occupied. A general Bureau de Ventes was created in Milan for the whole question of sales. Of course, no attempt was made to sell goods abroad. All stories to the contrary are inventions. Where there was an excess over the sums due to the men for wages by the price of the goods this was placed to the account of the firm. Generally the men drew sixty francs per week."

A great meeting was held on September 10 in Milan by all the leaders of the General Trades-Union Council, and the wildest excitement prevailed over all Italy. The session lasted for twenty-four hours and was resumed for another eight after an hour's interval, and this informant writes:

"Finally a vote was taken on the rival motions of Daragona and Bucco. Daragona, the head of the Federation, proposed briefly that the movement should go on, that the direction thereof should be in the hands of the C. G. L., and that only the 'aid' of the Socialists should be invoked. Bucco's motion was exactly opposite in its assignation of the respective rôles of the trade-unions and the Socialist party. The real issue, given the fact that the Italian Socialist party is in communion with the Third Internationale and Moscow, was revolution or negotiation. The workers chose the latter. The full voting is interesting.



AT THE MODERN BELSHAZZAR'S BANQUET.

—*Il 420* (Florence).

	Daragona's Motion (Trade-Union Control)	*Bucco's Motion (Socialist-Communist Control)*
Local units (Camere del Lavore)	196,370	301,185
Trade units	394,855	108,384
Totals	592,245	409,569

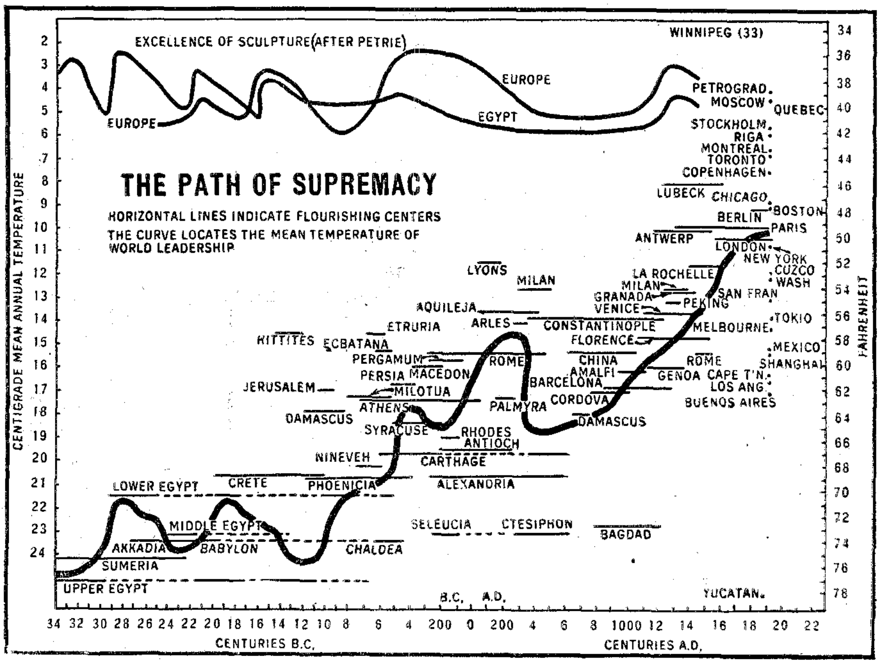
"It was touch and go, as may be seen. If, however, the

(*Continued on page* 105).

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

DOES CIVILIZATION MOVE NORTHWARD?

NOT WESTWARD, but northward, "the course of empire takes its way." The earliest civilizations arose in southern latitudes and were succeeded by others, farther and farther to the north. Retardations of progress are marked by drops back to the southward. This is the thesis of S. C. GilFillan, of New York, who writes on "The Coldward Course of Progress" in *The Political Science Quarterly* (New York). High temperatures are best for new-born civilizations, Mr. GilFillan thinks, as they are for babies. As both grow, they can and do live where it is cooler. As food may be produced more easily, as knowledge becomes greater and habits more diligent, man needs no longer a warm climate, and, what is even more important, he is better and better able to live comfortably and work efficiently in a cold one. Mr. GilFillan believes that this northward trend is still going on, and that the scepter of future power may pass to Canada or Scandinavia. He writes:


THE PATH OF SUPREMACY

HORIZONTAL LINES INDICATE FLOURISHING CENTERS
THE CURVE LOCATES THE MEAN TEMPERATURE OF WORLD LEADERSHIP

"Civilization began in Egypt and Sumeria, hot countries. Then the leadership was assumed by Babylonia, Crete, Phenicia, Assyria, etc., tending always toward the north. In the diagram of the path of supremacy the temperatures of the capitals of the various nations are indicated by the vertical scale, and the period at which each was eminent is shown by the horizontal scale. A thickening of a city's line indicates special preeminence. The curve of the graph indicates the average temperature of the leading capitals; most weight was given to the city preeminent, but the curve was smoothed somewhat in the effort to make clear what would appear to be the general course of leadership in civilization, freed from minor fluctuations. Four southward movements may be noted, all of which coincide with declines of civilization. Thus on the break-up of the Roman Empire civilization centered in Carthage and Alexandria as well as Constantinople, and presently in Damascus and Bagdad; then gradually it moved northward through the Middle Ages, passing the Roman high level about 1350 and attaining regions colder than ever before. So with the scene of highest civilization moving coldward when civilization advances and southward when it disintegrates, the logical inference is that each grade of civilization has an appropriate temperature in which it will especially flourish. This theory, if established, largely explains the changes of headship between nations in the past and may be used as a basis of prediction, if we assume that civilization will advance further.

"It has often been observed that civilization proper always begins in warm regions. Its independent original sites seem to be Upper Egypt and the lower Mesopotamian valley, India, the Shensi province, and Guatemala. All are warm, all but one hot. The explanation for civilization's first appearance in such places is that in a hot climate agriculture can be most productive, while an abundant food supply provides vigor, security, a dense population, and surplus hands for occupations other than food-production. Warmth was necessary for a nascent civilization, and the importance of warmth steadily diminished thereafter as man's power to produce food was multiplied by better animals and instruments for agriculture, greater science, more diligent habits, the decreasing importance of food as compared with miscellaneous other factors, such as minerals, and latterly by the power of importing food from other lands, as notably in the case of England, Germany, and frigid Finland.

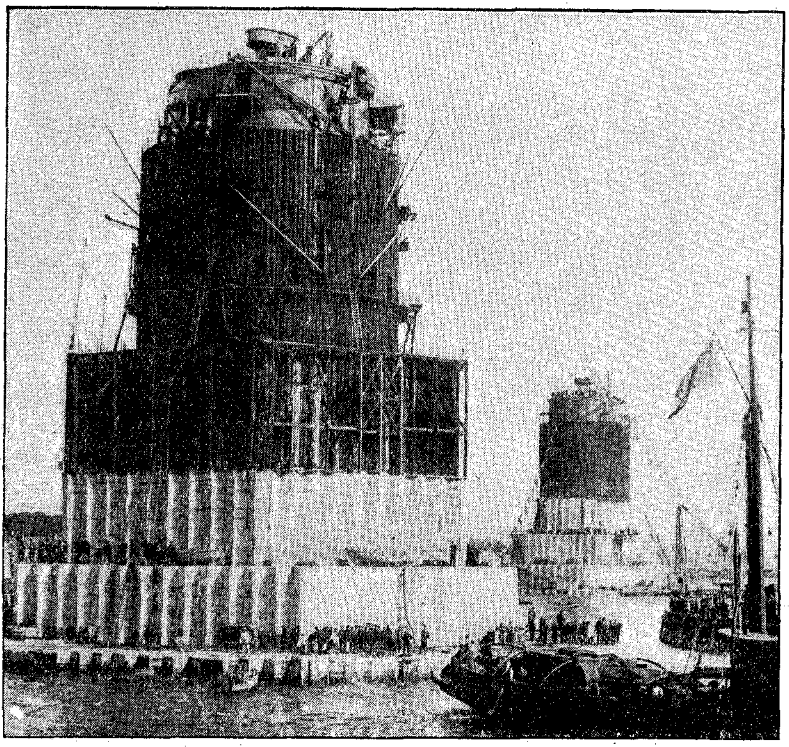
"A second factor in northward progress, mentioned only by Spencer and a few other writers, but very important, is the possibility of living in a cool or cold climate. Advancing civilization has given us warmer clothes, tighter houses, fitted with artificial lighting and glass windows, chimneys, stoves, and furnaces and a good fuel supply. And while civilization has been making agriculture less important, it has leaned increasingly upon the handicrafts, manufactures, and clerical and other brain occupations, all of which can be pursued *indoors*, especially if the house be comfortable; indeed, they are more effective indoors than out. So the advance of civilization brings an increasing power to dwell northerly."

Another changing need of civilization, the writer notes, is an increasing demand for responsibility and stability. Hot weather, by increasing the body's chemical action, and hence its surplus energy, along with a bad emotional state, has been shown to increase obstreperousness, crime, suicide, assaults, insanity, and revolutions. Probably such actions are more disruptive to a complicated, advanced civilization than to a primitive one. The fiery and volatile temperament of southern peoples renders them incapable of the responsibilities and toil by which phlegmatic northern races have made great their states. He continues:

"The first positive value of cool climes is their greater variation of temperature from day to day and season to season, very valuable stimuli which are found more in the latitudes of slanting sun. Next, and even more important, are the greater comfort, and vigor, physical and especially mental, which are possible in a cool climate.

"Primitive civilization has been said to depend chiefly upon the heaping up of material wealth, created almost entirely by manual labor, performed by practically all the population, chiefly tillers of the soil, including often the women. There were some few thinkers and a few artists, nobles, judges, and overseers, but the dull toiling fellaheen, on whose efficiency nearly everything depended, comprised almost all the population. But a modern civilization, like that of our Empire State, requires mental rather than physical labor. Altogether, modern civilization would seem to depend more upon clear thinking, initiative, will, and self-control (in useful directions), and primitive civilization more upon physical toil, bodily energy. The change has been gradual, depending on the progress of civilization.

"Let us consider, for example, a climate which Huntington has found to be about the best in the world for a modern civilization, that is, that stimulating climate which enabled Germany to fight half the world, making bread from wood, clothes from thistles, tin of lacquer, rubber from goodness knows what, and patriotism out of aggressive national ambition. About the year 90 A.D. Tacitus was describing this country, which he found gloomy and cold in comparison with sunny Rome, and with a *Kultur* vastly inferior. We learn that the Germans' favorite occupations, after war and hunting, were gambling and drinking. And we find precisely the same conditions among the northern Amerinds, in a similar climate.



WHAT ARE THEY?

The British authorities are satisfied to have them called "Mystery Towers," but will say nothing regarding their purpose.

"But tho a people may not like to toil, they can be forced to do so by an invading or indigenous noble class armed with ideas from an adjacent superior culture. Thus the northern nations conquered their physical indolence and retain their mental vigor, their alertness, which the peoples inhabiting hot countries never had. And so, with a civilization depending increasingly on mental effort, the northern nations have gone ahead."

Mr. GilFillan believes that also within each nation civilization has moved coldward. In practically every country culture has appeared along the warm edge and has moved northward. Greek civilization began in Crete and ended in Constantinople. The leadership of Italy passed from Sicily through Rome to Milan, and that of Spain from Cadiz to Madrid and Barcelona. German culture began along the Rhine and spread gradually east-northeast, perpendicularly across the isotherms. He goes on:

"The nations which are exceptions prove the rule. These are the countries north of the isotherm of 50° F., 10° C., which traces the ridge of contemporary civilization. This very significant line runs from Astoria, Oregon, past Puget Sound, thence to Omaha, Des Moines, Indianapolis, south of Cleveland and Buffalo, a little north of New York, to Dublin, past Liverpool and London, to Rotterdam and Paris, too, along the Rhine valley to Munich, south of Vienna, across Hungary and Roumania to Odessa and Astrakhan, through regions whose increasing monotony of climate makes them no longer available for high civilization, to cross favorable Japan midway between Tokyo and Hakodate. Within each country south of this 'ridge' isotherm and north of 70° F., the banner of civilization has passed from south to north, while in each country north of the ridge civilization has always been highest along the warm edge of that country. The obvious explanation of this unchangedness in the cold countries is that the highest culture yet attained, that found along the most favorable sections of the 50-degree isotherm, is suited only to the warmest edge of these countries, if to that; but when civilization has advanced further and its ideal or 'ridge' isotherm has become a colder one, the northern countries will experience the same internal transfer of regional supremacy that the southern nations have. This always happened in the past, when a country lay to the north of the ridge isotherm of that epoch.

"If the final purpose of science is control, the next to final purpose is prediction. If we have established for the past the thesis that civilization moves coldward while progressing, we can apply it to the future. When in the coming century civilization shall have progressed to a still higher type, then shall empire, cultural leadership at least, pass on to the colder climes, as it has done so many times before. Detroit, Montreal, Halifax, Stockholm, Riga, Petrograd have mean annual temperatures of between 47 degrees and 38 degrees.

"Scandinavia has in recent decades shown great cultural activity, as if preparing to lead the world next. Russia is rousing herself from a sleep of ages. In 1914 the most virile architecture was that of the apartment-houses of Berlin. In 2000 it will perhaps be found in Detroit and Copenhagen, in 2100 in Montreal, Christiania, and Memel.

"Farther we need not go. There is no necessity for civilization to be driven into arctic snows; the law of coldward progress could be restated in such terms as would hold true for the past yet not require northward journeying indefinitely in the future.

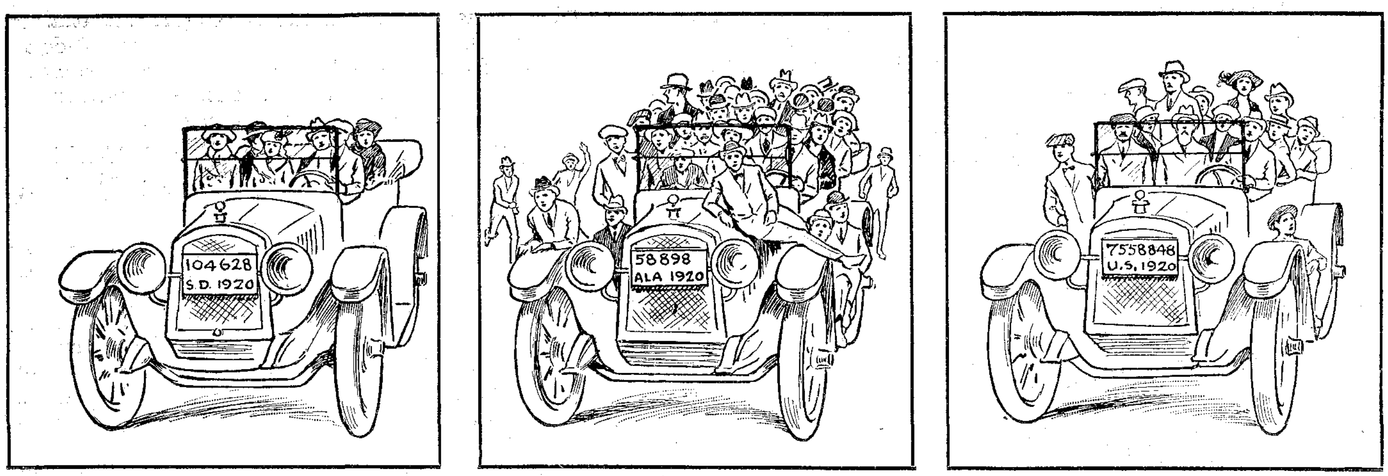
"There are some who believe, and many who fear, that civilization, instead of progressing, may now be approaching a sixth decline. Their fears may be increased by the drooping curve which the graph shows from 1500 to 1920, a slowing-up of the coldward movement when one would have expected an acceleration. But other explanations are possible than that this is the beginning of a decline. The droop may be a mere accident, from other forces. Civilization may be approaching its northern limit, as suggested with doubt above, altho not its cultural limit.

"We need not fear the drooping of the curve. On toward the pole star the ship of destiny sails yet."

BRITAIN'S TOWERS OF MYSTERY

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE of the two gigantic floating towers recently completed by the British Government and floated successfully on the Channel coast? Are they to be sunk in shallow spots as marine forts? Are they for use in driving a channel tunnel? Are they caissons, to be employed in raising sunken vessels? These are a few of the conjectures of our mystified cousins overseas; and the odd structures are getting an enormous amount of free advertising. Constructed on a sandy foreshore at Southwick, an obscure village between Storeham and Brighton on the Channel coast, the two 'mystery ships' have long been objects of interest. In shape they are not unlike a huge wedding cake, consisting of three tiers of hollow concrete blocks, surmounted by a tall, wide tower, not unlike a gas-holder. The total height of each ship is almost 200 feet. Says Mr. F. Rawlinson, writing in *The Scientific American:*

"Their method of construction is highly ingenious. The bottom story, consisting, as has been said, of hollow concrete blocks, rests on the fore shore; the tides play about it, and the long months during which it has lain on the beach have covered it with seaweed and barnacles. Powerful pumps are installed in the lower tier so that it may be pumped dry at will. Sluice-gates are also fitted to enable it to be flooded and sunk. Until Sunday morning, September 12, this lower tier was full of water, the weight of this serving to ballast the whole structure which towered above.



SOUTH DAKOTA HAS SIX INHABITANTS PER AUTOMOBILE, ALABAMA 40, AND THE UNITED STATES 14.

"Early in the morning, at low tide, however, the sluice-gates were opened and muddy water poured from the openings of the lower tier. As the tide rose the sluices were closed and the pumps were set to work. Within a short time they had lowered the water-level in the hollow concrete by a further four feet.

"Meanwhile the tower had been attached by hawsers to two lighters. As the tide rose—an exceptionally high spring tide for which the engineers had waited some weeks—the tower, now lightened of its ballast, rose too. Its ungainly bulk was trimmed until it floated upright—its upper deck some 200 feet above the crowd of spectators. The 'launch' was accomplished slowly and without fuss. There was no excitement of greasy slipways and quick spectacular glissade.

"As soon as the tower had floated, a flotilla of Portsmouth Dockyard tugs stood by to tow it. The task was not easy. A specially dredged channel had been prepared; the draft of the tower is such that the clearance in some parts of the channel is measured in inches. Seven tugs were used in the towage. It was necessary to guide the huge bulk between wooden piers. Notwithstanding repeated warnings, these were lined with interested spectators, and a chance tilt against the piers would have seriously damaged both the tower and the pier, with probable loss of life.

"The tricky passage was negotiated with only one unimportant mishap, and as soon as the tower was clear it was seized by additional tugs and slowly made its way by open sea (which was exceptionally calm) toward Spithead. It is thought that its destination is the Solent, but official quarters are reticent on this point.

"Its companion tower is scarcely completed and conditions will not be suitable for its 'launch' until the high tides of March next.

"The whole of the arrangements for the building and launch of the tower have been under the charge of Captain Cliffe, of the Royal Marine Engineers.

"Speculation is still rife concerning the probable use of these mystery towers. One of the many theories advanced is that they will be used for raising the shipping sunk during the war by the German submarine campaign. By means of these towers, it is suggested, sunken vessels lying in water too deep or too rough for ordinary salvage could be raised. By 'dragging,' hawsers might be passed underneath the sunken vessel. The towers would be sunk, one on either side, and the hawsers made fast. The two towers (which may be submerged to a depth of 180 feet) would be simultaneously pumped empty of water, thus raising the vessel. The whole flotilla, with the vessel cradled between the two towers, could then be towed away to shallow water, where the vessel could be beached. By repeating this process it would be possible to salve vessels now lying far too deep for recovery. Such is the theory.

"Another suggestion is that had not the armistice intervened in November, 1918, some five or six of these towers would have been sunk in the Straits of Dover, made tight on the sea-bed with concrete grouted in, and pumped clear of water. The gigantic caissons so formed would have enabled work on the Channel Tunnel to be carried out with great rapidity. By sinking shafts in the interior of each tower, and driving headers in each direction from its foot, a dozen working faces would have been secured; whereas if the tunnel were to be driven from each end in the usual way, two only would be available.

"Further suggestions are that the towers are destined to serve as protective underwater fortresses for the Naval Harbor at Portsmouth—a contention which gains ground when it is remembered that the first tower has been towed to Spithead."

AN AUTOMOBILE CENSUS

WE ARE THE WORLD'S MOTOR-COUNTRY. We own over seven and a half million automobiles, or about one to every fourteen persons. In great regions of the Middle West there is one to every six persons. There are more than half a million cars in each of the States of New York and Ohio, and nearly that in California, in Pennsylvania and in Illinois. The greatest motor "density" is not in the cities, but in the rural districts, being highest in South Dakota, closely followed by Nebraska and Iowa. New York is thirty-seventh in a list arranged in order of density, and Pennsylvania is thirty-sixth. All these facts appear from a census of automobiles made by Andrew Linn Bostwick, of the Research Department of the Simmons Hardware Company, of St. Louis, using the resources of that institution. As sent out by the compiler, the results, in tabular form, are as follows:

AUTOMOBILE DENSITY, UNITED STATES, 1920

State	*Number of Automobiles January 1, 1920*	*Population per Automobile (1920 Census)*
South Dakota	104,628	6.1
Nebraska	200,000	6.5
Iowa	363,079	6.6
California	477,450	7.2
Kansas	227,752	7.77
North Dakota	82,885	7.79
Nevada	9,305	8.3
Colorado	104,865	9.0
Wyoming	21,371	9.1
Washington	148,775	9.12
Oregon	83,332	9.16
Minnesota	259,743	9.19
Montana	59,324	9.23
Idaho	42,220	10.2
Wisconsin	236,290	11.1
Michigan	325,813	11.26
Ohio	511,031	11.27
Arizona	28,979	11.5
District of Columbia	35,400	12.4
Utah	35,236	12.8
Indiana	227,255	12.9
Vermont	26,807	13.1
Connecticut	102,410	13.48
Rhode Island	44,833	13.481
Illinois	478,438	13.6
Delaware	16,152	13.8
Missouri	244,363	13.9
New Hampshire	31,625	14.01
Oklahoma	144,500	14.03
Texas	331,310	14.1
Maine	53,425	14.4
Maryland	95,634	15.2
Massachusetts	247,182	15.6
New Jersey	190,873	16.5
Florida	55,400	17.4
Pennsylvania	482,117	18.1
New York	566,511	18.3
New Mexico	18,082	19.9
Georgia	137,000	21.1
South Carolina	79,143	21.3
North Carolina	109,017	23.5
Virginia	94,100	24.5
Kentucky	90,008	26.8
Tennessee	80,422	29.1
West Virginia	50,203	29.2
Louisiana	51,000	35.3
Arkansas	49,450	35.4
Mississippi	45,030	39.8
Alabama	58,898	39.9
Total	7,558,848	14.0

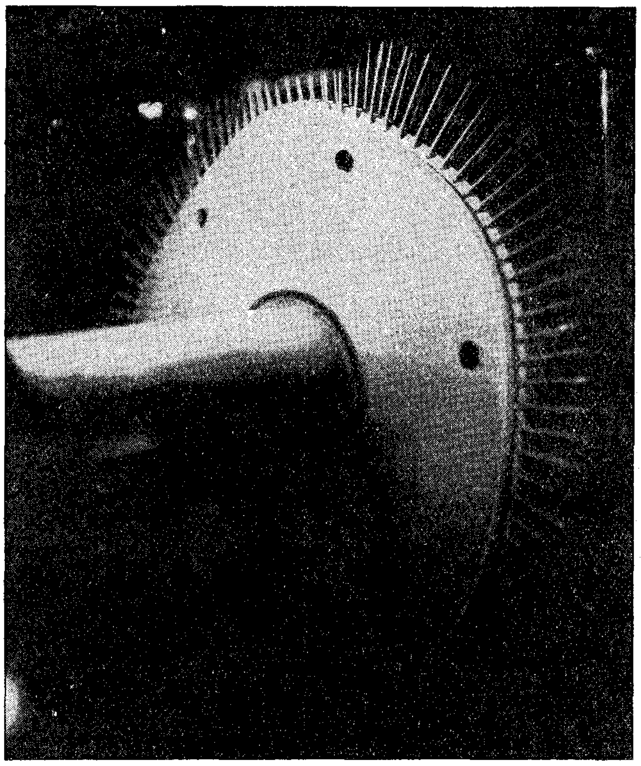
LIGHTNING UP TO DATE

THE OLD THEORY that lightning is a simple spark discharge from clouds to earth can not stand in the face of present-day knowledge, according to Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, in a recent talk in Chicago, given under the auspices of the Western Society of Engineers. Says *The Electrical Review* (Chicago), in an abstract:

"Assuming a cloud one-half mile square floating at a distance of 2,000 to 3,000 feet from the earth, it was shown that the voltage to cause a spark discharge from cloud to earth would be beyond all reason. The energy of such a spark, lasting for only a small fraction of a second, would amount to 7,000,000,000 foot-pounds, or to 3,000 horse-power-hours. Experience has shown that not to exceed 1 per cent. of the lightning discharges takes place between clouds and the earth, most discharges being between clouds and within a single cloud. These flashes are often from one to two miles in length and are progressive in nature. That is, they start with the puncturing of a short space, possibly 20 or 30 feet, and spread until the potentials are equalized to a value corresponding to the voltage required to maintain the discharge. The period of time occupied by a discharge is quite short, being estimated at from 0.00001 to possibly 0.25 second for the slower-acting flashes of more uniform potential distribution. Dr. Steinmetz stated that only a fraction of the lightning disturbances on electric circuits was due to direct strokes, the troubles encountered resulting from induced voltages that have values of possibly 500,000 to 1,000,000. Lightning troubles are noted to increase with the extent of the system, the most troubles being met in systems of such an extent as to require 30,000 to 50,000 volts for transmission. Larger systems using 100,000 volts or more seem to be quite immune from trouble. The cause for this condition was attributed to the fact that insulation of the high-voltage lines was capable of standing the disturbances induced by lightning discharges, these disturbances being effective only for short intervals and being of about the same order of magnitude as the insulator capacities. The method of accumulating a charge of 50,000,000 volts or possibly twice this value on a cloud was explained as involving an initial charge on small particles of condensed moisture, the initial charge being due to the position of the cloud with respect to the earth. It was explained that the earth was surrounded by an electrostatic field with a gradient outward from the surface. Moisture condensing at a distance of one-half mile from the earth would be in a field at a potential of 100,000 volts to earth and would assume a charge corresponding to this potential. By collecting into larger particles the charge would be accumulated until values of 50,000,000 volts or more would be reached when drops of rain were finally formed. Inequalities of 1 or 2 per cent. of this value, between sections of a cloud quite close together, would suffice to cause a local discharge which would result in a redistribution of potentials and probably in an extended flash. From the effects of direct strokes it has been estimated that the flow of current may be anywhere from 1,000 to 100,000 amperes, these estimates being based on the size conductors that have been melted during the discharge of a stroke to ground. The illuminating effect of lightning was used to estimate that the light energy of a flash might be equivalent to ten horse-power-hours."

SAVING MONEY WITH A CAMERA

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS yearly are saved to American industry by the use of the camera—so, at least, we are assured by E. W. Davidson, of the General Electric Company, in an article entitled "Seeing the Invisible," contributed to *The Nation's Business* (Washington). Specifying, Mr. Davidson goes on to tell us how the camera, with a wink of its eye, taken in one millionth of a second by the light from a single crack of electricity, told engineers how to build turbine wheels that would stand terrific strain. Again, a click in a laboratory workshop showing a machine and some idle scribbling on a wall helped defend a valuable patent. He goes on:



PROBABLY THE FASTEST PICTURE EVER TAKEN.

The exposure was one-millionth of a second. An electric flash enabled the camera to see the rubber dummy of a turbine-wheel as it revolved at terrific speed. Engineers used the photograph to study strains on the wheels of the turbine.

"The ordinary photograph preserves records, helps keep stock, is a bulwark of invention and research, aids materially in clinching sales, figures in establishing patent rights, teaches lessons of safety as they can not be taught any other way, puts punch and pull in advertising, and helps make good citizens out of aliens in the scores of plants which conduct Americanization classes for their workers.

"Imagine a line of pictures 104 miles long! That line would represent the total produced by the staff of thirty photographers and photographic workers in the headquarters plant of one American industry alone. This staff turns out an average of 10,000 blueprinted photographs and about 2,000 ordinary prints every week of the year.

"In this mass of pictures are innumerable photographs of practically every new machine the company makes, not to mention the thousands of views of single parts. These are used not only for sales and record purposes, but also to make replacements easy and accurate. Hundreds more show ways of packing and anchoring heavy goods on cars.

"Photographers who have worked for that company in the last twenty-eight years have been legion and their products have been preserved from the very first—filling a file of nearly half a million different pictures—and in all that time there have been recorded very few occasions when the photographic department has said 'can't.' One of these occasions was when a drawing of the control board of the Panama Canal locks measuring 65 × 6 feet was brought in to be copied. Another was the day somebody asked to have photographed a strip of paper bearing a plotted curve showing the performance of an electric locomotive. The strip was two miles long!

"Frequently the experimenter in an electrical laboratory needs to see something no human eye can accurately record, so he resorts to the camera. It is by the photographic method he learns exactly what an electric arc looks like at various stages and in various atmospheres.

"The camera did its part in a big electric company's research laboratory in the important work done there on steam turbine wheels. These steel disks in a turbine, catching steam at high pressure in the series of blades on their rims, revolve at 3,000 or more revolutions per minute. This produces such strains on wheels that they have to be built with an extreme nicety of balance and toughness of material. To learn exactly what those high-speed strains are, rubber disks are revolved under varying conditions. The eye can not fully record the evidences of strain on the rubber, nor is the fastest of camera shutters equal to it unaided.

"So the job is done another way. The room is darkened, the camera set and opened, and the arc is struck, thus giving the negative an exposure of approximately one-millionth of a second. In that brief space even a wheel making 3,000 revolutions per minute doesn't move far.

"In a famous case some years ago a strong point was made in the successful defense of a patent worth probably more than one hundred million dollars, when it was shown that a certain typewriter had a broken staff *k* and the *r* on another was slightly smaller than average. Neither defect was noticeable with the naked eye, but the microscope detected both, and photographs of the typewriting enlarged 20 or 25 diameters helped substantiate an expert's testimony.

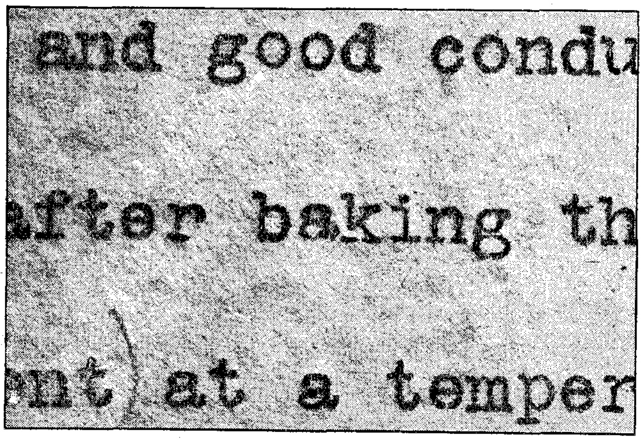
"The scientist is always glad to have the camera at his elbow. Consider making an actual photograph of the human voice, or of the noise made by an automobile transmission gear, or of the varying amount of electric current a machine or a whole factory uses from minute to minute. Or consider making a photograph of the speed a bullet travels or a photograph of the difference in time between the explosion of the two ends of a stick of dynamite—perhaps one ten-thousandth of a second.

"The highly sensitive machine which can achieve these seeming impossibilities is the oscillograph, which photographs the 'waves' of electricity with an ordinary camera attachment. The resultant picture of any of these things looks somewhat like the pen-and-ink jiggle of a graphic recording instrument.

"The operator of an oscillograph can set the instrument so that he will know the exact length of time in fractions of a second it is going to take the machine to make an inch of jiggling line. Then in the dynamite explosion, for instance, he is able to tell the exact lapse between the burning of the two ends of the stick as registered on the machine by the breaking of wires passed through those two ends.

"The speed of projectile flights is registered by the passing of the bullet through parallel sensitized screens set at measured distances so that an electric circuit is broken as it goes through each. The oscillograph connected with the screens registers these hits by peaks on the film. The operator knows the time between hits in ten-thousandths of a second by a glance at his picture and also the distance from screen to screen.

"Pictures made by the oscillograph aid in studies of how to eliminate noise from automobile gears as no other device or instrument can. A telephone mouthpiece is held close to the gear. The sounds set up a vibration in the diaphragm of the transmitter just as the voice does. These vibrations send tremors through a speck of a mirror in the oscillograph. A needle of reflected light from this delicately mounted mirror registers a jiggly white line on the black background of a swiftly passing strip of film, and the photograph of the noise is made.

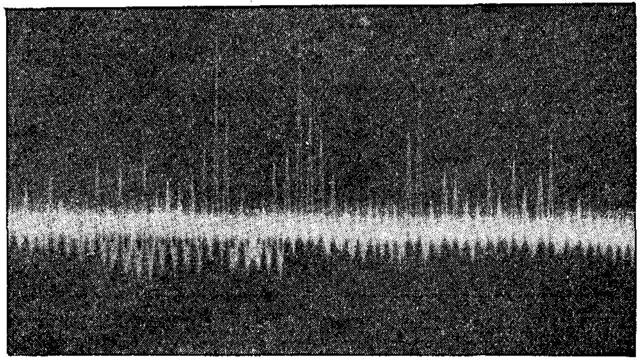


NOTE THE BROKEN "k."

This microscopic photograph of typewriter letters helped a big industry win a $100,000,000 patent suit. The broken staff of the "k," hardly noticeable to the naked eye, did the trick.

"A series of these pictures made of a gear on which various silencing schemes have been tried takes the guesswork out of such experimentations."

Some of the biggest American industries, Mr. Davidson goes on to tell us, have begun photographing every new employee. In a plant where physical examinations are required photographs are taken of each applicant as he is going through his examination. After he reaches his job and before he is put on the pay-roll his photograph is furnished to his foreman for comparison with the man himself so that there can be no possibility of a physical unfit getting a job on somebody's else physical qualifications. He continues:



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Nation's Business," Washington, D.C.

PICTURE OF THE NOISE OF AN AUTOMOBILE GEAR.

The oscillograph registered it through a lens onto a film. It is possible in this way to measure time movement and sound accurately. Such pictures can gage the difference in time between the explosions of the two ends of a stick of dynamite.

"Accident prevention in practically every big plant depends in great degree upon the effective use of pictures. When a man gets hurt or suffers from failure to make use of the employer's hospital facilities his injury frequently is photographed with his permission and the picture posted through the works as an object-lesson. If an accident happens through carelessness, pictures are often made of it and posted at once so that those men who didn't see the occurrence itself can see exactly how it happened.

"The fact that the photograph is the universal language is nowhere more apparent than here. No amount of talk can convey an impression so well as a photograph. A picture of what a beginner has done in the matter of learning to write is one of the most effective inducements to get other men into classes. 'Did Tony do that? If he can I can,' is their sentiment, whereupon mastering the English language ceases to look so impossible and they plunge in with a will.

"The camera as a salesman is now a commonplace. A salesman of electrical apparatus approaching the Government of Chile bidding to install a complete hydroelectric system 'wouldn't think of going in without a complete set of perfect pictures of everything he had to sell,' recently commented J. G. Barry, an American sales manager. 'Good photographs are of inestimable value to salesmen. No amount of expertly written description of machinery can tell the story as well as a high-grade photograph. The picture is of greatest value in visualizing machinery for non-technical men, such as the average board of directors, but it also goes a long way in getting the interest of engineers.'

"Men who sell electric lighting systems are fully as dependent upon pictures. 'It's all right to tell a city council, for instance, what your new system would do to their streets and tell it in more glowing language than William J. Bryan used when he upset the Democratic convention,' said W. D'A. Ryan, one of the country's illumination experts, 'but one good photograph would put your oratory to shame. There is no one thing that counts more heavily in selling illumination than the photograph.'

"This doesn't mean just any sort of a photograph, however, Mr. Ryan would assure you. Taking pictures of illumination is not a simple business of setting up a camera on a street-curb at night and then guessing roughly at the necessary exposure.

"Any good photographer can do that, but it takes an expert of long training and much knowledge of illumination to make them look exactly like the original scene without painting or 'doctoring.'"

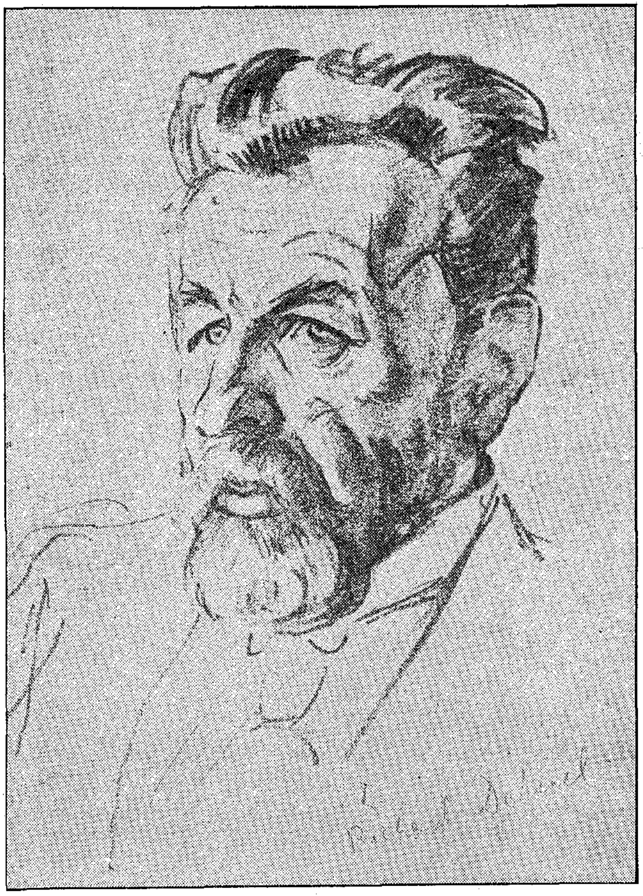
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE OXFORD LETTER TO GERMAN PROFESSORS

WHAT GOOD FORGETTERS the British are will be seen in the friendly overtures made by fifty-seven Oxford professors to professors of arts and sciences in Germany and Austria. Allusion was made to this act a week or two ago with a mention that certain London papers, *The Times* especially, had spoken their disapproval. Recent arrivals of foreign papers give us the full text of the letter with the signers "expressing a hope for the speedy reestablishment of friendly intercourse." To some American eyes it may look a little like "slopping over," especially since barely half of the famous ninety-three who represented German *Kultur* during the war have ever taken back their words. Some, indeed, among them have, even since hostilities closed, tried to justify the position of Germany. The Oxford letter as published by the London *Times* reads as follows:



THE LATE RICHARD DEHMEL,

Who is reported to be the author of the phrase *"Gott Strafe England."*
He regretted signing the manifesto, but refused to withdraw.

"To the Professors of the Arts and Sciences and to Members of the Universities and Learned Societies in Germany and Austria:

"Since there will be many of you who fully share our heartfelt sorrow and regret for the breach that the war has occasioned in our friendly intercourse, and since you can not doubt the sincerity of the feeling which engendered and cherished that old friendliness, you must, we believe, be sharing our hope for its speedy reestablishment.

"We, therefore, the undersigned doctors, heads of houses, professors, and other officers and teachers in the University of Oxford, now personally approach you with the desire to dispel the embitterment of animosities that under the impulse of loyal patriotism may have passed between us.

"In the field where our aims are one, our enthusiasms the same, our rivalry and ambition generous, we can surely look to be reconciled, and the fellowship of learning offers a road which may—and if our spiritual ideals be alive, must—lead to a wider sympathy and better understanding between our kindred nations.

"While political dissensions are threatening to extinguish the honorable comity of the great European states, we pray that we may help to hasten that amicable reunion which civilization demands. *Impetret ratio quod dies impetratura est.*"

The attitude of leading French publicists convinces the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* that "none of the members of the French Academy is likely to imitate the example of the fifty-seven professors of Oxford." The question of the attitude of educational leaders of other countries toward professors in Germany should depend "on the attitude of German professors toward the world-war and its causes." Continuing:

"It is because some of the men in public life in England are not by any means convinced that the German professors are repentant that the action of the Oxford dons has evoked the sharp criticism that they are rushing in where prudence would dictate a little more gradual approach. This is probably the least severe thing said about them and about their so-called failure to distinguish between the logical animosities aroused by the war in *Zeppelin*-raided England, as compared with the approval given by the professorial body in Germany. . . . . . .

"As to the ninety-three, it will be recalled that thirty-nine of them did recant and admit their error and Germany's fault. But some of the most important of the ninety-three, still in conspicuous positions in Germany, not only stand by their guns, but do so in an insufferable manner, as if the whole world were incapable of judging the facts as to the causes of the war, and therefore must take the view of the German intellectuals as final. Even now some of the professors are trying to whitewash men like Bernhardi and Treitschke, the famous professor of history and follower of the Kaiser, who, as the Allied writers see it, did more than any other man in Germany to prepare the German nation for its campaign of world conquest by justifying war and approving the world-wide extension of German *Kultur*. . . . . . .

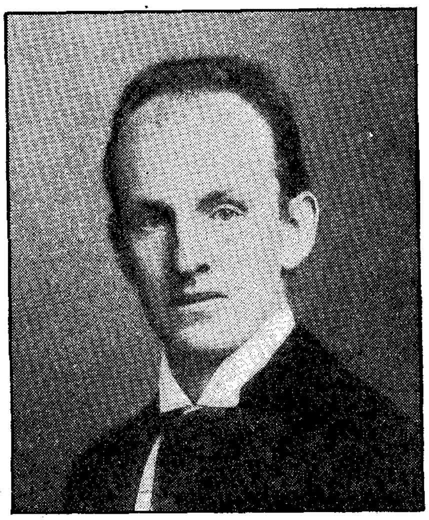
"It is not likely that the Oxford professors will establish friendly relations with professors of this ilk. And yet, despite the French protest and the objections at home, it is on the cards that a certain kind of considerate intercourse will be set up between German thinkers and the outside world wholly without any sense of condonation, but more from feelings of pity. For if the German professors, *per se*, did so much to spread the doctrine of Kaiserism, and, as it were, corrupt the youth of the land, they have been frightfully punished. To-day, both in Austria and Germany, their position is one of almost unbelievable wretchedness."

The Athenæum (London) represents the opponents of the letter as "the gutter press" and "the press that dissembles the morals of the gutter under the cloak of an intolerable rectitude." It adds:

"Fortunately, Oxford is tougher in fiber than our modern Prime Ministers. No organized obloquy will compel the signatories of that noble document to recant. Since this is so, its enemies apply themselves to asserting (with singularly little proof) that it does not represent Oxford.

"It does not claim to voice the sentiments of Oxford as a body. But a list of signatories which includes ten Heads of Houses and five Regius Professors is undoubtedly as strong and influential a body as Oxford could provide to support a declaration on a matter on which complete unanimity could not be expected. . . . Let *The Times*, or any other newspaper which desires to make a

REINHARDT, THE PRODUCER,
Who, if others do the same, will recall his signature "in the interest of future cooperation with foreign countries."



HAUPTMANN, THE PLAYWRIGHT,
Who excuses German intellectuals as "fundamentally men of idealistic mind and of unsophisticated temperaments."

WEINGARTNER, THE MUSICIAN,
Condemns the signers for believing everything "which was uttered from under the *Pickelhaube* and upturned mustache."

GERMAN INTELLECTUALS WHO RECANT.

spiritual *rapprochement* impossible, take a census of all Oxford men who have served in the war. It would find that an overwhelming majority of them are in favor of the appeal. It is not the fighters who refuse to shake hands. As Mr. Hogarth says, he had to return, on leave, to a club armchair to hear that kind of talk."

The New York *Times* publishes a Berlin dispatch intimating that the Oxford letter has had some effect:

"Dr. Hans Wesberg has written to ninety-three professors who signed that document and obtained replies which show that the great majority of those intellectuals have been compelled by the hard logic of events and by fuller after-knowledge to admit they would not now sign such a document."

A small group of men "with big names," such as Prof. Adolf von Harnack and Max Liebermann, the painter, says George Renwick in another dispatch to *The Times*, "drew up the notorious document" and sent "a vague summary of it with an urgent request for signatures" to ninety-three representatives of German intellectual life. He adds:

"Most of these were persuaded that as such persons as Harnack and Liebermann had signed there could be no harm in doing likewise. A good number wrote withdrawing their signatures when they read the full contents of the document, but then the mischief had been done. Others now plead in extenuation that at the time they believed Germany had been treacherously attacked and they did not then know how the German soldiery had acted in France and Belgium. Professor Foerster, the scientist, states that his signature was added without his definite consent.

"Dr. Hans Wehberg, the well-known German antimilitarist, who conducted the campaign against the *Kultur* manifesto, has now issued a pamphlet giving the results of the circular-letter to those signatories of the manifesto still alive. He characterizes the manifesto as a document of human stupidity and says it must be placed beside the notorious instructions by the German Foreign Office to the German delegates at the Hague Peace Conference of 1899 to vote against an international court of arbitration."

Some information has already been received in this country about Wehberg's document, but we reprint here Mr. Renwick's summary:

"Only seventy-five of the original ninety-three signatories were alive when Wehberg began his task. No answers were received from seventeen, who, he says, are either afraid or too ill to reply. Sixteen declared they refused to recant, tho some for no more valid reason than that it would be unmanly, most notable among them being Siegfried Wagner, son of the composer. Forty out of fifty-eight answers reported recantation.

"Following are among the interesting statements in Wehberg's pamphlet:

"Professor Esser, professor of theology, Bonn University—'I would not have signed the document had I known the full contents.'

"Herr von Kaulbach, famous artist—'I deeply rue my signature on the document, which in every way offends me.'

"Max Reinhardt, theatrical manager—'I am ready to recall my signature if others will do the same in the interest of future cooperation with foreign countries.'

"Hubert Eulenberg, poet—'When we signed we believed Germany had recourse merely to the holy right of self-defense. For four weeks we were forced to believe that.'

"Richard Dehmel, the poet, recently deceased, who is commonly believed to be the author of the phrase '*Gott strafe England*'—'If I had known the full contents probably I should not have signed, but I must refuse to withdraw my signature or my support of the manifesto.'

"Felix von Weingartner, musician—'Those who had followed German and Prussian politics for generations might have been better informed had they kept their eyes open and not believed everything which was uttered from under the *Pickelhaube* and upturned mustache.'

"Carl Hauptmann, poet—'The insight of artists and other intellectuals regarding the mechanism of politics was before the war decidedly scanty. German intellectuals were fundamentally men of idealistic mind and of unsophisticated temperaments.'

"Prof. Joseph Mausbach, theologian—'After consenting to sign I waited for a week before receiving the text. After reading it I immediately telegraphed my dismay and indignation to Berlin.'"

FRENCH LITERARY MISSIONARIES—The world will be dotted with missionaries of French literature, it seems, if the plan goes through to send literary attachés as members of French embassies and legations in foreign countries. Their duties would be to look after the interests of French literature, science, and art in the countries to which they are committed. If France succeeds in carrying out this proposal, the same scheme might be undertaken by other countries, a contingency that arouses some seriocomic apprehensions in the mind of the London *Morning Post*, where we read this:

"The international situation at the moment is not particularly placid. Indeed, all the nations are extremely sensitive, and sensitive beings are often irritable and liable to take offense on the slightest provocation. For example, editorial criticism of a foreign Power or the report of a correspondent on its internal conditions is almost tantamount nowadays to an unfriendly act, for one of the unfortunate results of propaganda is that those who dare to write the truth have to suffer for it. What, then, would happen if diplomatists had to defend not only the policy but the literature of their countries, and in national *amour propre* were ready to make an incident, say, of an adverse criticism of a national poet? To make the defense of literature a duty of the state might lead to hostilities of a bitterness beyond the imagination of even this generation. For the sake of international peace and good will we hope, therefore, that the *Corps Diplomatique* will be saved this heavy responsibility. At the same time we confess that from one point of view we rather like the idea. The literary attachés would be men of letters, and a course of training under a severe Ambassador or Minister of the old school might do some of our formidable lions a great deal of good. Some of them, too, might be sent to distant lands to uphold the glory of English letters. For such a holy cause we could well spare them. And, further, they would not be allowed to dabble in politics."

EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK-PUBLISHING BUSINESS

LITERATURE WILL BENEFIT by the will of the well-known English publisher, William Heinemann, which creates a fund "to help in the production of literary work of real value." Poetry, criticism, biography, and history, being the departments in which their creators are least rewarded, are singled out for the chief benefits under the bequest. Prizes for actual achievement in these fields will be awarded by the British Royal Society of Literature, into whose keeping Mr. Heinemann has placed the bequest. Works of fiction are not absolutely ineligible for reward, but the testator's good intentions turn elsewhere by preference. The London *Daily Telegraph* calls Mr. Heinemann "a characteristically modern publisher" and speaks of certain revolutions that he started. One of these was the change in price and appearance of the novel:

A PUBLISHER OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

William Heinemann, who left a fund for the support of pure literature while doubtful of its future.

"The older novel, which some of us are just able to remember, was published in three volumes at a price which varied from 18*s*. 6*d*. to 31*s*. 6*d*. Apparently this three-volume system pleased the libraries, but certainly it had not many admirers among the general body of the public. Mr. Heinemann was one of the first, if not absolutely the first, to bring out a novel at 6*s*. in a single volume, and the experiment was made with Sir Hall Caine's 'Manxman,' resulting in a highly remunerative sale of 60,000 copies. Since then there have been considerable fluctuations in the price of the novel. William de Morgan's book which he published at a ripe old age was sold in two volumes, if we remember right, at 12*s*.

"Nowadays the matter has been so complicated by the rise in the price of paper, printing, and bookbinding, that it remains a question how much extra cost the public will stand, and it seems unlikely that novels can be largely circulated at a figure as high as 10*s*. or 12*s*. That, however, is a problem which will ultimately have to be settled by the laws of supply and demand. Meanwhile, we note that the modern publisher has a very different relation to his author from that which was once known.

"In earlier times a Byron or a Walter Scott, despite occasional disagreements, was on the whole on very friendly terms with his Murray and his Constable of the day. In more recent times there has been a good deal of friction between the author and producer, one result of which was the formation, in 1883, under the advice principally of Sir Walter Besant, of the Society of Authors, with Lord Tennyson as its first president, and an imposing list of vice-presidents to the number of thirty-five. Useful as the society has been in checking abuses of the publishing trade and in compelling the less scrupulous to adhere to the practise of the more honorable, it has never been a very effective combination of authors, because the latter are largely individualist in their prejudices and to a great extent prefer to go their own way. It was to meet their wants that the 'Literary Agent' made his appearance, about 1880, who, because he was supposed to be an expert in all matters relating to the book market, took the author's business affairs entirely into his hands and made use of the competition among publishers to sell the author's work to the highest bidder."

On his side the publisher defends himself by establishing the Publishers' Association, which, as *The Telegraph* sardonically puts it, "if the publishers were disinterested enough to be capable of real cooperation, would be an extremely powerful and effective body." What follows about publishing applies, in the writer's mind, to British producers; but the case may have wider application:

"Naturally enough, the whole process of producing and publishing books, in recent years, has become less of a literary and more of a commercial affair. In the old days the producer of books availed himself of the services of literary men to supply his own possible want of literary culture. This was the first idea of the so-called 'reader,' generally a man of considerable distinction, with an appreciation of style and a real discrimination of values. But in process of time it was discovered that what the publisher chiefly needs is not so much a literary adviser as a competent man of business at his side to supplement his own commercial intelligence. We are aware by daily experience that the market is flooded with books, badly written, badly constructed, as poor in matter as in style.

"No man of culture and judgment could ever recommend such books to be produced on their merits, but they are issued for all the world like Christmas crackers, on a calculation that they may hit the taste of a certain section of the public, and that a certain number will find buyers among classes who are not particular as to their intellectual fare. Of course, in all this we do not desire to censure the publishers, who must be businesslike. Nor is what we have said applicable to the best kind of publisher, and certainly not to the late Mr. Heinemann, who, by training and choice, had made himself largely conversant with foreign literatures.

"Not every publisher, however, is of the same stamp. The publisher in a modern age has largely taken the place that used to be occupied by the patron. According to Dr. Johnson, the author's chief enemies were 'toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.' Whether a latter-day Johnson would include the publisher among the other drawbacks of a literary career is perhaps an open question.

"The successful author can, of course, snap his fingers at a publisher and demand and secure higher prices than have ever been paid before. The difficulty comes with the unknown author, who may possess a real genius of his own and yet be debarred, or at least hindered, from placing his work before the public."

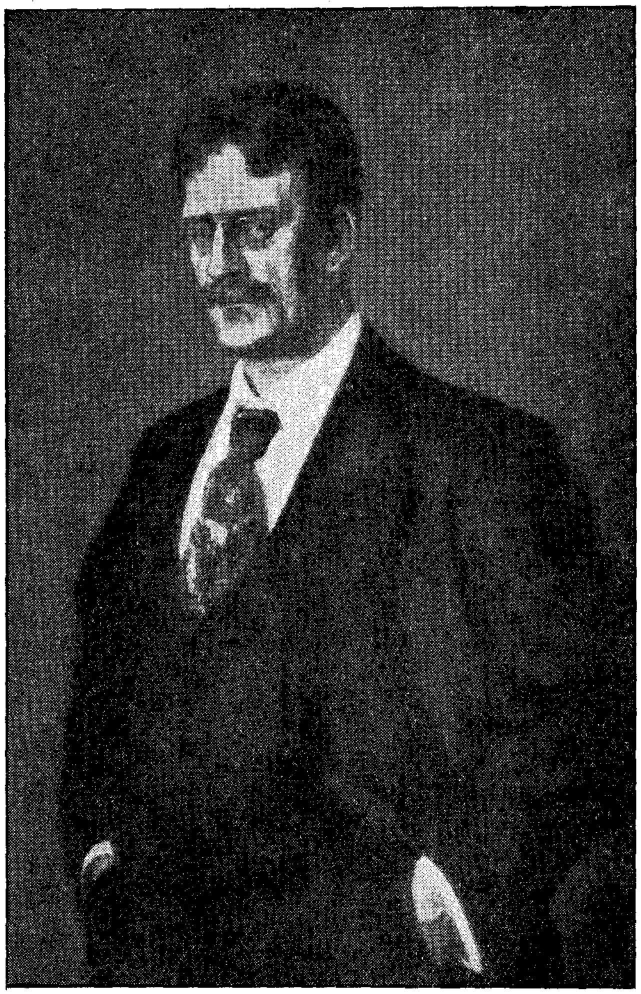
Mr. Keble Howard writes in the London *Daily Chronicle* that Mr. Heinemann was "tremendously down on the conventional biography." He gives some other *dicta* of the late publisher:

"He said nobody wanted to read the lives of people merely because they had occupied prominent public positions. The only lives worth publishing were those teeming with romance. In other words, I take it he would have preferred, as a publisher, the life of Mrs. Asquith as written by herself to a biography of, say, Sir William Harcourt compiled by a faithful secretary. . . .

"The novel of the future will have to be, as Mr. Heinemann phrased it, of 'compelling interest.' It will have to be a 'Lorna Doone,' or a 'Prisoner of Zenda,' or a—well, never mind; but it will have to be a book that you will be compelled to read or feel partially cut off from your kind for six months. And those novels do not come, even to the novelist of genius, every day or every year. To the people who write because writing is so easy to them, and they have nothing else to do, it never comes at all. Books of verse are already becoming rare, and will become rarer."

THE HORSE-CAR CONDUCTOR WHO WINS THE NOBEL PRIZE

KNUT HAMSUN as a horse-car conductor seems to be something of a legendary figure in Chicago, where they appear to know more about his lack of qualification for service on the Halsted Street line than his capacities as a man of letters. Now that he has been crowned by the Nobel committee as worthy of the literature prize, memory is raked for some knowledge of the man who once dwelt among us. The figure of "a blond lad, with a thin face and a perpetual stare into the horizon," is evoked by "old-timers" of Chicago, for it was in the eighties of the last century that he failed as a street-car conductor. Some there may be who know of his powerful novel, "Hunger," translated into English twenty years ago, or of "Shallow Soil," which made its appearance just before the war, but the figure of the street-car conductor is more definite and this account of him appears in Chicago dispatches to New York papers:



From "The American-Scandinavian Review," New York.

THE AUTHOR OF "HUNGER."

Who found "conducting" a Chicago street-car the first rung on the ladder to the Nobel prize. From a painting by Henrik Lund.

"'Why, sure, I knew him; I knew that Knut Hamsun,' said Dr. Anders Doe, for many years prominent in Den Norske Club, to-day. 'He was such an out-at-the-elbows lad; he was very poor. No, he had no money. That was in the early eighties, when he came to Chicago after working as a plow-boy on the virgin North Dakota prairies.

"'He got a job as conductor on the old Halsted Street line. The horses pulled the cars then. And, my, it was cold on the back platform. I still remember Knut's chapped, red wrists, where his coat-sleeves forgot to meet his mittens. And he carried books in his pockets. Always books, Euripides, Aristotle, Thackeray. Such a dreamer! The passengers used to get mad. He would forget to pull the rope. They missed their corners.'

"And so disaster befell Conductor Knut Hamsun. The Halsted Street horse-car was not for him. He couldn't remember the streets. On the pilgrimages down the line he used to call out 'North Avenue' for 'Division Street.' Sometimes he stopt the car suddenly in the middle of the block to disembark an elderly acquaintance crippled with rheumatism.

"One day an old lady asked Hamsun if the car was southbound. Hamsun scratched his scraggled blond hair. He ran forward, trampling over the passengers' feet.

"'Are we going south?' he asked the driver.

"'We are going to hell,' growled the driver.

"And so the superintendent at the car-barn gave Knut Hamsun the sack. He said the Norwegian was too stupid ever to cruise as skipper of a Halsted Street car. Hamsun went to New York. He got a berth on a Newfoundland fishing-smack. Later he worked his way to Norway as a seaman.

"Always he scribbled on paper in his west-side room, Chicago friends said to-day. And then in Norway, in 1893, his 'Pan' poems came out, fifteen volumes of epic power. Now at sixty he lives on an estate in Norway."

Contrasting small things with great, this writer speaks of 65,000,000 pages of Hamsun's work appearing in twenty-three languages; but the general belief is that Americans know little or nothing about him. The New York *World* rather deplores this:

"To the average well-read American the award of the Nobel prize for literature to Knut Hamsun will come as a distinct shock. By what mischance all these years has he overlooked the Norwegian writer's name suddenly to be humiliated by his own ignorance? If he subjects to examination his acquaintances who have earned the reputation of being explorers in the world of books it may be some consolation to find that they are no better informed than he about Hamsun and his works. Have American publishers done their duty to a country whose forests are rapidly being depleted in the cause of literature in slighting an author held worthy by the Stockholm jury of signal honors?

"In former years when the Nobel prize-winners were announced there was no such cause for self-reproach. At least it was reassuring to know that they were persons of world-wide renown, however widely read. Sully-Prudhomme, Mommsen, Björnson, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz, Carducci, Kipling, Paul von Heyse, Maeterlinck, and the rest, whether French, German, Norwegian, Spanish, Polish, Italian, English, or Belgian, for the occasion needed no introduction. Then in 1916 came the crowning of Verner Heidenstam, the Swede, and after a gap of three years it is now the turn of Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian. Evidently if Americans are to keep up with the times they must pay more attention to the Scandinavian languages or put the translators to work.

"It is no impeachment of the judges or the prize-winner that Hamsun's fame should have been so long in crossing the Atlantic, altho his best romance, 'Hunger,' was published as long ago as 1888. But since the Nobel prize, under the terms of the founder, is to be given annually 'to the person who in literature has provided the most excellent work of an idealistic tendency,' there must be more recent products of his pen to place Hamsun on an eminence high above his distinguished contemporaries."

The New York *Evening Post* observes that Nobel awards are recognitions of the international mind rather than an estimate of the esteem in which an author is held in the minds of his countrymen. The present choice is criticized in England because Thomas Hardy is believed to hold a prior claim:

"The only English author to receive the Nobel prize has been Rudyard Kipling, and it seems almost perverse to the British mind that the author of 'Barrack Room Ballads' is rated higher than the creator of 'Tess of the d'Ubervilles.' By the terms of Nobel's will the prize is awarded 'to the person who shall have produced the greatest work, in the ideal sense, in the world of letters.' This is vague enough to shelter the vagaries of the judges who have passed over Anatole France and rewarded Sully-Prudhomme, who have discovered so commonplace a novelist as Paul Heyse, while ignoring Henry James and D'Annunzio. The list of Nobel prize-winners in literature reflects the international European mind. The names are those of authors with a wide continental reputation rather than those most esteemed by their own compatriots."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

DO WE BELIEVE IN THE "FALL OF MAN"?

"IN ADAM'S FALL WE SINNED ALL," may be out of date as a primer lesson or a nursery rime, but the persistence of the doctrine so conveniently summed up in these six words is demonstrated by the loud chorus of protest which arises when a learned English divine declares that the story of the Creation and Fall is mere allegory, and that actually we are evolved from some "fundamental stuff in the universe." Canon E. W. Barnes, of Westminster Abbey, who made this statement, also has his vigorous and outspoken supporters, so that the question of belief in the literal Fall of Man has become a football of discussion in both secular and religious press in this country as well as England. Dr. Barnes began the argument by asserting recently before the British Association for the Advancement of Science that Christian thinkers no longer accept the story of the Garden of Eden as historical fact, but are turning to belief in the doctrine of evolution. In his sermon, which he subsequently defended from the pulpit of the Abbey, he declared that science has shown that human beings existed on the earth more than 100,000 years ago and that the inevitable acceptance of evolution means giving up belief in the Fall and in all the theology built upon it by theologians from St. Paul onward. He asserts, according to quotations in the press, that "from some fundamental stuff in the universe the electrons arose. From them came matter. From matter life emerged. From life came mind. From mind the spiritual consciousness arose." Dr. Barnes finds ready support among liberal interpreters of Biblical accounts concerning the Creation and subsequent history, but those who accept the Bible literally regard the pronouncement as a body-blow at faith. Among the Church of England papers *The English Churchman* is "shocked" at this utterance from a pulpit; while *The Guardian* maintains that "there is nothing in the sermon that need shock the religious sense." Instead, asserts *The Church Times*, "there are innumerable theologians whose acceptance of evolution has not weakened their hold upon the Catholic faith." One of those immediately to enter the lists against the Anglican preacher was General Bramwell Booth, of the Salvation Army, who, in a letter to the London *Times*, declares that "The old view of a certain school of thinkers that 'every fall is a fall upward' has long ago gone into the limbo of other exploded tales—but dear Canon Barnes and his 'probable fundamental stuff,' leading to no fall at all, surely out-Herods Herod! I protest."

WHY BELIEVE IN THE FALL OF MAN?

Asks Canon E. W. Barnes, who holds such belief unscientific and "not vital to Christian theology." A storm of discussion and protest has arisen, but the Canon sticks to his guns.

In his reply, also published in *The Times*, Canon Barnes sticks to his guns, and insists that the Fall can no longer be regarded as a historical event and is not "vital to Christian theology." On the contrary—

> "It has no essential place in the scheme of conversion and redemption through Christ Jesus, of which he (General Booth) and I, however unworthy, are both ministers. To the Christian who accepts modern biological principles the Christ-Spirit is the supreme and final power in the evolution of man.
>
> "Jesus Christ was the miraculous example of what we should try to become. Man was not made perfect and then marred; his evolution is still proceeding; he is 'growing to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' Why need we trouble about the Fall so long as we can preach that 'in Christ shall all be made alive'?"

"As history, the flaming sword may not be true, but as morals it has a truth that only grows more terrible the longer human history continues to show us the crushing irreparableness of action," says the Manchester *Guardian*. "From almost everything in Biblical history that modern knowledge invalidates there is released, as chemists say, by the simultaneous growth of the world's moral experiences, an increased spiritual value." Some of the beautiful things in the Bible may have to be given up in one sense, "but you keep them and find them better in another." The London *Daily News* sees that "fervent believers in revelation will rarely now hesitate to confess that the revelation on which their faith is built up is progressive and gradual, not a single ultimate pronouncement"; while "the grand lesson of science to those who serve it in spirit and in truth is the lesson of modesty and of the knowledge that no human knowledge is final."

On this side of the Atlantic the New York *Globe* observes that "any religion that takes cognizance of doubt for any other purpose than to condemn it has opened the flood-gates of tolerance and independence." We "can not escape the truth of Canon Barnes's original contention—that thinking Christians in many cases decide for themselves what they will accept and what they will reject. It can not be denied that the Protestant and the Catholic churches have strest certain doctrines at the expense of others." We find, this paper believes, that—

> "Even in the New Testament there are teachings which the centuries have silently set aside and which we regard as fitting for the age in which they were uttered—not for us. Christ's words about the use of violence and the desirability of wealth are yearly and daily ignored because we have found no way to put his ideals into practise. . . . The Canon is quite right in holding that a faith that fears the progress of knowledge anticipates its own dissolution. It is dangerous for Christianity to admit that science has made inroads upon ancestral beliefs, but it would be even more dangerous for any church or sect to insist on formal orthodoxy while winking at informal reservations."

In his assertion as to what Christians are thinking, *The Churchman* (Episcopal) believes that Canon Barnes took too much for granted. "The results of Biblical criticism, which the great majority of the clergy now assume that all men are moderately familiar with, have not yet permeated the resistant mass of Christian opinion. People do not know as much about the results of modern Biblical scholarship as some of us suppose they do." It is suggested that "somewhere, at some time, on the church premises, Bible teaching should be undertaken with reference especially to this problem. . . . What is needed is a series of Bible lectures and study under the direction either of the rector or of some one chosen by him who is both devout and intelligent. . . . We take it for granted that reverence, devotion, and faith are not held by anybody to be synonymous with credulity and ignorance. It is evident that we take too much for granted." The Rev. Isaac Smith, who writes in *The Universalist Leader*, thinks that the English people are undergoing a change, moving from adherence to the old doctrine to the theory of evolution, tho he notes that "a number of the old guards of orthodoxy are fighting to the last ditch this attempt to undermine the 'original cause of the doctrine of the atonement.'" *The Freethinker* (London) not unnaturally sees in Canon Barnes's pronouncement "the bulletin of a famous victory—for the Freethinkers."

But for the Catholics "there is no room for doubt" as to the Scriptural story of the Creation and the Fall of man, asserts the Boston *Pilot* (Catholic). "The decisions of the highest tribunal of the Church on Biblical matters does not leave this matter open for discussion. It has been settled once and for all."

> "In these times of hesitating doubt and trepidating faith the attempt to deny the historicity of Adam and Eve is deplorable. In contrast with this destructive attitude is the consistent attempt on the part of the Catholic Church to safeguard the treasures of the Bible from profanation by irresponsible interpreters. The recent letter of Pope Benedict on St. Jerome comes at an opportune time to manifest the need of authority in religion. The doctrine of the Fall of man can never be expunged from the Bible. It is the word of Eternal Truth."

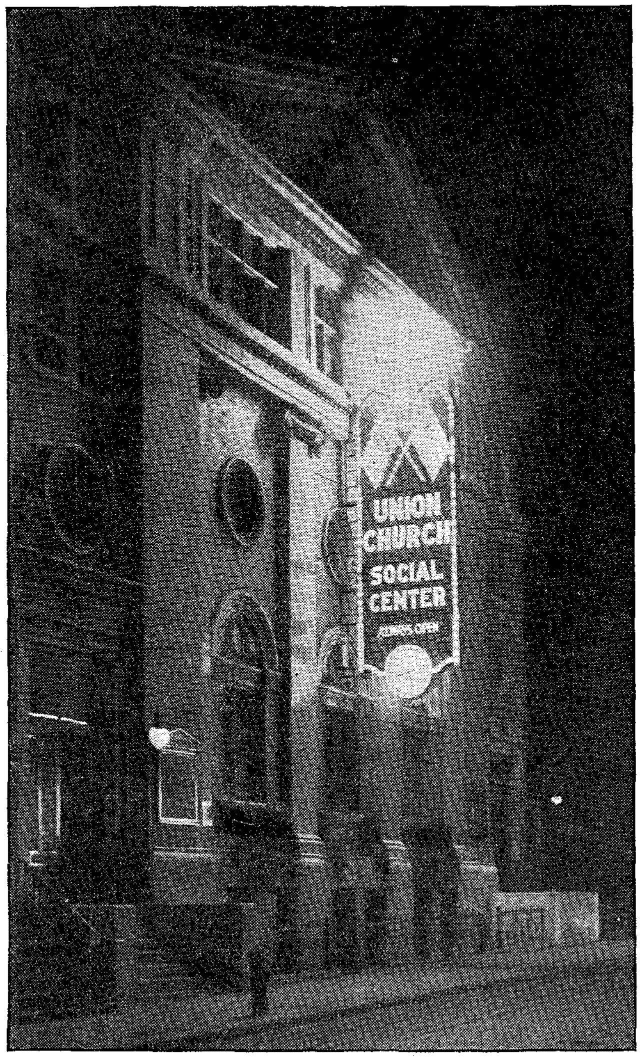


Photo by Dwight R. Furness.

"JUST 99 STEPS FROM BROADWAY."

Adopting the advertising methods of the Great White Way, Union Methodist Church makes nightly appeal to passing theater crowds.

HOW TO ADVERTISE RELIGION

"FLIGHTS OF WORDS more fatal than shrapnel" and "drops of ink more pervasive and paralyzing than phosgene" were used by the Allies in breaking the morale of the enemy armies, and it is suggested that the Church could do as well by using the power of the printed word in fighting the forces of irreligion and agnosticism. The idea is meeting with general favor here and in England, the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) notes approvingly, recalling that "Wesley knew how to make and how to circulate printed propaganda that hit the mark." Now, however, "the churches have practically stopt their presses except for books, periodicals—and survey questionnaires." But "the tract again has its chance," and it is time to develop for propaganda purposes a line of religious literature "so attractive and vigorous that it will make a spiritual impression." In the opinion of the Methodist editor the times demand a copious supply of interesting Christian literature to be at hand as an antidote wherever the anarchist, the infidel, and propagators of new and strange heresies leave their seed. Even more than that is required—"a leaflet literature so plentiful and so powerful that it will anticipate the propaganda of spiritual error and will prepare the reader to meet and defeat its demoralizing influence."

In this country the need for church publicity has been recognized to the extent that during the past two years, we are informed, two hundred ministers in New York have taken courses of study in publicity. The Chicago Church Federation has created a commission to deal with the subject. Baltimore set the pace first with "some clever and unconventional talks designed to convert the business man from his Sunday-morning slothfulness to active service in the church." Several denominations now have publicity secretaries, and there is a department of religious publicity in connection with the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. New propaganda organizations are being established, the latest being the Gospel Advertising League of New York, which, it is claimed, has no paid officials and is organized, not for profit, but for the extension of the Gospel in the world as "a labor of love."

Perhaps the most striking method of church advertising is that adopted by the Union Methodist Church on Forty-eighth Street, near Broadway, New York City, which has erected a huge electric sign as a beacon-light along the Great White Way. The church is situated in the heart of New York's theatrical district, and, according to its slogan, is "just ninety-nine steps from Broadway." The sign is 25 feet by 8, and contains 2,000 electric lamps, which make it easily visible to passing theater crowds. It is significant, notes *The Advocate*, that the entire cost of the sign, more than $3,000, has been wholly paid for by the people of the community. "One prominent Hebrew has given $500 toward the cost of the sign and pledges $500 a year to keep it burning. A stranger from Australia happened to see it the night it was dedicated and asked the privilege of paying for the cost of lighting the sign for one hour every week." It is not doubted that "a perfectly tremendous Kingdom force has been released right in the very heart of Broadway life."

Where church advertising has actively been taken up, says *The Christian Century* (Disciples), "great cardinal principles of religion have been made popular by newspaper announcement in display type." Some failure has resulted because large results were not immediately achieved; but it is noted that "only the firm with inferior stuff fails in a publicity campaign." As a matter of fact,

> "Church leaders must not expect miracles, but be willing to pay the price of success. There are many popular misconceptions of the Church that could be removed by publicity. For instance, the Church is not a rich man's institution. If the churches in a town would print the roster of the official boards, with the occupation of the men opposite the names, it would be seen in most towns that the Church really bridges the social chasm. The Church really does a great deal of practical good, and this could be proved to lodge men. Faith in God could be given fresh support by printers' ink, and immortality might be shown to be a reasonable hope."

Certain moral appeals may be used to advantage in advertising without running the risk of overdoing them, observes *The Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist). "Fair dealing has a strong motive power and can be linked up to the Church in many ways. Sympathy, benevolence, and honesty are other characteristic traits which appeal to the outsider." One advertisement given in illustration is: "Examine the record of over one hundred years of continuous service to the people of this community. You will find that it has always stood for the things that help the people. It deserves your support."

In England the story of the pro-Ally propaganda in enemy countries which was conducted by Crewe House during the war has just been published. This has called attention to the resource which the Church neglects, and *The British Weekly* asks:

> "Have not the churches something to learn from this propaganda effort which broke the hearts of mighty captains? The abject confessions of Hindenburg and Ludendorff bring their lesson to those who carry the gospel banners into Satan's kingdom. We miss those showers of tracts which half a century ago were so powerful an aid to the preacher. Their place will not be supplied by graceful fiction and color-books on natural history. The secret of Crewe House has been learned in war, for we are told that thousands of leaflets have fallen from airplanes on the Polish and Bolshevik fronts. A bird of the air shall carry the message of salvation, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

A STATE MINISTRY OF MOTHERHOOD—New South Wales, Australia, has established a Ministry of Motherhood, and thereby, says *The Christian Century* (Disciples), "set a good example to humanity" and "read a practical lesson to the race-suicide moralists." The establishment of this new cabinet office was one of the first acts of the new Labor Administration. It will function in supervising and protecting those mothers and children who are compelled to work for wages, because—

> "The theory is that the business of being mothers is the most important in the state and that it is quite as legitimate to protect mothers as it is to protect 'infant industries' or young forest trees or hogs and cattle. An endowment will be provided out of income taxes so graduated that excess incomes will bear the greater burden. It is expected that the tax will provide some $25,000,000 per year, and the provisional plan is to pension all mothers who have more than two children. If it is logical for the whole community to provide education for all children without reference to what tax is paid by their parents, the principle should be applied to whatever lengths the public good requires. We have been very tardy about passing child-labor laws, and where we do have them they are closely allied with a compulsory-education law. We have been even more tardy in recognizing that the mothers of the poor are more needed in their homes than the mothers of the well-to-do classes are needed in theirs—because of the very poverty and insufficiency of the home. It does not represent a very high level of enlightenment to allow children to grow up on the streets or to harbor them in tenements under older sister 'child mothers,' or decrepit old men and women, while the mother helps to earn the daily bread."

THE "DIALECT" OF THE PULPIT

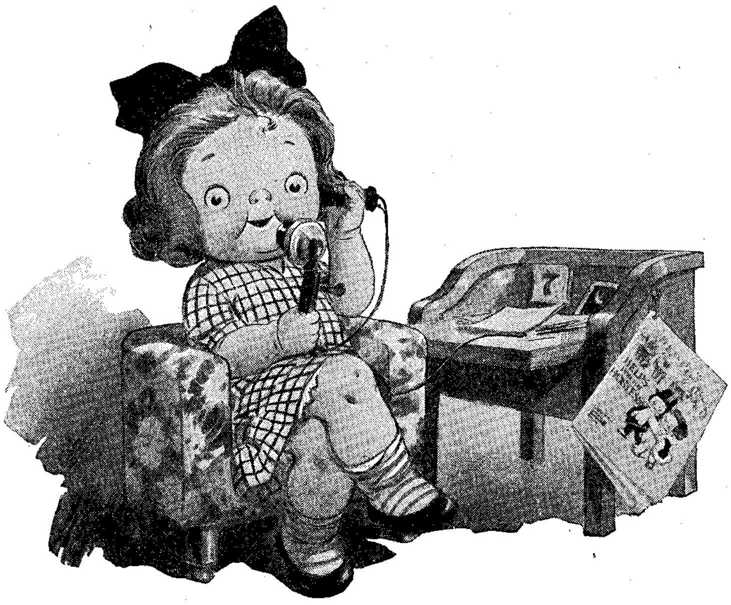
COMPLAINT IS FREQUENTLY MADE against religion in America that it refuses to "talk United States" and that its own "peculiar lingo" is not understood by the average man. To meet the difficulty, it has been suggested that "newspaper English" be used in the pulpit as "the best available tonic for church attendance in both city and village." *The Continent* (Presbyterian) sees point in the complaint and believes that it carries a wholesome warning. But it protests at the same time that the pulpit must always have a vocabulary of its own. As a matter of fact, however, most of the complaint against the "dialect" of the Church "is thoughtless and superficial." Analyzed, "it turns out actually to mean that the critics who lay such stress on using newspaper English in church simply care for nothing else than the topics ordinarily discust in newspaper English. Themes, not words, are what bother them." In fact, we are told, they are not interested in spiritual things, but are bored by religious discourses—

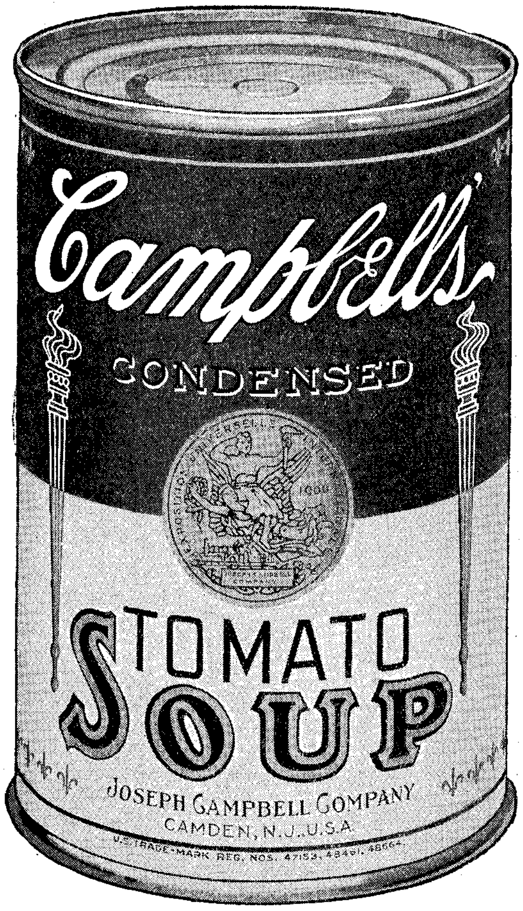
> "And the reason is that sin is something they do not wish to hear of; it is disagreeable to be called on to repent; future judgment it is pleasanter not to be reminded of; immortality is a creepy subject, and close acquaintance with God is embarrassing.
>
> "Were it possible, however, to get these gentlemen to confront the problem in its real character, they would surely have to acknowledge two things they seem never to think of. One is:
>
> "The pulpit would not have any place in the modern scheme of things if it did not talk about something different from what's talked about in daily papers, in smoking-rooms, in parlors, and along the street."

The second thing is that if the preacher has something to talk about, something more serious and intimate than appears in the daily press, "he must have for the expression of it some language different from the language of the newspaper reporter —or even editor." Language must suit the subject, and it will be necessary for the church to have "a special language as long as it has a special subject." Should the preacher employ in his public utterance "nothing but the careless, vague, half-afraid allusions with which the irreligious—or even the average lay churchman—cautiously touch moral and spiritual facts, nobody would listen to him at all. He would be no more of an authority on Christianity than on hardware or chicken-raising." But the preacher is cautioned that he should be studiously careful in using the vocabulary of religion. Religious technicalities in the pulpit and Bible classroom "ought not to be allowed to grow musty with dark storage in the tombs of the prophets. None ought to be used which are not fresh with the sunlight and air of to-day."

> "In religion exactly as in science there are certain phrases that are drained of their meaning as times change—phrases that were precious to the fathers but, either because ideas shift or because cant use has spoiled them, are now unconvincing to ordinary ears.
>
> "And there is no use denying that preachers who can not sense the wear and tear on such forms of speech and who insist on using them over again in all their rags and tatters do a sad lot to justify criticism of the pulpit as being behind the times.
>
> "Moreover, the preacher who always talks like a preacher and never like a plain man on plain subjects breaks the power of his religious terms in the setting where they belong."

"Yes, Mr. Grocer, they're coming in troops
They're here for the holiday feast
And all of them love Campbell's wonderful soups
So send me a dozen at least"





"Yes. Send a dozen Tomato!"

That is a wise buy, Mrs. Housewife.

You could not do a more sensible thing, especially just now in the season of holiday cheer.

A supply of Campbell's wholesome and economical Tomato Soup on your pantry shelf is a wonderful aid to real hospitality.

It insures you a delicious appetizing meal-course ready any time at three minutes notice, a soup made from juicy vine-ripened tomatoes and other nourishing ingredients, a soup which everybody enjoys, which strengthens digestion and makes any family feast even more delightful and satisfying.

Write for "Helps for the Hostess," the attractive and interesting little book which describes various inviting ways to serve all these tempting Campbell's Soups and gives many original menus, recipes and suggestions which every housewife will appreciate. Free on request.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CURRENT POETRY

Two recent volumes of verse furnish the selections for this week's poetry. They bring to us pictures of the East, far and nearer. The first of these, "Colored Stars," edited and translated by Edward Powys Mathers (Houghton Mifflin Company), contains versions of fifty Asiatic love poems. It happens that in the selections we make for their striking qualities three out of the five are Chinese and point to the possible fact that the Chinese are more poetical than other Asiatic peoples. One characteristic of the love verse is noticeable with all, that while their ideas are physical rather than spiritual they can not be described as sensual:

THE RED LOTUS

From the Chinese of Ly-Y-Hane

A flower opens down under the deep water . . . the deep water.
I take a cord and throw it toward the flower whose roots are so far down.

Whose roots are so far down.

The mystery of the deep darkness is troubled.
The repose ceases, the ripple spreads very far.

With my cord I try to snare the lotus; as if his heart were deep there in the water.

The sun floats on the extreme edge of the sky, he goes down, he goes out, he falls into the night and drowns.

He falls into the night and drowns.

. . . . . .

I climb up again to the highest story; I stop in front of my mirror; a tragic and wasted face!

A tragic and wasted face!

The plants are setting about to become green again, and to put out new shoots.

How have I managed, without hope, to reach this day?

THE MIRROR

Street Song of Eastern Mongolia

I have saddled your raven horse with nervous limbs,
I have polished your sword, your rifle, and your lance.
Go, soldier, since you must; go, my eyes' joy:
But in your fights do not forget I love you.

As in the tiny mirror
Which you brought me from Kiachta Fair,
Promise that my face
Will be mirrored in your thought.

Before you go, make this promise—
To watch every evening at the third hour
The moon flashing in the sky
Like a great mirror of silver.

Before you go, I make this promise too—
To watch every evening at the third hour
The moon flashing in the sky
Like a great mirror of silver.

Thus every night I'll seem to see your eyes,
Thus every night you'll seem to see my eyes,
As in a silver mirror
In the moon, flashing in the sky.

Who knows but that perhaps the moon,
Moved to see our eyes hunting each other every night,
May consent really to change
Into a great mirror of silver.

Then I could watch you every night
Fighting on your raven horse;
And you could tell yourself every night
That I was keeping my promise.

THE EMPEROR

From the Chinese of Thou-Fou

On a throne of new gold the Son of the Sky is sitting among his Mandarins. He shines with jewels and is like a sun surrounded by stars.

The Mandarins speak gravely of grave things; but the Emperor's thought has flown out by the open window.

In her pavilion of porcelain the Empress is sitting among her women. She is like a bright flower among leaves.

She dreams that her beloved stays too long at council, and wearily she moves her fan.

A breathing of perfumed air kisses the face of the Emperor.

"My beloved moves her fan, and sends me a perfume from her lips."

Toward the pavilion of porcelain walks the Emperor, shining with his jewels; and leaves his grave Mandarins to look at each other in silence.

LEILA

Song of Nepal

Oh! Leila!
In your mouth are three things:
A range of Bahrain pearls,
A goblet of Shiraz wine,
The musk of Tibet;
The musk of Tibet is your breath,
The Shiraz wine the water of your mouth,
The Bahrain pearls your teeth.
Oh! Leila!

Oh! Leila!
In your eyes are three things:
Black diamonds of Hindustan,
Figured silks of Lahore,
Flames of Fusi-Yami;
The mountain flames are their brightness,
The figured silks of Lahore their dusk,
The black diamonds of Hindustan their color.
Oh! Leila!

Oh! Leila!
In your heart are three things:
All the yellow cobras of Burma,
All the deadly fungi of Bengal,
All Nepal's poison flowers;
The poison flowers are your vows,
The deadly fungi your kisses,
The yellow cobras your deceits.
Oh! Leila!

LOVING THINGS

Modern Persian

(Author unknown)

I am only a man, and yet sometimes
The green skin of unripened limes
Or the rose and gold of a naked heel
Take hold of my heart and make it feel.

And then I'm a god, that tints and blends,
Loves and laughs and comprehends;
Hunger and honor are my creed,
And the splendor of a windy speed.

And then I'm a wolf, that glares and runs
After the soft four-footed ones;
Moonlight is shattered on my track
Ere human voices call me back.

The second volume is Eastern in theme but not in authorship. Mary F. Labaree, in "Persian Pictures" (Fleming H. Revell Company), pictures that country as it used to be and as it has become through "the tragic uprootings of the Great War years." The scene is limited to the fertile little plain of Urumia, whence came so many tales of horror. She expresses her "hope of the larger life to be lived and the larger service to be rendered by Urumia in the days to come." Also she adds her belief that her sketches are "faithful to history, tradition, custom, and atmosphere in Urumia and Tabriz":

AT THE SPRING

By Mary F. Labaree

Where the gentle spring flows down
Into the waiting pool,
Gather the village women,
The girls, the boys, and the fool,
And the men on their way to the harvest field,
While yet the day is cool.

The women and girls bear water-jars,
The boys bring the big-eyed calf,
And the knobby dusty buffaloes
For their long blissful bath,
The mare and her rider quench their thirst.
And the fool! Oh, he makes them laugh!

IN THE CITY YARDS

By Mary F. Labaree

They were harried, they were hounded,
They fell, ran, hid, and crawled;
But fifteen thousand found a place
Within mud mission walls.

They came with torn and frozen feet,
And brains that reeled with fear.
They came with sorrow-strangled hearts,
Too dazed, too spent for tears.

The Kurds raged at the sheltering flag
And cursed the big barred gate.
The stricken crowds begged God's good might—
He stayed the cries of hate.

A five months' weary vigil
Was kept with bated breath,
With filth and typhus, hunger, dread,
With prayer and birth and death.

BETWEEN URUMIA AND SAIN KALA

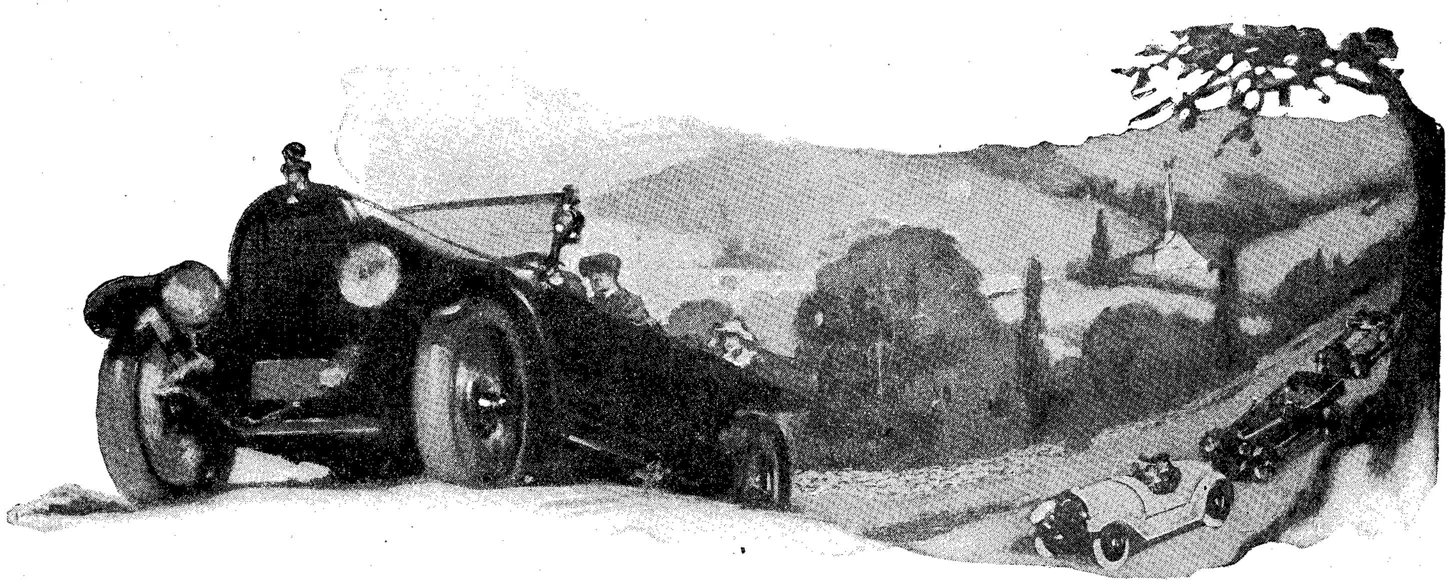
By Mary F. Labaree

Friend, we are done with dying,
Now we drop down to die.
We are wearied of this long dying,
My little ones and I.

The cruel sun was enough to kill.
How the hunger wolves can tear!
The drowning dust and madhouse thirst,
The curse, shriek, groan, and prayer!

If only the kindly dagger
Had torn our burdened breasts,
We had long since, on downy stones,
Found our paradise of rest.

Friend, we are done with dying,
Now we drop down and die.
We are wearied of this . . . long . . . dying,
My little . . . ones . . . and . . . I.



The average car should be good for 80,000 miles—*will your car be the 1 in 10 to give that amount of service?*

What your auto-accessory dealer and garage man can do

WHEN it is four years older, how will your car *run?* How will it *sound?* How will it *look?*

Will the motor still have the power—the "getaway" and hill-climbing ability that it has today? Will the gears be quiet and smooth-running?

Or will the chassis be loose in every joint, full of nerve-racking squeaks and rattles—*worn out?*

Automobile engineers say that the average car has no less than 80,000 miles of service built into it at the factory. Yet few automobiles ever go half this distance.

The one thing that counts in "running" a car successfully

Whether your car is a pleasure or a source of worry depends largely upon the care it receives.

Yet not one man in four has the actual mechanical skill he ought to have.

Every motorist needs the advice of someone who knows.

There is one way for the car-owner to get this advice. In the United States there are 50,000 garages and automobile accessory dealers. Every one of these men has back of him an average term of experience of from four to five years—four to five years *studying automobile troubles and how to avoid them.*

These accessory dealers and garage owners realize today that it is not enough merely to furnish the supplies the motorist asks for, or to make repairs after the damage has been done. They are ready and eager to give *service*—service in the "little things" of upkeep—service that means studying the special problems of each one of their customers and *solving* those problems *for them.*

Do you know

—where to look for starting, lighting and ignition troubles?

—how to keep battery from running down?

—when carbon is forming?

—how to keep your carburetor adjusted to the varying grades of gasoline?

—when to change the lubricant in the crankcase, when to lubricate the transmission and differential?

—how to keep your brakes safe?

—how to tell when your engine is missing?

—how to keep spare tires from deteriorating in sunlight and air?

—how to eliminate the commonest cause of an overheated engine?

Little suggestions that are worth hundreds of dollars a year

The up-to-date dealer selects his merchandise with his customers' needs in view. He can save the car-owner the cost of needless accessories just as he can recommend the purchase of those which will be the most satisfactory.

Continued smooth, safe running

—long life with slow depreciation

—a car that continues to look new

—these are the results of keeping in touch, through the dealer, with the valuable new accessories that are always coming on the market.

It is not too much to say that the car-owner who welcomes the ideas and follows the advice of his dealer can lengthen the life of his car from two to five years, and save hundreds of dollars in operating it.

To every car-owner in the United States, we make the following suggestions:

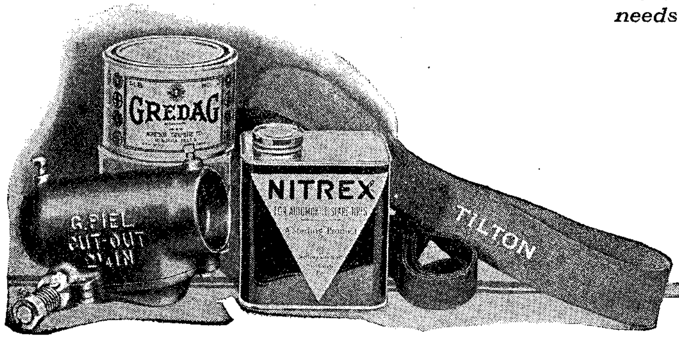
Keep in close touch with your local garage man and accessory dealer. Tell him when anything goes wrong on your car. Get him to take a personal interest in how your car runs.

Be guided by his advice in the matter of repairs and accessories.

Above all, don't try to "go it alone." Don't try to make technical decisions without the technical knowledge.

Trust your dealer, make a friend of him, and take advantage of the service he is ready to give.

This announcement is one of a series being presented in the interests of a closer relationship between the motoring public and the dealers who supply their needs.



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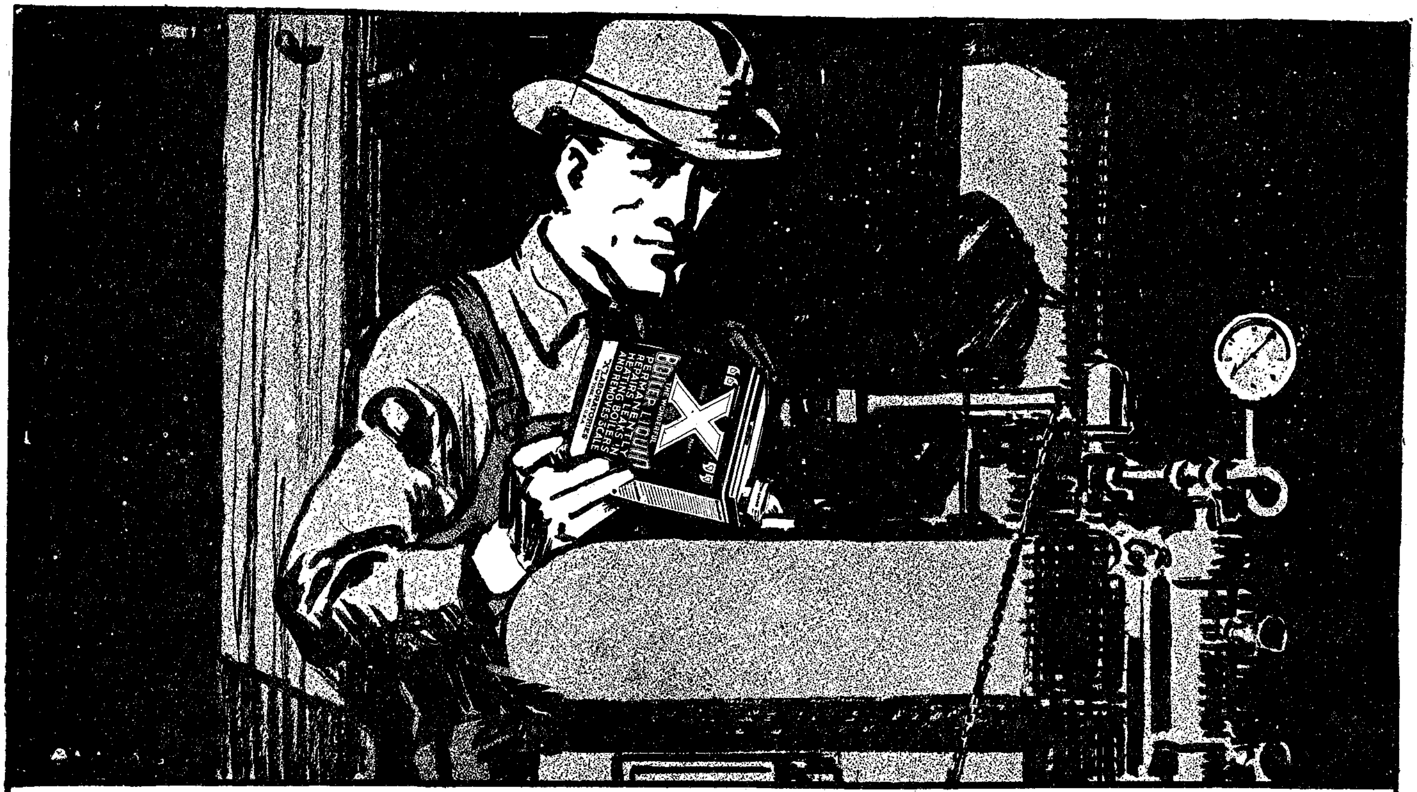

"X" for boilers will add a month to many a coal pile this winter

HOW many users of steam or hot water heat know hard water when they see it?

Yet nine out of every ten boilers are being fed hard water—the only available supply. This water is forming scale in the boiler. More coal is needed to get the proper heat.

Which is easier? To burn more coal —25% more for each ⅛ in. of scale. Or to dissolve the scale and prevent more forming.

For many years good steamfitters have used "X" Boiler Liquid to dissolve scale and keep boilers clean. But the average householder calls in the steamfitter only when trouble comes.

Now "X" Boiler Liquid is available for everybody. Your steamfitter will apply it in five minutes. If he is busy any handy man can do it.

"X" Boiler Liquid—the tonic for steam and hot water heating plants. Makes and keeps them free from scale. Stops all leaks in half an hour by making a metal like repair. Heals cracked and porous sections and split nipples. Will stand 500 lbs. pressure.

The great remedy for boiler troubles used by 28,000 steamfitters in United States and Canada. See how much better your heating plant works after you apply it. Carried by good steamfitters and hardware dealers.

Boiler "X" is a liquid whose chemical properties are such that it not only eliminates the scale and rust already formed, but also prevents them from forming.

And when heated and in contact with the air it turns to a metal-like solid, effectively stopping all holes and cracks.

"X" LABORATORIES 25 W. 45 St. NEW YORK

WORLD-WIDE-TRADE-FACTS

SURVEY AND ANALYSIS OF TRADE CONDITIONS

(Irving National Bank Bulletin)

UNSETTLED TRADE AND INDUSTRY, a rapid and steady fall in the wholesale prices of nearly all important commodities, a rapid decline in the market values of all grain crops and cotton, continuing high money-rates, and a relative increase in failures are the unfavorable features in the present situation of domestic business. Overseas, the recent strike of the British coal-miners adds a further discouraging element in that its reduction of producing and buying power in England—and in lesser degree in France and Italy—will probably react on American exports other than coal itself.

To offset these, however, there are positively reassuring factors, such as the marked betterment of transportation conditions, large final crop-yields, a recent influx of immigrants, which promises to restore the balance of man-power in industry, increasing confidence on the part of investors as reflected in the activity of the bond market and in the ready absorption of many new security issues. Noteworthy also is the ease with which the final payment of the Anglo-French loan was accomplished at a moment when our own government financing made extra demands on the market, while the announcement of a weekly production of 12,000,000 tons of bituminous coal and normal conditions again in anthracite assure the country against any fuel shortage and provide a substantial surplus for export needs.

DECLINES IN WHOLESALE PRICES

The fall in wholesale prices has not been paralleled by a decline in retail prices. Coupled with the belated arrival of cool weather this fact has gone a long way to account for the slow buying generally noted and the halting way in which trade has gone forward. *Bradstreet's* wholesale index-number stood at $16.9094 on October 1, as against $17.9746 the month previous, a record decline of 5.9 per cent. The drop from the year's highest index-number, that of February 1, was no less than 19 per cent.

Sugar, which showed perhaps the greatest proportionate rise of all commodities during the first six months of the year, has broken to a wholesale level of 11 cents as against the refiner's price of 23.50 cents last spring; distributers have lost heavily both on sugar and coffee. Exceptions to the declining price tendency were paper, lard, coal and coke, and many building materials. *Bradstreet's* food-index for the week ending with October 15 was $4.17, the lowest wholesale price average for food in three years.

In the week ending October 15 the wholesale prices of twenty-eight staples declined, nine advanced, and thirty-nine did not change. Among the important declines were hides, union leather, beans, oats, sugar, coffee, potatoes, hams, sheep, cotton, cotton goods, copper, scrap-iron, lead, tin, and zinc. Wheat, flour, corn, barley, and rye, all of which had slumped badly during the earlier weeks of the period under review, stiffened and recovered some of their lost ground.

RESISTANCE TO PRICE-DECLINES

Wheat, in particular, reacted sharply on October 15, advancing 10½ cents at Chicago. The well-defined movement among farmers to hold their wheat, culminating in the fruitless demand made on the Government at Washington that aid be given them in holding their grain or in marketing it abroad, was one element in this strength. The sharp falling off of receipts at primary markets was another one, and the estimate by the Department of Agriculture that the stocks of wheat in the United States on October 1, 1920, totaled only 608,000,000 bushels as against 747,000,000 on October 1, 1919, is a final argument against long-continued weakness.

In cotton the decline has been steady and continuous. Local spot quotations receded to the 26-cent level at the beginning of October and to 21 cents on October 16—in marked contrast with 30 cents thirty days before and 40 cents on August 1. In other words, a decline of $95 a bale occurred within two months and a half. This is the more remarkable because it occurred simultaneously with a reported deterioration of the crop not yet picked—the government estimate of condition having been 67.8 per cent. on August 25 and only 59.1 per cent. on the same date in September. Weather conditions lately have been favorable; boll-weevil ravages, on the other hand, are extensive in South Carolina. The government estimate of production was revised downward 662,000 bales in October, the prospective yield now being put at 12,123,000 bales.

LARGE WORLD SUPPLY OF WOOL

In wool the situation is complicated by numerous economic factors—among them the demoralized exchanges of Central Europe and the holdover stocks in Great Britain. On June 30, 1920, the British Government owned nearly 3,000,000 bales of 330 pounds each—or nearly two years' requirements for the British mills. It is estimated that there were 528,000,000 pounds of wool in Australia on June 30, 1920, and that the new clip will amount to 660,000,000 pounds more. The uneasiness of growers is easily understandable, therefore, as is also the hesitancy of manufacturers throughout the world until the trend of values becomes more definitely known. The total clip of the wool-growing countries of the southern hemisphere to be made this month is put at 1,500,000,000 pounds.

In the United States there was on August 1 about 700,000,000 pounds—more than a full year's normal supply. The collapse of wool prices has doubtless contributed to the recession in cotton values, since high-priced wool stimulated the substitution of cotton. Wool is now down 40 per cent. below peak prices on the average, altho some qualities have dropt 50 per cent.

Of the recent general declines, the most rapid has been in breadstuffs and the smallest in meat. Many manufactured products have weakened in sympathy. Reductions in the price of motor-cars have caused further reaction in rubber, which now sells at less than half its former price this year. Ginghams, muslins, and textiles generally are far below their level of a few weeks ago.

FAVORABLE CROP SITUATION

Crop yields exceed even recent estimates. Corn, with 3,216,192,000 bushels, and tobacco, with 1,478,788,000 pounds, are conspicuous in the list of late crops with record-breaking yields, exceeding 1919 yields by 10 and 6.4 per cent., respectively. Wheat, as compared with 1919, shows a drop of 20 per cent., with 750,000,000 bushels. Other outstanding items are oats, with 1,444,000,000 bushels, a gain of 15 per cent., hay with 105,000,000 tons—about 2,500,000 less than last year—and white potatoes with 415,000,000 bushels, a gain of 16 per cent.

The following table shows the values of a few of the leading crops based on October 1 prices, this year and last:

	1920	*1919*
Wheat	$1,605,000,000	$1,976,100,000
Corn	3,891,360,000	4,492,180,000
Oats	880,840,000	848,640,000
White Potatoes	560,250,000	587,120,000
Sweet Potatoes	167,094,000	160,547,000
Cotton	1,539,621,000	1,767,480,000
Hay, tame	1,763,420,000	1,895,014,000
Hay, wild	237,640,000	277,440,000
Total	$10,645,225,000	$12,004,521,000

There is here shown a decrease from last year of nearly $1,360,000,000, or 11 per cent., in value for seven crops, altho the aggregate yield is greater by more than 6 per cent.

October ushered in a broader and better market for new security issues, demand for which was decidedly poor in August and September. New bonds, notes, and equipment issues are being floated on an extensive scale, meeting with very favorable response from investors. Sears-Roebuck's issue of $50,000,000 notes was heavily oversubscribed; Swift & Co. issued $40,000,000 in notes; the Grand Trunk Railway, $25,000,000 in bonds; and Solvay & Co. (Belgium), an additional $10,000,000 in bonds. The Bell Telephone Company (Pennsylvania) $25,000,000 bond issue was another successful flotation.

Besides the redemption of the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan, mid-October also witnessed large interest payments on Liberty bonds and heavy redemptions and reissues of United States certificates. In contrast with the prevailing rate of 8 per cent. on collateral loans and commercial paper, the new government certificates bear 5¾ per cent. interest. The 8 per cent. rate on the recent Norwegian and French loans, however, shows that credit conditions are still exacting.

PROBLEMS · OF · DEMOCRACY

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for School use

GREAT WEALTH

IN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ATTACK upon "predatory interests" and "malefactors of great wealth" you find never a word against wealth as such. He merely denounced the abuse of wealth. To him it was no sin for a man to be rich—no sin, even, for a man to be monstrously, astoundingly rich. The sin came in when the man employed his wealth in damaging or oppressing or robbing his fellow creatures. Indeed, President Roosevelt could have read without alarm certain observations of Dr. Scott Nearing, an extreme Socialist, who tells us (in "Poverty and Riches") that "Americans have a certain abiding faith in riches. They praise riches in their homes, extol it in their schools, bow to it in the community life. Nine men and women out of every ten who are not rich would jump at the chance of being rich without inquiring seriously into the causes or the effects of being rich. To-day America numbers her millionaires by the thousands, and there are about one hundred and fifty persons whose incomes exceed a million dollars a year."

Yet the effects of being rich, thinks Dr. Nearing, are inevitably bad. In another passage he tells us, "The rich learn to depend on others. Said one college lad: 'Why should I worry? Why should I work? Nothing is going to happen to me. Father has plenty and he is going to take care of me.' The rich, particularly in the second generation, are not called upon to achieve anything. They never learn success." Meanwhile (in "Principles of Sociology"), Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, observes that when men grow rich "foppish standards leach out through society and corrupt sound, home-bred notions of what is fit, or decent, or worth while. People come to scorn the joys at their elbow and pine for luxuries out of their reach. When the new-rich force their way into high society, the spectacle of their baronial estates, princely houses, liveried lackeys, and Sybaritic luxury contaminates even hard-headed persons with wealth-worship. People fall apart into as many exclusive social groups as there are styles of living. You are a snob to those below and toady to those above you, so that the higher are cankered with pride, the lower with envy."

As for "predatory interests" and "malefactors of great wealth," Professor Ross knows them all. Grave are their sins. "By bribery the wealthy shift the burden of taxation upon those too poor to bribe. A few years ago American multimillionaires in New York City were paying taxes on from a twentieth up to a tenth of what their fortunes proved to be. The attorney most conspicuous in the formation of 'trusts' admits that by a present he induced the assessment official to let him write in the figures on which the numerous combinations he represented paid taxes." Then, too, "the rich may harass the small proprietor until he sells out cheap. Owners of anthracite coal-lands in eastern Pennsylvania were forced to sell to the big coal companies because the latter by controlling the coal-carrying railroads were able to levy upon their competitors exorbitant charges for carriage. In the end the little holders let their lands go for a pitiful price. A like control over the carriers enabled the dominant petroleum concern to acquire our Eastern oil-lands at a fraction of their value."

Very much more radical than Professor Ross, Dr. Nearing assails wealth as not only a menace to its possessors and to the community at large, but as a thing of evil origin. Says he: "Side by side in the United States are great want and great wealth. Poverty and riches seem bound to each other by some fast-holding tie. On closer examination, it appears that the heaven of the rich is founded upon this hell of the poor." In other words, the rich are rich because the poor are poor, and the poor are poor because the rich are rich. And when you reply that, except for rich people and their spending, there would be few jobs and fewer meals for poor people, a Socialist like Dr. Nearing will quote Ernest Bilton's satirical lines:

Now Dives daily feasted and was gorgeously arrayed,
Not at all because he liked it but because 'twas good for trade.
That the people might have calico, he clothed himself in silk,
And surfeited himself on cream that they might get the milk;
He fed five hundred servants that the poor might not lack bread,
And had his vessels made of gold that they might get more lead;
And e'en to show his sympathy with the deserving poor
He did no useful work himself that they might do the more.
You'll think this very, very strange, but then, of course, you know,
'Twas in a far-off country, and a long while ago.

In a book of his called "Unto This Last," John Ruskin dealt with this question less jocosely and on the whole more convincingly. "If you are a young lady," said Ruskin, "and employ a certain number of seamstresses for a given time in making a given number of dresses—say seven—of which you can wear one yourself and give away six to the poor girls who have none, you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of seamstresses for the same number of days in making four or five or six beautiful flounces for your own ball dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you will yourself be unable to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly. Do not cheat yourself into thinking that all the finery you can wear is so much put into the hungry mouths of those beneath you. It is not so. Those fine dresses do not mean that so much has been put into their mouths, but that so much has been taken out of their mouths. As long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long there can be no question at all but that splendor of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but so long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people at work at—not lace."

This is, perhaps, a somewhat idealistic view of the case and one calling for more conscience than the world as we know it is accustomed to exercise, yet the glaring contrast between great wealth and great poverty seems to most onlookers an evidence of deep injustice. The Socialists would remedy the injustice by abolishing the conditions that make the amassing of enormous fortunes possible. To abolish them, they would do away with the capitalistic system—destroy it, root and branch. But, while the capitalistic system has done immense harm, are we to conclude that, therefore, it has failed to do immense good? In his excellent new book, "The Case for Capitalism," Mr. Hartley Withers argues that "The capitalist—the man who owns the plant and material and takes the risk of enterprise—does not rob the wage-earner of 'surplus value' created by the latter, because the surplus value is due to the existence of the plant, and is shared by the wage-earner through the far better standard of life that the equipment of industry has enabled him to secure. Without the plant the laborer could only supply himself with a bare subsistence, if that. It is true that most of the plant has been made or put where it is wanted by the manual effort of wage-earners, but this was only possible because the wage-earners were paid to do so, under direction supplied by capitalists—by capitalists who thereby, instead of spending their income on immediate enjoyment, invested part of it, always with more or less risk, in furnishing industry with equipment for an ever-expanding output, so creating surplus value not only for themselves, but for the whole nation and for the whole economically civilized world."

Had capitalism been as bad as it is often painted, would it not have starved the poor so extensively that by this time there would be very few of them left alive? As Mr. Withers points out, the period during which capitalism has most tremendously enriched the employer has been likewise the period during which the population of the world increased at a rate unheard of before in its entire history. Moreover, capitalism, not less ardently than Socialism, hates war. As Mr. Withers tells us: "It is true enough that militarism could not have achieved a fraction of its destructive power if capitalism had not provided the machinery and weapons. 'What d'ye lack?' is capitalism's cry, and when humanity said, 'Weapons for killing one another, and see that they kill by heaps,' capitalism

(*Continued on page* 104)

Diamond
Fibre

the Universal Raw Material for STRENGTH with LIGHT WEIGHT

A FEW USES
OF DIAMOND FIBRE

Gears and Pinions, Pump Valves, Bearings, Electrical Insulation: Machined Parts: Wheels, Bushings, Discs, Handles, etc.; Warehouse Cars, Barrels, Trucks; Buttons, Toys, Combs, Waste Baskets, etc.

Floating on silent air, yet powerful enough to lift many times its own weight over the tree tops—Nature built the bird for strength and lightness. Man in his world finds the same demands for light weight and strength answered in Diamond Fibre, the universal raw material. ¶ Lighter than aluminum, tougher than horn, with its high tensile, compressive, shearing and dielectric strength; with its easy machinability, attractive appearance and economy, Diamond Fibre is the logical raw material. ¶ There is a place in your manufacturing problem where Diamond Fibre may improve your product and decrease your production costs. Tell us your problem and let us co-operate. Write for booklet "Diamond Fibre and Its Uses."

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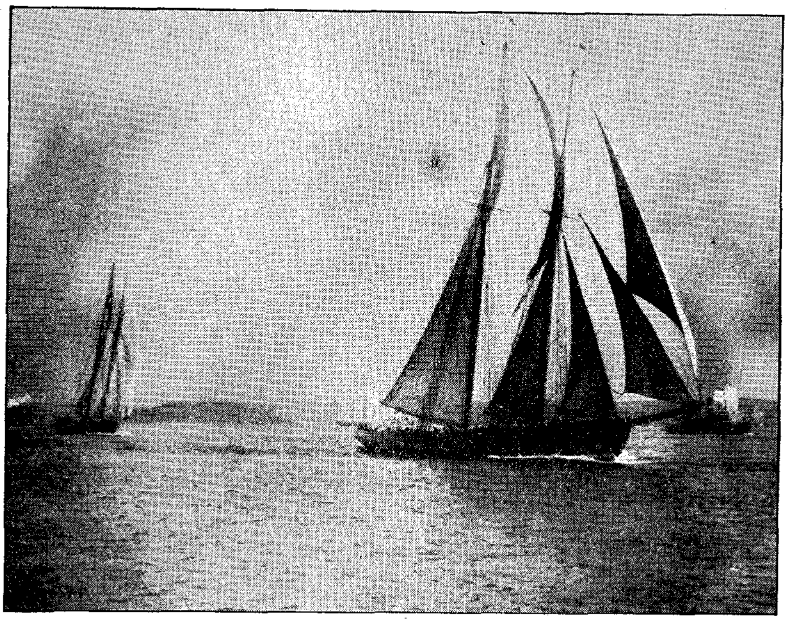
Furnished in sheets, rods, tubes, and machined parts of every description

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

CAPTAIN MARTY'S GREAT RACE

THERE WAS NO QUESTION about too much wind when the North Atlantic fishing-schooner championship was decided in the open sea off Nova Scotia. The schooners, one out of Gloucester with a Yankee captain and crew, the other chosen from the swiftest boats that gather at the great Canadian fishing port of Lunenburg, near Halifax, were ready to face any gale that ever blew. It was one of the prime conditions in this unusual international race, that both ships and crews must have seen actual service in the fishing trade. The boats were to be no cockle-shell racers, such as stirred the amusement of the country last summer by declining to race in a twenty-five-mile wind. The victory for the Yankee craft, the *Esperanto*, in two straight wins, is as fine a triumph for seafaring America, a dozen commentators agree, as has often come this way. For, "as all Down East knows," says the New York *Tribune*, "and as the races showed, men and boats out of Halifax are able sailors, and any one who beats them has a race to sail." Nova Scotia takes solace in the fact that the winning Yankee skipper, Capt. Marty Welch, was of Nova-Scotian birth, and Boston claims credit as the "home town" of Capt. Tom McManus, the veteran naval architect who designed both boats.



OFF FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

Blow high, blow low, these Yank and "Bluenose" fishing-schooners, representatives of the swiftest "real boats" that sail the seas to-day, ran off their series of races for a cup and $5,000 prize money. The Canadian schooner is shown leading the Yankee boat across the starting line, but the positions were reversed long before the finish line was reached. Two straight wins for the *Esperanto*, of Gloucester, give the United States another international championship.

Several Eastern newspapers sent special correspondents up to Halifax to report this race by fishermen for a cup, $5,000 in prize money, and a championship which nearly everybody seems to consider as well worth while as that recently won by the delicate *Resolute* off Sandy Hook. James B. Connolly, one of the best known of America's writers of the sea, was aboard the winning schooner in both races. He makes a rattling sea-yarn of his reports. Beginning with the jockeying that preceded the start of the first race, his story runs in the New York *Herald:*

It was top the main boom, make sail, and then a tacking back and forth while Capt. Marty Welch studied the local conditions of Halifax Harbor before he should run down to the starting line. The *Delawana* came out and backed and filled and backed and filled across the harbor also. She got a good tooting from many shore whistles every time she stood in by the city side, but there was one fellow over by a coal-dump who never forgot us. Every time we came near him he gave us a whistle.

Our fellows had been doing their best to learn all they could of tide and wind slants along the shore since we made port, Wednesday last. We took what information we could get and were thankful. Some one told us this morning that the flood-tide at starting time would not be strong, and we gaged ourselves accordingly, allowing what we thought would be sufficient time to take us across with the starting gun. We missed by a full minute.

The *Delawana* did better. Across the line she went as if the gun were but waiting for her, and so we started the race that minute to the bad, which did not discourage us in the least. We had been watching and studying the *Delawana* during the half-hour or so she had been maneuvering inside the starting-line, and it was our belief that when the race was on the *Esperanto* had a way of making up that minute.

Dead astern and a full 200 yards behind, we went after our rival when we crossed. The course for several miles was to run along by the west highland. Deep-water runs jam up to the rocks there, something we needed no chart to tell us after our trial spin of yesterday. We were nearest the rocks on that first run off, and to us, or so it seemed, the squalls which inevitably come off highland to windward were doing the other fellow the most good. Whether they were or not the *Esperanto* was not worrying, because there was no doubt after the first five minutes that she could hold the other lady.

It was to be a reach of thirteen miles to the first buoy. The wind at the start was perhaps twelve miles an hour, and so no great going was showing. We were both making perhaps nine knots for the first twenty minutes. Then we began to get a little more of it, and after we got by a headland which we had to pass with not much to spare—we being between the Lunenburger and the rocks all the time—the wind came with more teeth in it, and when it did the Gloucester lady began to show her quality.

We tried for the windward position from the first, and thirty-five minutes from the start, still holding the windward berth, we were abreast of the *Delawana*.

Little signs before this had led us to expect that happening, and while we were pleased, with the crew under the windward rail joking like young boys, we were not saying too much. It was not until we had covered eight miles of the course and we had her tucked under our lee quarter that the men began to ease off and talk.

The wind was then blowing about twenty niles an hour, and the more wind the more fun. The Lunenburgers had said last night when their fellows and ours got together, as they did at two or three informal meetings ashore:

"The more wind the more fun."

"Plenty wind—that will suit us, too," our men had replied.

So everybody should have been at least feeling pleased when the squalls began to whip white across the water and come whistling aboard. Twenty or twenty-five miles, say, is a long way short of a gale, but with topsails and balloon and staysails some lively action is to be got out of it. We had been down to our scuppers amidships almost from the start, but now the water was coming in through our scupper on the after quarter. When the good squalls hit us we were going down to our rail almost, and our men had to get talking then.

"Oh, you angel squalls; come on, you angel squalls!" they

BATOMETER

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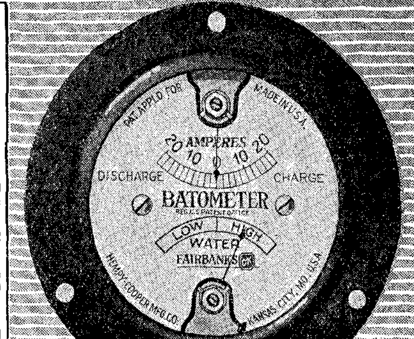

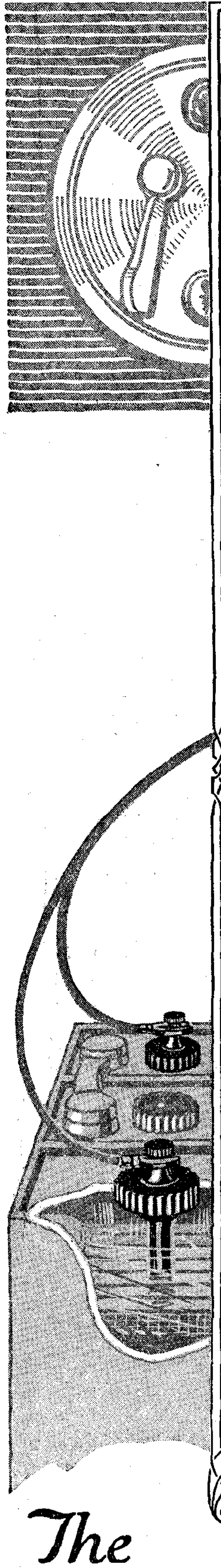

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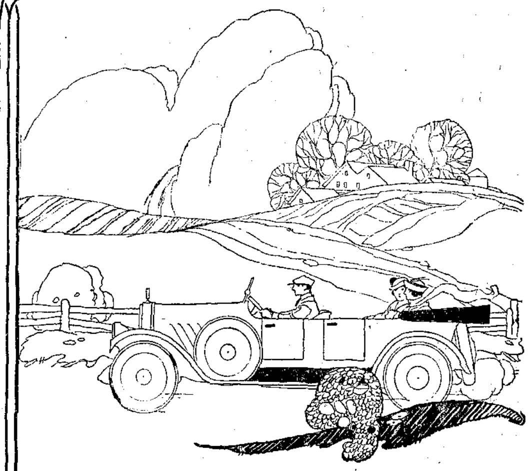

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yelled, because it was to the music of the angel squalls that we were forging ahead. With every squall she seemed to go on with another forward leap. "Come on, you girl; come on, you *Esperanto;* show yourself!" and slam on the hard deck would go some fisherman's bare hand.

"It's all over on the reach, boys; get ready now and show her running."

So they talked and failed not to take notice of the great crowds of people on the bluffs to the westward.

"They certainly had it right when they said these high spots were great places to see this race from," said one. "Yes, but the farther we leave those highland places the more I notice we are socking it to the *Delawana,*" said another.

So it was we reached out to more open water—beautiful blue water with a kick of life in it—and above was the sky all clear, and the wind was kindling to our blood as on to that first mark we went. It was great racing, the two vessels almost side by side for those first few miles, and then the *Esperanto* walking out in front like the lady she was.

A SAILOR OF THE "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS" KIND.

Marty Welch, who drove the swift Gloucester schooner *Esperanto* to victory over the best of her Canadian rivals, got his training in the seas about the Grand Banks, made famous by Kipling and many other writers. He was born in Nova Scotia.

The *Delawana* was standing up, a fine stiff vessel, but she wasn't bounding to it as we were. We legged twelve knots for all of that last half to the first buoy, and what she would do if ever she got wind enough to get that lee rail under and keep it there—"maybe let it jump out." There were some wild guesses now and again about that.

The white stuff was whishing—whishing past our quarter, and more white stuff coming in fine waterfalls over our lee boat, but never in the judgment of the crew was there a drier vessel. But for all her dryness Capt. John Mathison, our mate, was passing the word for those who had not done so already to get into their oilclothes.

"But only two or three at a time, mind, in case there'll be a sudden need."

One came back with a word of our cook.

"A great man, that codger. No set table, he says, while the race is on, but roast beef, coot stew, and hard pies, he's making—no chance for the quiver pies till she stops her diving—against whenever we'll be through the race, and corn-meal he's dusting all over the fo'c'sle floor so our feet won't slide from under us when down the hatch in our rubber boots we come abouncing."

They were a cheerful crew, jumping to every order and all watching out for whatever would help the vessel.

And gripping the wheel, which he never let go of—not even to mug—mug—up through all the race, was Capt. Marty Welch.

We made our buoy, and then it was: "Down with your staysail, everybody on main sheet—hard-a-lee! Let her come! Shift your topsail tack! Draw away your jumbo!" coming like cracks out of a gun from the skipper at the wheel.

And then it was up with staysail and we were fair away on the second leg with forty advices, admonitions, and orders from Mate John Mathison before and after and in between.

We were half a mile down the wind on the second leg when the *Delawana* rounded the buoy behind us. With sheets off it was a new trial with her.

The wind hauled and backed on that windward leg, making long work of it. We were satisfied to let it jump around, so that we got an even break out of it, but it spoiled our chance—that and the soft spots—of our beating the time which the *Delawana* made when she cleaned up the whole fleet down here over this same course a few weeks ago.

It was on that long windward beat that we did the big damage to the Lunenburger. Out there in the open water there was more sea with heavy, white-topped swells rolling in. Our lady with her slick bow took them nicely, but the other one, with that convex-curved bow which I spoke of after a look at her last night, would go "bam" down into them. And every "bam" checked her.

We beat her a good two miles on that windward drive; even tho until we got well up on it we did not know just where to look for it. And we might have done better, but we had a few queer slants of wind coming off the highlands as we neared the eastern shore again and so we played it safe by tacking every time the *Delawana* tacked.

Throughout all the race our fellows were not cheering much, altho they were always cheerful, but when we at last rounded that inshore buoy and drew away for home we gave the *Esperanto* a fine cheer. By this time we thought she at least deserved one cheer.

She had beaten her rival at every turn—reaching, running, and close by the wind. Who could ask more of a vessel than that? And so we cheered her. It was beautiful going for that last six and one-half miles home. Easy? If we were not looking over her side and watching the water slide past her scuppers we would not know she was sailing at all. The cook came up to say he thought she was hove-to.

They all tell us to-night that she made a pretty picture as she came swinging along for the harbor breakwater, which was the finish as well as the starting-line. And all along the shore the people were jammed, even more thickly than they were in the morning when we had passed out. And along that last run we got a great greeting. To both quarters they gave us whistles as we passed and to both bows as we came up on them.

Nearing the city it was one mass of people. They were packed so closely in together on the breakwater that we were wondering why they did not push each other overboard.

To one final roll of steam-whistles we crossed the line with the *Delawana* three miles astern, and from the breakwater, taking in one sail after the other in good, smart American fisherman fashion, we ran up to our dock. And there a towboat shoved us into our slip.

Then and not till then did Marty Welch, happy and tired and smiling, give up the wheel. And then that capable cook of ours stuck his head up out of the fo'c'sle hatch and rang the bell, and we had that coot stew for supper. Pouring great ladles of it into them, our gang gave loose to their tongues.

They were sorry for the *Delawana* being beaten so much, but, man alive! hadn't the *Esperanto* showed herself the grand, all-around vessel?

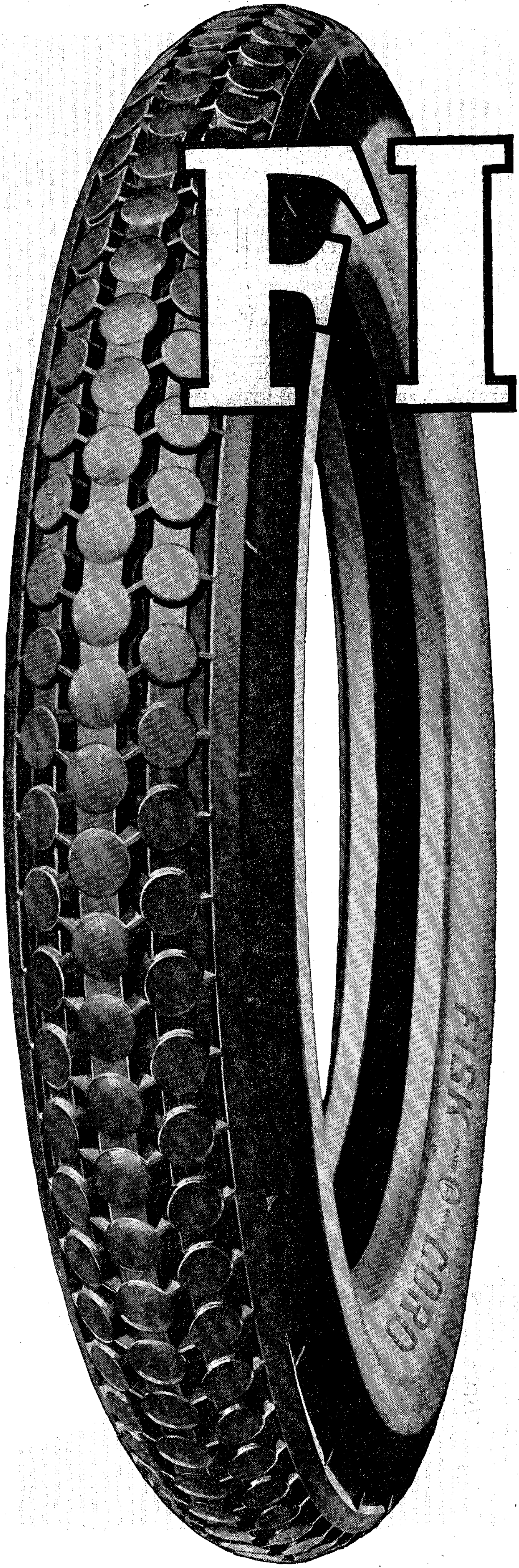
The second race, on the following Monday, was given additional zest by the fact that the Canadian schooner led throughout most of the course. However, the wind freshened toward the end, and the Gloucester schooner came from behind, to win by 7 minutes 15 seconds, official time. As Mr. Connolly tells the story:

It was a great race Capt. Marty Welch and the *Esperanto* sailed to-day. For more than thirty of the fifty miles of sailing the Nova Scotia vessel clearly led us. Then the great Gorton vessel began to come into her own. At one time, rather than lose distance, Marty all but let her go into the surf and onto the ledges off Devil's Island, but she came safely away.

It was not till after that happening that our vessel sheeted away on even terms. Our great little skipper ran his vessel practically side by side with the *Delawana* almost to the last turning buoy, and from there drove her through a smother of wind and a drive of rain to the finish line.

All hands were down aboard the vessel and turned in early last night. They all wanted to make this the final race. The cook had us out before daylight for breakfast. We had hope of a strong breeze then, so much so that when Russell Smith called for a fire in the cabin Tom Denham said it would be a mistake; "supposin' we capsize, the stove and the vessel ketch afire, where'll our race be?"

All hands were in great spirits. Roy Patton, the Hercules of the crew, woke up feeling so good that he came to breakfast



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saying, "I am going to bother with no small ropes; nothing but big ones will I haul on from now on."

Marty Welch came on deck, took a look at the sky, and shook his head, saying: "The *Delawana's* crew are praying for wind, I hear. Without meaning too much luck to a vessel we're goin' to race, I hope they get their prayer. But I think myself it'll be safe to build the cabin fire."

It was all thin vapor and the lightest of airs as we made our slow way to the starting-line. We were out before the *Delawana* and we studied her with great interest when they came along. They said they had carried too much ballast in that first race and they would not get fooled again. So last night a gang of longshoremen took sixty tons out of her.

"Sixty," said Marty Welch, after a squint at the green underbody showing above water on her. "Looks more like a hundred to me. Let this wind stay light and she'll maybe worry us, those flat-floored fellows being great fellows to run."

She was standing a full foot higher out of water than when we raced her Saturday, and the wind being light and the water so smooth and every promise of staying so for the day, we did not like her looks, for the *Esperanto* is a rough-water lady, and she was now sailing to the line with the same gear and ballast that she would have taken to the fishing banks and hope to ride the heaviest gale that ever blew.

Marty Welch took more precautions running to the starting-line to-day. Saturday he did not have it quite right about the strength of the flood-tide, and so was beaten across. To-day he had it right, and so making the proper allowances he brought her across in the lead. Take these Gloucester skippers who have been sailing their vessels in and out among a close-packed fleet of seiners when they are all after mackerel, and who have also had years of practise at picking up men in dories when a false move means good men capsized and perhaps drowned, they get so after a while that they know what to do with a vessel in close quarters. This fiddling around a starting-line to beat another man across by a few seconds may not appeal to them—they prefer to try each other out in long, hard drives—but once they get the idea don't worry about their not being able to do a good job at it.

Marty Welch is a superb helmsman as well as a great judge of distance across water. To-day he went across the line in the lead, and, saying that, I want to say that the Lunenburg Captain Himmelman is a real sailing master, too. He sailed a great race Saturday and he sailed a great race to-day, and he began sailing that great race when he climbed up on our weather quarter and went on by within five minutes after the starting-gun cracked out. The wind was light and the sea smooth, the tide was running against us, all of which meant that the *Delawana*, lightened up as she was with half her ballast gone, had a day made to order for her. Besides that, in the first few miles the set of the tide being against us helped her. It took less hold of her hull, made shoaler by the loss of ballast to-day.

There was nothing to the first turning but the *Delawana*. She beat us five minutes in six miles of that light going. On the next stretch, six miles and something to an automatic buoy, we gained perhaps two minutes.

We ran winged out for a good part of that leg, being helped much by our scandalized staysail.

There are seven ways to scandalize a staysail, old Tom Smith of our crew says, and we must have used the best way, because, despite the light wind and smooth sea, we gained about two minutes. We did not actually outsail the *Delawana* by two minutes, because the *Delawana*, for some reason we could not understand, ran a wide course to that second buoy. We followed her a good distance on that wide course, not knowing every cove and nook of the harbor and every freak of wind which might come off the high-land to the west, and knowing that the other fellows probably did know them and must have some good reason for taking such a course.

It was a gray day, remember, with the land hid by fog. Not once during the race to-day did we see the sun. But as our skipper drew nearer to where, according to the course, the automatic buoy should be, and when at last he could see it clearly, he made straight for it, and so some gain on that account. Our third leg was beautiful sailing for six of the nine miles of it. The wind was not yet to our liking nor was the sea—the *Esperanto* likes to see it lumpy or with a good high white collar atop of it—but it was a little better. The wind increased some, bringing us at times almost to our scuppers, which meant that our able vessel was getting nearer to her sailing lines.

Some vessels do not like to lie down on their sides, but the *Esperanto* never feels really right until she has her rail jumping to it. In Saturday's race, with her rail barely wet, she showed us a strong twelve knots. To-day with the very first puff from the slightly increased wind we picked up.

When once or twice she got into her scupper good we could see her leap up on the *Delawana*. But there was not enough of it to send her by—not on this leg. We did walk up on her weather quarter. Four times we so walked up, but we never could quite pass her. We sailed all that leg carefully. In Saturday's race for distance we had got on to some new wrinkles about the vessel's trim, and the men to-day were placed around deck so as to best keep her in that trim. One man was doing too much walking around the deck, whereat John Mathison, our mate, said: "Never mind any more walking there, boy. Let the vessel do the walking."

It was pretty sailing with those two big schooners rolling through it, and for four miles of it we not more than three lengths apart. The fourth leg, as was hoped, would be a beat of over eleven miles, and it was a beat, because the *Esperanto's* great point is going to windward. We hoped that even if the wind did not freshen we might pass her. It began as if it would be a beat. We crept up, but whenever we hoped to get by the *Delawana* she would luff. We did not have enough to cross her bows. Three times we tried it and had to give it up.

Then we tried the other thing—sailing through her lee. One of those times some of us figured that we could have worked across her bow, but it was Marty's judgment that we could not do it, and so we did not try it. Later the *Delawana* got a bit of wind and shot up to our weather and then followed the incident which came near ending the race without us ever crossing the judges' and finish line.

There is a rocky little isle which we had to pass—Devil's Isle—with a lighthouse on it, and out from the lighthouse runs a ledge of rock, over which the surf breaks whenever there is a swell at all on the sea. At this spot the sea has a sweep in from the open ocean and that brought on a little swell to-day and the surf was breaking good and white over it as we came along. It was under our lee, this rocky isle, when the *Delawana* started again to luff us out.

Our skipper was growing tired of the luffing, so now, ledge or no ledge and the white surf thrown in, he was not going to be bluffed off his course. Both vessels at this time were miles off the course, even tho the wind before this had hauled so they could have made almost the next buoy, which would be the last before the drive home. The rocky isle was right under our lee when the *Delawana* began her last piece of luffing tactics. It was all right, Ben Stanley stopt to say, "Why not? In his place I'd put this one up on the medder, if I could get away with it." Our gang were not kicking.

There is a racing rule which says one vessel can not crowd another vessel onto the rocks, but Gloucester fishermen don't spend their time conning racing rules, and it is a poor way to win a race—to claim that the other fellow violated some fancy yacht-racing law.

The *Delawana* continued her luffing and our vessel began to fall in toward the rocks. At this time we were logging about seven miles an hour speed—enough to send us up good and hard if we did strike the rocks. We were on the starboard tack, which the yachting sharks aboard said gave us clear right of way if we wanted to swing off, but Marty did not want to swing off.

The *Delawana* crowded us yet more. The Halifax pilot aboard had already spoken of the danger, and Marty at the wheel had nodded that he heard him. As the *Delawana* continued to crowd us the pilot spoke again.

"I hear you," said Marty.

The *Delawana* kept crowding. Now the *Esperanto* ordinarily draws half a foot of water more than the *Delawana*. She is wider, but we had the depth, and in to-day's race we were another half foot deeper because of her having so much ballast out. It probably never occurred to the *Delawana* that we would strike where she could safely sail.

Now she crowded us yet more, and the pilot said: "Captain, you have now less than a foot of water under your keel," just as Mickey Hall, who has been our great little masthead man in these races, called down from aloft that he could see the kelp on bottom.

Surf was breaking over a point of rocks ahead of us and we were within four lengths of the breaking surf, and the rocks under our lee were less than two lengths from our side. Russell Smith, of the Gorton Pew Company, was standing near the skipper.

Marty looked to Russell and said, "You represent the owners, Russell."

"To hell with the owners," said Russell, and Marty held her to it, and — the *Delawana* swung off. We were so close together at that time that our main boom hung over the *Delawana's* quarter-rail as she went off on her heel.

We swept safely by the surf-ridden ledge, and that settled the race. Up to that time we had doubts of winning. Clear of the ledge Marty said: "No more luffing—I think I can lay her straight for the buoy." And he so laid her. And side by

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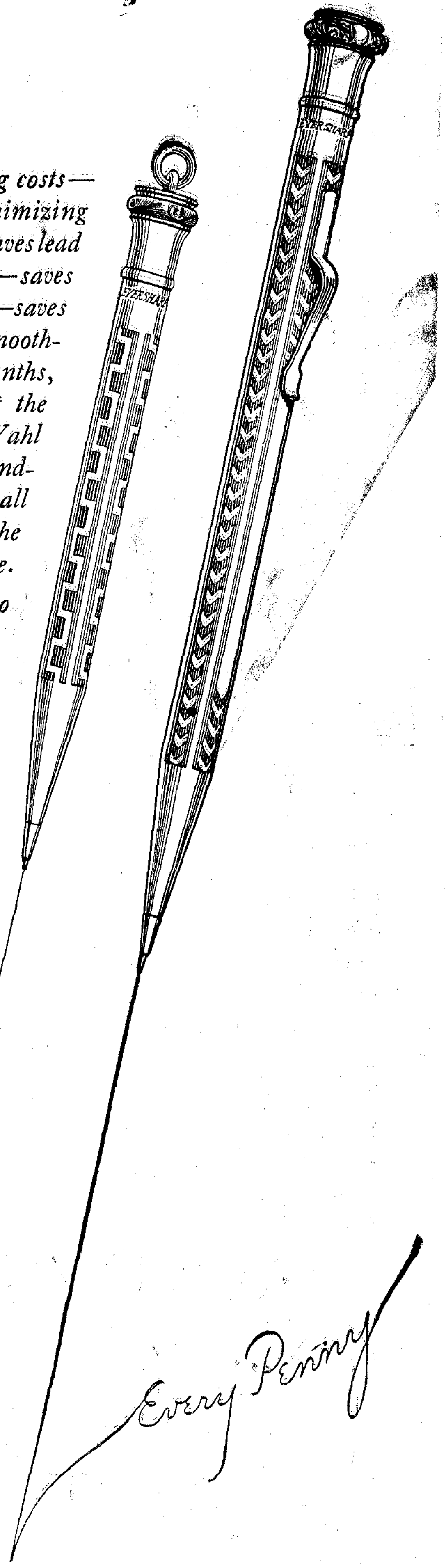

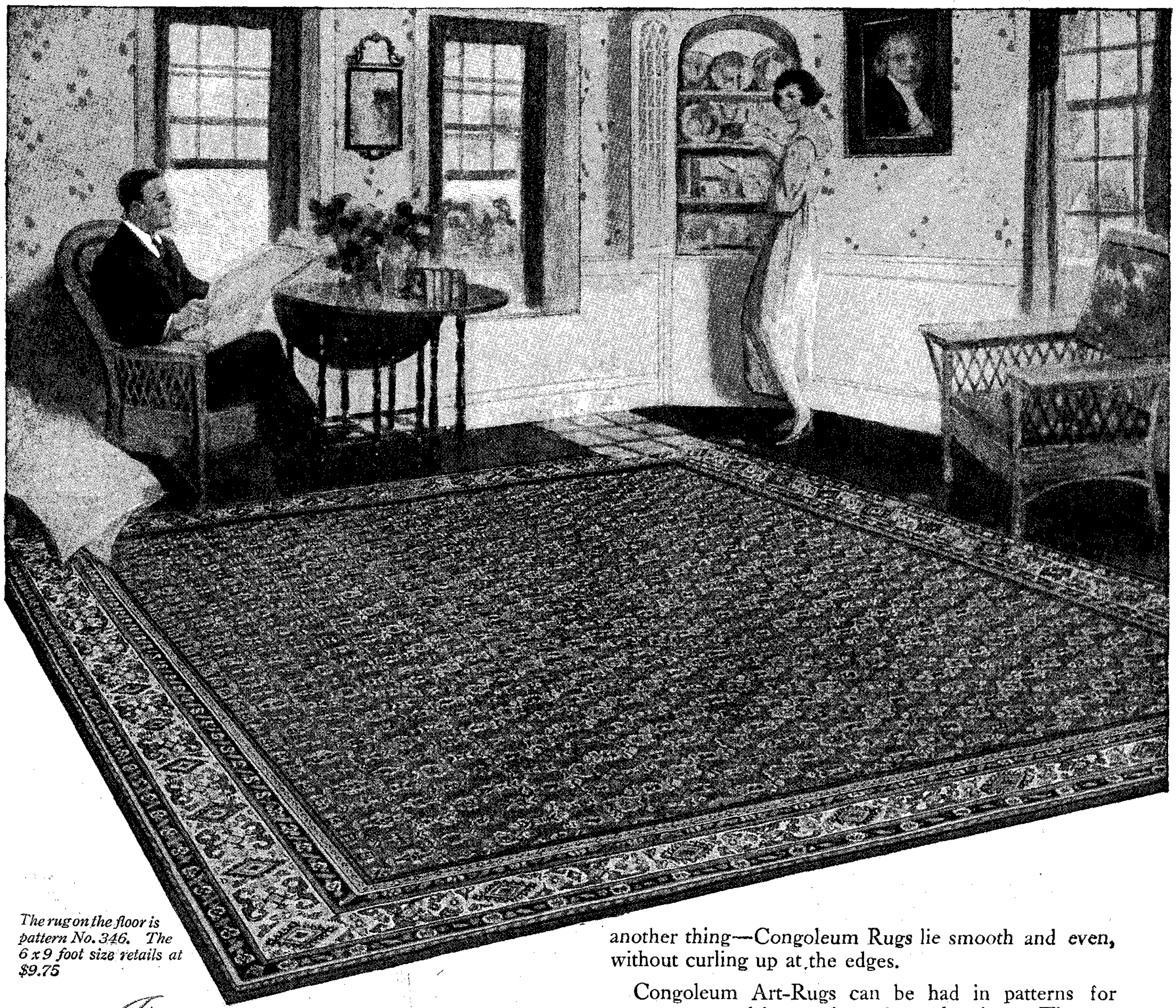

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side we ran the next three miles (or whatever it was) to the last turning buoy.

There was another pretty race with the wind increasing; the *Delawana*, by reason of her lighter draft, held her own. Almost held her own. She was still to weather of us, but we were footing faster as the wind made. It came to our scuppers again and we drew out from under her. It became a battle now to see who could turn that last buoy first. Men on the destroyer said that we looked like one boat, so close were we, as we neared the buoy.

Whoever turned the buoy first would have the weather gage, and the weather gage would be of great help. All the superior knowledge they might have of slants of wind off the high shore would not avail them when we could make a tack for tack with them, for the Gloucester lady was at her prettiest going to windward.

We turned the buoy first, the *Delawana's* bowsprit as we turned being almost over our taffrail. We of the crew were by this time working like men in a battle.

"All hands to the main sheet!" said Marty, and twenty-two men stood by to pull the long sheet in. As she came about we grabbed it and drove the length of the deck forward on the dead run. Again we did that. And again. By then we could take it in hand over hand.

"Drive her! Drive her!" was about all we could hear along the deck. We must have beat the *Delawana's* crew a full minute in getting in the main sheet.

The wind was coming fine now and there was a drive of rain. We tucked under the weather-rail and with a driving rain beating on the back of our necks. And we let it beat. We had been sitting on the wet deck all day and a little more wetness was not going to hurt us. And from the rocky western shore to the rocky eastern shore Marty drove the vessel. Jam up to the rocks he sent her, and as the sea swished through our scuppers the crew slapped their hands to the deck and said, "Attaboy," partly to Marty and partly to the vessel.

"A full now—a good full—Marty—she loves a full!" roared Roy Patton. The lower she rolled the more loudly he roared it.

We knew we must have been a fine sight then. The cheering crowds on the steamers and tugs we passed told us that if we did not know it ourselves. Everybody in Halifax said that the *Esperanto* as she finished at an eleven-knot clip in Saturday's race was the greatest marine picture they ever saw. She must have been as great a picture in a different way as we finished to-day. It was a clear sky Saturday with the bright sun shining down on smiling blue waters. It was a murky day to-day with the low black clouds driving across the heavens.

"Hard a lee!" the skipper would yell, and it was a shifting of tacks and a hauling on sheets and halyards and the rocks sliding away under our boiling stern. "Tackle on your staysail sheet!" "Tackle on your balloon sheet!" "Tackle on your fore sheets!" "Tackle on your main sheets!" John Mathison would yell when about she came.

And the gang jumped to toggle on the chains and they swayed on the tackles. We had one less tackle to handle when the heavy steel chain balloon sheet parted. It was a yell of hoarse voices—the skipper could hardly speak from his seven hours at the wheel. He never left it, not even to go below to get a cup of coffee during those seven hours, and John Mathison when he gets warmed up has a voice which is about as smooth as a breaking surf.

Through the waiting craft in the harbor we went and swished past the crowd on the breakwater. There was a tooting of whistles, a cheering of crowds, and a gun cracked out. In that muzzling six-mile drive for home we beat her seven minutes. A lady by the wind—we think so. And then we went to our slip, the cook stuck his head out of the fo'c'sle hatch and yelled "Supper!" in a voice as loud as even John Mathison's own and down the fo'c'sle companionway piled the first gang. Those who stayed on deck shook hands with the people who jumped aboard.

Next year the cup will be sailed for in American waters, and Boston, which feels that her sailing masters are no less notable than those of Gloucester, will have a chance, in the elimination trials, to send a schooner to represent America. In the meantime, the New York *Tribune* finds a lesson, in the event of future contests for the *America's* cup, which it trusts will never be raced again for by cockle-shells. The New York *Herald* thus salutes the winning boat:

It was not an accident that the Gloucester schooner *Esperanto* won the championship of the Atlantic fishing-fleet from the fine Canadian *Delawana* in two straight heats off Halifax. That clean-cut victory was in keeping with our marine history and deep-water traditions.

The first clipper ship was an innovation derided, sneered at, looked on as a floating coffin. It was prophesied that she would capsize at her launching. She did not; and the clipper swept the seven seas to their remotest beaches, carrying all before her. Has marine architecture in steel, has mechanical ingenuity attained perfection in propulsion equipment? It is ridiculous to believe such a thing. It is not ridiculous to believe that American genius may achieve other triumphs in ship design as momentous as the clipper model.

THE ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF JOHN REED, WRITER AND RADICAL

AFTER A CAREER OF ADVENTURE on two continents, which included bunking with Villa in Mexico, traveling as a stowaway in European waters, and the occupation of jails in many places, John Reed, Harvard graduate, magazine writer, and leading American Bolshevik, died of typhus in Moscow, Russia, a few days ago. From the time he cut the ties which connected him with the life to which he had been brought up as the son of one of the most prominent families in Portland, Oregon, and cast in his lot with the radicals, Reed's days were filled with more excitement than falls to the lot of most men, even Bolsheviki of the militant type. A brief account of a few of his exploits are furnished by Charles A. Merrill in the Boston *Globe*, from which we quote:

John Reed's first recorded exploit, after leaving college, was apparently just another boyish prank. He sailed for Europe with a former Harvard tackle. After the boat was out in mid-ocean it was discovered that Reed was missing. Upon the ship's arrival in Europe, his companion, the former football-player, was detained until, according to the story, it was ascertained that Reed had jumped overboard and swum ashore while the ship was leaving port back in America.

So far as can be learned, Reed became a disciple of the moderate school of Socialism while he was reporting the Paterson strike. He was an active leader of the striking workers, was arrested for his part in the dispute, and later, in 1913, produced what was called "The Pageant of the Paterson Strike," in Madison Square Garden, New York.

In the same year he turned up down in Mexico, where he first achieved fame as a war-correspondent. Going to Mexico, he took his life in his hands and walked boldly inside the lines of Villa's army. He seemed immediately to win the admiration and affection of the mountain chieftain, who was reported to have made Reed one of the officers of his staff. Reed was said to be bunking with Villa, and soon in an American magazine vivid tales of the guerrilla warfare in Mexico from the young correspondent's pen began to appear regularly.

He took the side of the revolutionists, and his articles were protested by Huerta adherents in the United States.

"Brigadier-General Reed," as he was jocosely dubbed by Villa, sent an account of his part in the night attacks upon Torreon. After his return to the United States the State Department sought his news of the insurgent army and of what was happening in the troubled land of our neighbor to the south.

Sent to cover the Colorado strike for his magazine, he wrote articles, from the miners' point of view, which were barred from sale in that State.

The European War broke out. Reed was off for Europe, bound for the trenches. He was caught and sent back to Paris.

Eventually, he gained entrance to Germany, and with official sanction from German headquarters, witnessed battle after battle from the front lines. In return for this favor, he wrote descriptions of the horror and suffering among the wounded soldiers, tales of shattered bodies of men who scornfully declined to accept the Iron Cross.

He had ceased writing for the orthodox magazines. In 1918 he was named as Russian Consul-General of the Russian Soviet Government at New York. His status as a Lenine emissary was, of course, never recognized by the United States Government.

Tracing Reed's movements since that time is no easy task. He returned to America. Then he was reported killed in Finland. Last April came dispatches stating that he was in jail in Finland, charged with smuggling. He was said to have been found in the coal-bunkers of a steamer bound for Sweden with a large amount of money and correspondence with Russian Soviet leaders on his person. The United States Government maintained he had been granted no passports. In some way he had escaped the vigilance of the American port authorities. He secured his release, however, from his Finnish captors.

KING ALEXANDER AND THE TROUBLOUS GREEK THRONE

Being King may be a fine job, but the three years or so during which the late Alexander of Greece held down the throne of that country would not seem to have brought him much pleasure. The record of the events of his brief reign shows that his life during that time was just one thing after another, each worse than the preceding one, leading up to the strange climax of a monkey-bite, which brought his career to a close. Assuming the crown when a revolution had compelled his father, King Constantine, to quit, Alexander first of all found himself up against a violent political storm. Tho placed on the throne by the Allied Powers because it was thought his education at Oxford might have inclined him to be friendly toward the English, the young King nevertheless appeared to many to be under the influence of his pro-German father and mother. Many clashes between the King and Premier Venizelos were reported during and following the war. When the political rough weather had calmed somewhat, Alexander found himself in fresh trouble at court because of his marriage with a commoner, Helen Manos, the daughter of a colonel in the Greek Army. One party urged the legalization of the marriage, while another wished it annulled. To escape the gossip incident to this difficulty, the King and his wife left Greece, and have spent much of their time in Paris during the present year. In addition to these various perplexities that he had thrust upon him, it seems that fate had apparently also decreed that Alexander's life should frequently be in danger. Thus, soon after assuming the throne he had a narrow escape when returning from the Serbian border on a train that was bombed by an enemy aviator. He had previously been injured twice, once by breaking his leg while practising jumping and once in an automobile accident. The crowning misfortune came when the King was severely bitten by a pet monkey early in October, the wound thus inflicted developing the blood-poisoning of which he died. It is said that the Greeks have been proud of the international brilliance which their royal family, related to all the reigning houses of Europe, brought to their capital. But King Alexander was a disappointment, particularly because of his morganatic marriage, and also for other reasons. A writer who signs herself "A Diplomat's Wife" throws some light on the late King's life in an article in the New York *Evening Post*. She writes:

KING FOR THREE STORMY YEARS.

The late Alexander of Greece passes to his fathers after a reign which nobody seems to consider entirely satisfactory. His death was caused by the bite of a pet monkey.

> His recent escapade at Paris, during which he drove his own car so recklessly that one day in the Forest of Versailles he ran into another car killing one of its occupants, a French nobleman, and injuring another so badly that amputation was necessary, made the superstitious (and all Greeks are superstitious) to look upon his illness as due to Nemesis (the Greek spirit of Vengeance). More even than during the last years of the reign of Constantine, the palace was pointed out (as was that of Œdipus of Thebes) as being the unholy place whence misfortune was being visited on Greece.
>
> The Greek has aspirations to mortality in the home life even of his court. He loves to be respected, even tho his proneness to suspicion is so great that a witty Greek woman once said, "When we Greeks have no one else to talk scandal about, we say it of ourselves!" The tales of what was supposed to go on at the palace were as sensational as those of the "Decameron" or "Heptameron." These reports were so readily retailed abroad by the Greeks themselves, even of official status, that it was sometimes difficult not to believe that it was considered good statecraft to have a king so occupied with his personal pleasures and home affairs that it was no hardship for him to leave all public matters in the hands of his ministers.

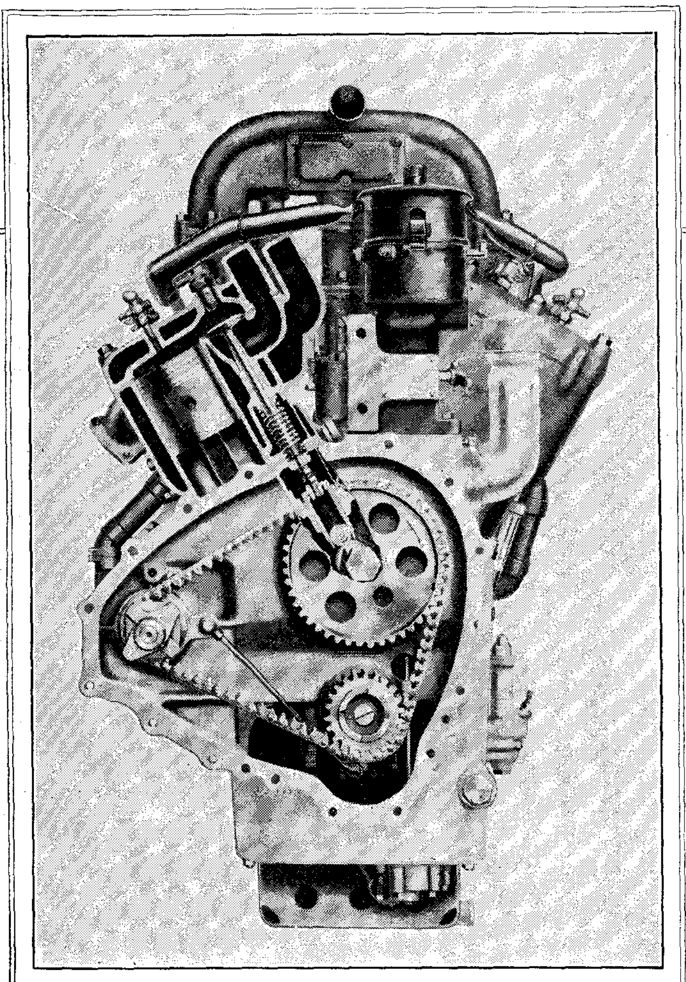
Further details of the life of King Alexander are thus furnished by the New York *Times:*

A CANDIDATE FOR KING.

Prince Paul, of the Grecian royal family, has been offered a position as King of Greece, to succeed his late brother, Alexander. He has replied that he is willing, with some reservations.

> King Alexander of Greece, second son of Constantine I. and Queen Sophia, sister of the former German Emperor, succeeded to the throne on July 12, 1917, when his father quitted Greece on the demand of France, Great Britain, and Russia.
>
> His elder brother, Prince George, Duke of Sparta, up to that time the heir apparent, was passed over by the Entente Powers in the belief that he was too much in sympathy with the pro-German policies of his parents.
>
> The abdication of King Constantine was brought about directly by an ultimatum notifying him that he must abdicate in favor of his second son, Alexander, or the Allies would recognize the Venizelos Provisional Government as applying to the whole of Greece instead of merely to the zone around Saloniki. Compliance with the demand by Constantine was necessary to save the title of King of the Hellenes to his family.
>
> King Alexander was born August 1, 1893. He was educated in part at Oxford, England. Before his elevation he served in the Greek Army as a captain of artillery, and was said to have had an excellent military record.
>
> With no expectation that he would become King over his elder brother, Alexander had fewer restraints than were imposed on the heir apparent and was generally popular because of his democratic bearing. He became a skilful and daring automobile driver and was fond of sports and athletics.
>
> King Alexander and Helen Manos were married in Athens by the Archimandrite of that city, but the Metropolitan of Athens, who outranks the Archimandrite in the Greek Catholic Church, refused to give his consent, which is necessary to make the marriage civilly binding.
>
> Unable to withstand the gossip at Athens, despite the announcement of the King that she was legally married to him, Mademoiselle Manos went to Paris, where she was joined by the King early this year.
>
> On the King's return the popular press of Athens, led by *The Journal of the Hellenes*, advised Parliament to make the marriage regular, so that his wife might be regarded as his consort, their children enjoying all the prerogatives of royalty, or, at least, to recognize her as the morganatic wife, as had been done in the case of the heir-presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Countess Sophia Chotek, afterward Princess Hohenberg, both of whom renounced the right of their future children to succeed to the Hapsburg throne. A great point was made of her Greek lineage. On the other hand, the Constantine press, led by *The Echo of Greece*, and the aristocracy, the military and, some say, the Prime

How Lincoln Engineers have Eliminated noticeable vibration at all speeds in the Leland-built Lincoln Car



Sectional view of the Leland-built Lincoln Eight-cylinder V-type Engine

In the early days of the industry, the principal efforts of automobile engineers were devoted to making cars that would actually "go."

With that accomplished—in greater or lesser degree—their thoughts turned to other developments—power, speed, endurance, and the reduction of vibration: these results also have been realized in varying degree.

Of the enemies to long life; of the things which detract from smoothness, ease and comfort, and of the irritating factors with which motorists may at times be obliged to contend, vibration is one of the more conspicuous.

In evolving the Lincoln car, its engineers were not content merely in moderation to reduce vibration. Their aim was nothing short of its complete elimination.

They have not endeavored to accomplish this merely by fighting it nor by attempting to overcome it by what may be termed "artificial means." Rather it was by going directly to its source and applying preventive measures there.

Vibration is simply rhythm; it is regular, recurrent motion or impulse.

Primarily, the principle of the V-type eight-cylinder engine with its continuous flow of power which results from the over-lapping impulses, tends to lessen vibration; or rather, not to create it to a very marked extent. The usual rhythm of its impulses would, however, in the very nature of things, set up a certain amount of vibration which the design alone would not overcome.

To further oppose any tendency to vibration, Lincoln engineers have designed a one-piece crankcase, so braced and trussed that it affords a remarkably staunch foundation for the engine.

Then, the crankshaft is of unusual strength, stiffness and sturdiness; it is of unusual diameter in proportion to its length. As an additional measure, the crankshaft is supported in five bearings of extremely liberal dimensions—instead of the conventional three.

But even these would not be thoroughly effectual without that added element for which the Lelands and their organization are noted the world over as foremost exponents; namely, the most exacting precision in the making and the finishing of the parts.

There is still, however, one more condition which automobile engineers have tried for years to eliminate. It is a factor perhaps of little consequence to some motorists, but it is a factor more or less distressing to those who appreciate the finer things in motors and in motoring.

It is known as "periodic vibration" and is ofttimes very pronounced at certain speeds. In the Leland-built Lincoln car, even this has been conquered.

Instead of timing the explosions to occur at uniform intervals, as in ordinary practice like this—

O O O O O O O O O -O

they are timed to occur like this—

OO OO OO OO -O

While this plan at first thought might seem to be one that would induce vibration, it is in fact a method whose influence in this type of engine is the very opposite.

And now that Lincoln engineers have achieved this much sought result, it is not unreasonable to look forward to the general adoption of this advance.

The elimination of noticeable vibration, together with the extreme precision of manufacture which helps to make that possible, is a long stride toward prolonging the life of the engine and of the entire mechanism.

It is, however, only one of the many evidences of true progress in the Leland-built Lincoln car.

But these advancements which are so abundantly in evidence, were all evolved for a common purpose—to make a better, a finer, a more enduring, a more comfortable, and a more satisfying motor car.

LELAND-BUILT
LINCOLN

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Minister, opposed recognition. English influence in Greece, represented by the Anglo-Hellenic League, was for recognition; French influence was not.

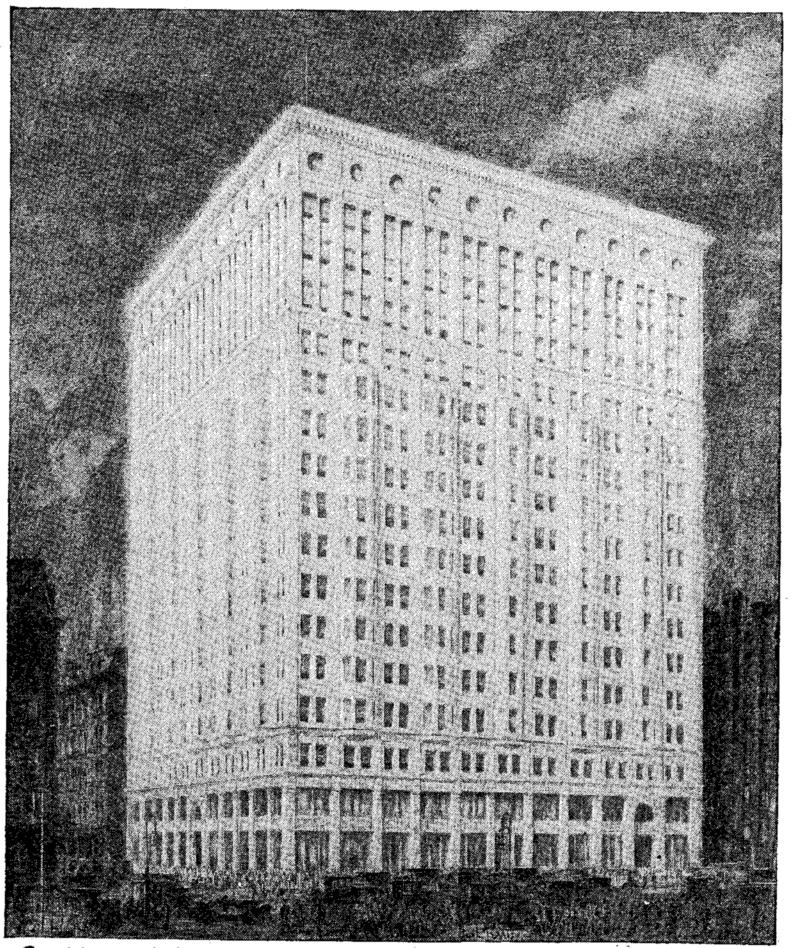
When it became apparent that King Alexander probably would not survive, the question of succession immediately arose. It presented many complications. King Constantine had never abdicated, and there are those who would like to see him back on the Greek throne. There was also the apparent heir, Alexander's elder brother, George, Duke of Sparta, who had never renounced his rights to the crown. The Government, however, was inclined to favor Prince Paul, younger brother of Alexander, and shortly after the latter's death, this young man, who is only nineteen, was proclaimed King by the Greek Parliament, with the condition attached, however, that his father, King Constantine, and his elder brother, the Duke of Sparta, should give up all claims to the Greek throne. The youthful Prince Paul, who has been staying with his father at Lucerne, Switzerland, during the latter's exile, when informed that he had been proclaimed King of Greece, stated that he would accept this honor only upon condition that it became apparent the Greek people did not wish the return of King Constantine or of the Duke of Sparta.

HE TRIED TO "MAKE HIS OWN," AND NOW HE'S "DRY"

THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN would probably draw a prize for wetness almost any time, but that superlatively damp locality was even more moist than usual when Edward Bellamy Partridge, magazine writer on June 30, 1919, found himself aboard a ship there in a rainstorm with some homeward-bound American officers giving a farewell party to old John Barleycorn. It is apparent that Mr. Partridge is able to recall all the circumstances of that occasion so vividly because it formed such a violent contrast with conditions as he found them when he reached home, and the embarrassment resulting from his being without a "cellar" began to vex him more and more. He had been in Europe during the period when the far-sighted were stocking up against the dire day of dreadful drought, and he found that numerous occasions arose when it was simply impossible to get along without something in the house more potent than H_2O. At great expense and with the connivance of the garbage man, he obtained a supply of ostensible liquor, which, however, turned out not only unfit to drink but positively lethal, as evidenced by the hasty demise of a rat that inadvertently sampled it. The magazine man thereupon decided to follow the example of many another hopeful soul and "make his own." His better half, to whom he refers as "the family," was enthusiastic over his decision, suggesting that this would enable them to have anything they wanted, even to the extent of making their drinks match their color scheme. So Mr. Partridge went to see a friend of his supposed to know all the mysteries connected with making one's own. This man told the aspiring drink-maker that wine was about as easy to make as anything, and he thereupon furnished him detailed directions for claret. These, the writer suggests circumspectly, it would be contrary to the law for him to divulge in their entirety, but he is willing to give a few hints, and he does so in *Sunset, the Pacific Monthly* (San Francisco), as follows:

> In the first place, I bought a wooden washtub—the kind over which the women were supposed to support their drunken husbands in the bygone dollar-a-say period of our history. This I fumigated thoroughly with burning sulfur. Then I filled it with grapes; then I took a hot bath, according to instructions; then I drest, and, turning up my trousers, began to crush the grapes by treading on them.
>
> I would have preferred to crush them with my hands, but the artist insisted that this would spoil them. He said that the crushing was done by foot in all the finest wines made in France and Italy. And, naturally, I wanted my wine to be as good as any that was ever made; so I faithfully crusht them by foot. I will admit, however, that I was somewhat surprized at the way the purple juice of the grape worked up my legs. I tugged frantically at my pantlegs and had just succeeded in rolling them above my knees when the telephone rang.
>
> There is something about the ringing of the telephone that I can not explain. It brings me to my feet in an instant, and it creates within me an impulse to answer it. I can no more resist the impulse to answer it than I can resist the impulse to chew when I have gum in my mouth. At the first ring I was out of that tub and half-way across the kitchen before I realized what I was doing. As may be imagined, I left large purple tracks as I went, but I did not notice these until afterward, and by that time they had soaked into the floor, so that they are dimly discernible even to this day.
>
> The telephone call was of absolutely no importance; somebody had called the wrong number. But as I stood there in our front hall with the receiver at my ear and the transmitter at my lips, the front door opened and I turned to see the family come walking in upon me in company with two strange and very stylish women.
>
> I at once abandoned the telephone and made tracks—large purple ones—for the kitchen. I did not even wait to be introduced to the two women—and I must admit that under ordinary circumstances strange and stylish women interest me. I am usually only too pleased to meet them. But on this occasion I would not have cared at all if they had decided not to come in until another day.
>
> As it was, they did not remain long; and as soon as the door had closed behind them I heard the determined footsteps of the family coming toward the kitchen. She threw open the door and glared at me defiantly.
>
> "Well, I *must* say—!" she began, and then stopt abruptly. The look of defiance died out of her eyes; apprehension came in place of it.
>
> "Have you—have you lost your mind entirely?" she stammered at length.
>
> "Not that I know of," I replied.
>
> "Well—well, what are you doing that awful thing for—corns?"
>
> "No; claret."
>
> "I'm afraid you're not feeling well to-day," she suggested. "Don't you think you'd better go in the other room and lie down for a while?"
>
> It took me some time to convince her that what I was doing was perfectly sane and regular. Meanwhile I finished my crushing. Then I drew the juice off into crocks. After the fermentation was complete I strained it and poured it into bottles. It smelled like claret, but was as cloudy as red paint. Obviously something was wrong with it.
>
> I called the artist on the telephone and told him guardedly what the difficulty was. "You know what you were telling me about the other day," I said. "Well, it's done—but it's pretty cloudy. Would you dare to tell me over the telephone what to do about it?"
>
> "I guess so," he replied; "but let me ask you a question or two. Did you boil it twenty-five minutes?"
>
> "Boil it—! No—"
>
> "Well, that's what the trouble is. Bring it to the boiling-point, and let it boil gently for twenty-five minutes. Then take it off and let it stand until it is lukewarm before you put in the gelatin—"
>
> "Gelatin—!"
>
> "Yes, certainly. You should dissolve the gelatin in water and pour it into the lukewarm liquor—and it will make it as clear as crystal."
>
> I followed his directions to the letter, and I will say that it made my product clear; but when I went to put it into bottles the next morning I found that it would not pour—it had begun to harden. I hurried to the telephone and called up the artist.
>
> "It's clear," I told him, "but it's begun to jell—"
>
> "Begun to jell?" he shouted.
>
> "Yes; it's just like grape jelly—"
>
> "*Grape* jelly? What did you go and put grapes in it for?"
>
> "How could I make wine without grapes?" I demanded.
>
> "*Wine!*" he cried. "I thought you were making *beer!*"
>
> "Yes—but what am I going to do about it?" I asked desperately.
>
> "Why,"—he burst out laughing—"I guess you'll have to spread it on bread and eat it!"
>
> I hasten to add that no such thing was ever done with it. I didn't even look at it for several days, and when I did I found that it had hardened until it felt very much like rubber. As I stood looking at it I suddenly had the feeling that I had made a great discovery—the way to make a synthetic rubber out of grapes. I thought of the wild acclaim with which I would be hailed by all the vineyardists of California, and went feverishly at work to test my product. I found that it had elasticity,

Is Your BUILDING *a* LANDMARK?



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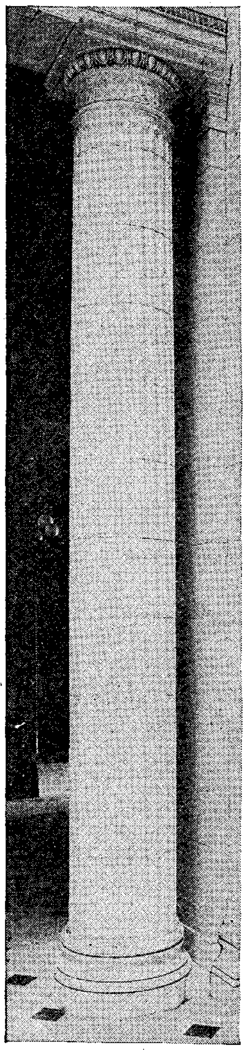
Drawing by Hugh Ferriss

RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILL.

D. H. BURNHAM & CO., Architects

HOW TO RECOGNIZE
ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS
TERRA COTTA SERIES No. 2
Italian Renaissance Details

This detail shows one of the beautifully modelled columns in the lobby of the RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING



Roman Doric Order: Ornamented

The Roman Doric Order, known in its plainer forms as the Tuscan Order, is here seen richly elaborated with egg-and-dart pattern and anthemion motif. The flutings of the shaft are also terminated with anthemions, which appear, as well, on the under corners of the abacus. (The Roman Doric is the fourth of the famous "Five Orders" of classic architecture.)

(All the material illustrated is Terra Cotta)

LIKE every American City, Chicago is architecturally richer for its Terra Cotta buildings. Even on Michigan Avenue, Chicago's famous lake-front boulevard, you easily recognize the Railway Exchange Building as a landmark. It is faced entirely with light cream enamel Terra Cotta. No matter how thickly the smoke-laden atmosphere of Chicago may coat it with grime and soot, the entire front of the building can easily be restored to its original appearance with a simple washing down with soap and water. The structural merits of Terra Cotta protect the Railway Exchange Building equally as well against the hot sun and the freezing gales off Lake Michigan.

Whether you are an owner, a stockholder, or a tenant, you prefer to have your building a *landmark.* To be a landmark your building must be permanent and beautiful. Unless it is a landmark, it is not as profitable to you as it might be. Terra Cotta is permanent, beautiful, and profitable.

NATIONAL TERRA COTTA SOCIETY is a bureau of service and information. Its publications cover not only the technical and structural use of Terra Cotta, but show, as well, examples of its application to buildings of all types.

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The School The Store The Bank The Theatre The Garage

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TERRA COTTA

Permanent *Beautiful* *Profitable*

resiliency, and toughness—but was it workable? Would it vulcanize?

There was a small electric vulcanizer at the garage with which I patch inner tubes, and without saying a word to the family I brought it to the house and inserted a piece of my new product into it. Then I tightened the clamps and turned on the current. To my intense disappointment instead of hardening it melted; and before I could get it out of the house the sticky stuff had spilled all over the table and floor and had attached itself to every door-knob and drawer-handle and most of our tinware and cutlery.

That ended his wine-making. He said he had felt all along that the processes involved were a little too subtle for him. It occurred to him that it would be wiser to have started out with something simple—some common-sense drink, substantial, but not too intoxicating. Such a beverage was beer, and so his next attempt lay in the general direction of beer-making. His friend again came across with explicit directions. After boiling his hops and putting in such other ingredients as form the constituents of beer, including gelatin for clarifying and yeast for fermenting, a mixture was obtained which looked so much like breakfast food, and tasted so much better than any of the common breakfast cereals of commerce, that Mr. Partridge concluded he had made his fortune by producing a brand new breakfast dish. He found he could not make any more like it, however, and so gave up trying, and again turned his attention to the making of beer. His friend informed him he should have drained off the thin liquid and thrown out the solid matter, and when he did this and had the stuff all bottled he felt his efforts had been crowned with success. He says when he stood back and looked at a row of sixteen bottles of clear golden amber brew he had a feeling akin to that which Columbus must have had when he made his well-known discovery. Further:

Then it was that ambition flared up within me. Now that I had mastered beer what was there to keep me from mastering the more ardent spirits? They were more concentrated, would go further, and would not have to be made so often. Once more I consulted my friend the artist. With his advice and the copper coil out of an old hot-water heater I was soon embarked in the distilling business.

From an orchardist of my acquaintance I purchased a cask of sweet cider which I placed in our storeroom in the basement of the apartment. At just the right time, which I will not mention for fear that to do so might be illegal, I drew a bucket of it and put it into my little still. Then I lighted the gas and waited expectantly at the end of the coil.

After a time a drop of beautiful clear liquid gathered there and presently fell into the glass which I had placed underneath in order to catch it. Other drops followed, and soon I had nearly half a glassful. I raised it to my lips and tasted it. Then I did a dance round the room. It was the real old stuff! And it was delicious!

I took another taste, and, being convinced that I had struck it, tried it with seltzer and sugar and a dash of lemon. That removed the last vestige of doubt from my mind. At this point an examination of the still showed me that within a very short time it was going to need to be refilled, and I went down to the storeroom to get another bucket of cider.

As our storeroom opens from the main stairway to the apartment I closed the door when I went inside; I didn't want everybody who passed to see what I was doing. I had left the key in the lock, and as I was bending over the cider-barrel I heard a click, but thought nothing of it until I tried to open the door—and then I found it locked. The janitor had seen the key, and thinking that one of the tenants must have left it there by mistake, turned it and put it in his pocket while he went to sprinkle a neighboring lawn, leaving me a prisoner.

All at once the prisoner thought of his distilling apparatus on the kitchen stove. From being merely annoyed at being penned up he became violently agitated. There was no knowing what might happen. Suddenly he heard an explosion that jarred the building—

I put down the bucket and began to look for an ax or a crowbar with which to smash the door—and then I heard a second explosion. I stood stock-still. What in the world could have caused that second explosion? Could there have been enough of that high-proof liquor in the dish at the end of the coil? In my mind's eye I could see the kitchen bursting into flames, and here I was locked up and unable to give the alarm. Again I began to look round for something with which to smash the door—and then came a third explosion.

The first two had been easy to account for, but the third one baffled me. Certainly there was no gunpowder in the house, no nitroglycerin, no TNT—and then came the fourth explosion.

In a way this was a help to me. I had accounted for the first two, and I reasoned that the next two had been caused by something that went in pairs. I began to go over everything that went in pairs. Salt and pepper—the oil and vinegar cruets—the double-boiler—the two compartments of the fireless cooker! Ha! That was it; undoubtedly the family had left them tightly covered when she had gone out for the afternoon, and naturally when the flames had reached them they had exploded one at a time. Why, I had even heard of fireless cookers exploding all by themselves; and if they would explode by themselves certainly—and then came a fifth explosion.

That set all my conclusions at naught. I couldn't think of anything that went in threes, so I again turned my attention to battering down the door. I caught up a basket, but quickly realized that it was too light, and threw it down again—and at just that moment came a sixth explosion.

I leaned against the door and asked myself what four things there were in the kitchen that would explode one after the other with practically the same amount of concussion, and almost instantly the answer came to me—the four burners of the gas stove, of course. I wondered how it happened that I hadn't thought of them before—when the seventh explosion shook the building.

For a moment I was staggered—and then I recovered my reasoning powers again. The oven burner! Naturally, being more protected than the others, it had been the last to explode. No doubt the oven itself had sheltered it from the raging flames. I was feeling very well pleased with my deductions when—the eighth explosion came.

With that my reasoning powers deserted me entirely, and all I could do was to go and kick against the door with the heel of my shoe. This I did with much vigor—and when I paused to catch my breath the sound of the ninth explosion came.

I kicked again and listened. The tenth explosion came. More kicking—the eleventh. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth followed in order. I was just assuring myself that we didn't have in our whole apartment so many things which could possibly explode when a very disturbing thought came to me—I remembered the sixteen bottles of pure amber home-brew standing in a neat row on the pantry shelf, and the pantry is right next to the kitchen. Undoubtedly the flames had eaten their way through into the pantry and were going right down that long row. The sixteenth explosion came while I was thinking about it.

But even then I would not give up hope. I kept telling myself that there was still one bottle left as the explosion of the kettle must have been the first one I heard. I told myself that I would be perfectly satisfied if only there could be one bottle spared—and then came the seventeenth explosion.

I waited hopefully for more. But I waited in vain. The seventeenth was the last.

Suddenly I heard a step outside, and began to kick on the door again. A key clicked in the lock. The door swung open and the janitor with a coil of hose on his arm started to come in. I snatched the hose from him and pushed him toward the stairway.

"Fire!" I shouted. "Our apartment is on fire! Turn in an alarm!" And I ran off up the stairs, tugging the hose after me.

When I reached the kitchen I found everything just as I had left it. There was no fire, and no signs of an explosion of any kind. I glanced into the pantry, and my heart leapt as I saw the neat row still standing on the shelf. Then came a pounding at the front door and a ringing at the doorbell. For an instant I wondered who it could be—and then I thought of the firemen.

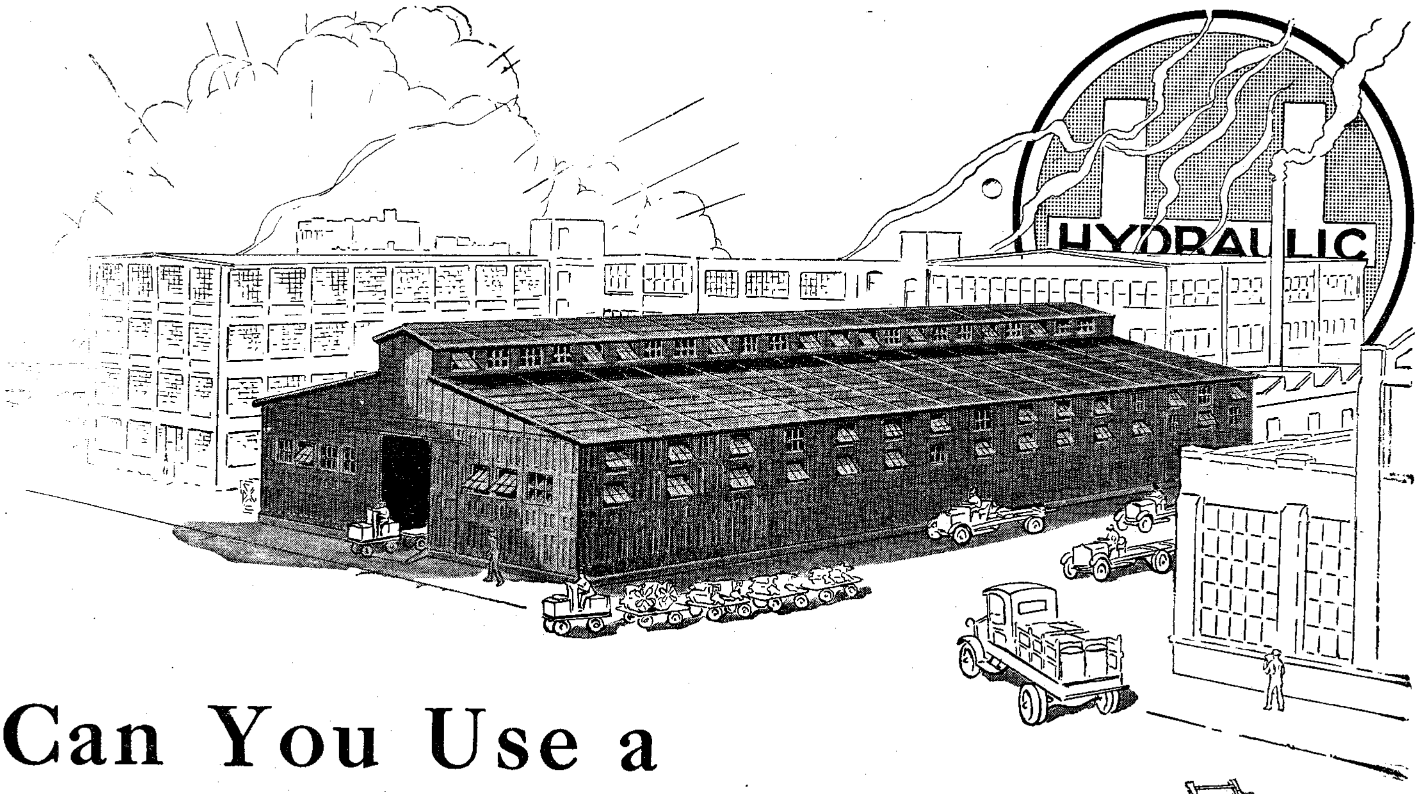
I was dazed, but not too dazed to know what I was about, and before opening the door to admit them I raised the kitchen window and gently pushed my distilling apparatus out. I did not care to be arrested as a moonshiner. I heard it land in the alley with a loud crash as I turned out the gas and started for the front door.

A moment later the apartment was alive with firemen. In spite of my assurance that it was a false alarm, they insisted on searching the premises—and after they had gone I discovered that they had taken all sixteen of my bottles with them. They probably suspected them of containing inflammable material.

The fire chief apologized for not responding more promptly. "We were all up on the roof watching the fleet come into the harbor," he explained.

"The fleet?" I asked. "What fleet?"

"The Pacific Squadron," he replied. "Do you mean to tell me you didn't hear that salute of seventeen guns?"



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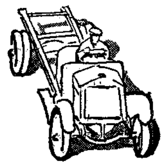

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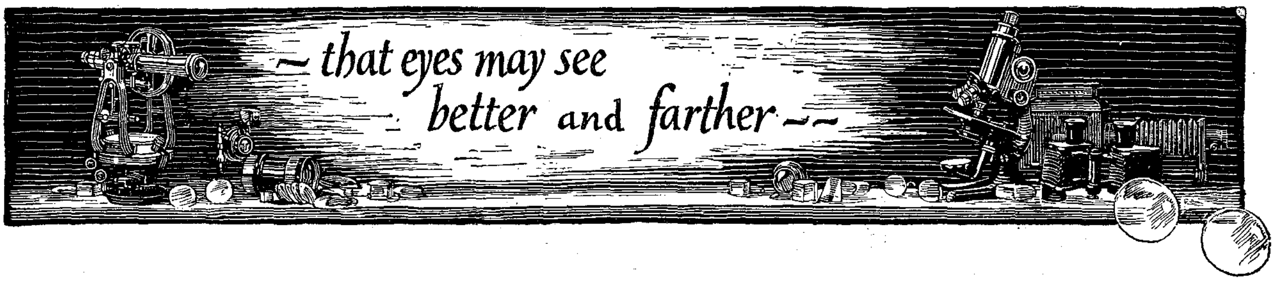

THREE PREACHERS GO FROM PULPIT TO PLOW, AND LIKE THE CHANGE

THAT PREACHING AND PLOWING may go hand in hand to the advantage of both has been demonstrated by three stalwart preacher-plowmen in Pennsylvania. On a farm in Bucks County in that State these three men have raised a big crop of potatoes, wheat, and corn, besides chickens, pigs, and dairy products. There is a house on the place large enough to accommodate the families of all three. Their assets when they started, in addition to the farm, consisted of a few horses and cows, some farm-implements, abundant enthusiasm, and an abiding faith in prayer. For six days each week they have labored mightily in the fields and on the seventh they have preached. Now at the end of their first season they appear to be more than satisfied. "This is the life," was, in effect, the litany they chanted, says Will R. Hammond, in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, when he asked them about their work the past summer and how they liked the change from pulpit to plow. To quote Mr. Hammond:

> The three clergymen were engaged in bringing in "spuds" when our charioteer landed us in the heart of the spacious "ranch" out along the banks of the picturesque Neshaminy creek just off the Doylestown-Newtown pike. Wagon-loads of monster potatoes were being taken from mother earth and shunted into the cellar of the clergymen's community house—a cellar piled high with good old-fashioned "Irish fruit" that will grace many a Philadelphia table ere the next ides of March shall have rolled around.
>
> "How do I like farming? I say it's wonderful," was the smiling reply of the Rev. Samuel B. Booth, leader of the farm colony, a tall, upstanding figure of commanding prominence, athletic of build, with legs reminiscent of football days at old Harvard. He was wearing the puttees and khaki trousers that were part of the uniform he wore while serving as a Red-Cross chaplain behind the battle-lines in France two summers ago. His black hair waved in the wind as he stood, a picture of outdoor health and happiness.
>
> "What are you doing? Where is your harvest?" was asked of him. For answer he guided us out into the potato patch, where several other agrarians were filling baskets and dumping them into a wagon.
>
> "Fine!" Our exclamation as we inspected several of the "murphies" was undeniable. "Like it out here?" we continued, addressing a young spectacled man who was toting along a half-bushel basket. He turned out to be the Rev. W. F. Allen, until recently stationed at the Naval Proving Ground, Indian Head, Md., but now a full-fledged son of the soil for six days and preacher over week-ends.
>
> A broad grin and a one-eyed wink was the answer. Mr. Allen seemed to be very much at home in the potato-patch.
>
> Our next introduction was to the Rev. Joseph R. Baird, who is licensed to hold services by his church and is studying theology under the direction of his partners. Mr. Baird was hugely enjoying himself in the potato-patch and graciously went out of his way to show us the mounds heaped high in the cellar of the farm-house ready for the market.

The idea of the Bucks County farm experiment started with Mr. Booth, a Harvard graduate and formerly a preacher in Philadelphia. He was a chaplain in France during the war and when that was over he had a desire to get away from the conventional. His move to the farm was the result. Further:

> Remembering the parable of the sower, Mr. Booth sagaciously sought out good ground in which to sow his seed, and found it in the rich rolling Bucks County heath. Before long there came to him Mr. Allen, who had been reading much of the need of getting city folk back to the farm. Like Mr. Booth, this Maryland parson was sick of the crowded city and eager for the fresh air of the country. There they were joined by a third, who was seeking the pulpit by way of the plow—young Mr. Baird, a practical farmer of considerable experience.
>
> They formed a partnership. Mr. Booth became general manager of the cooperative company. Mr. Allen was a handy man to have around, it developed, because he had at one time been a mechanic. With his inherent ingenuity he became invaluable as the mender of "flivvers" and farm implements, and is proficient at carpentry and the like. To Mr. Baird were assigned the dairy and live stock and the bookkeeping, for formerly he had been a bank cashier. The three men had one thing in common—they were tired of the city and anxious to make good "out in God's free country." Also, they had abiding faith in the ways of God and nature.
>
> Through the summer they toiled unceasingly—up every morning at five o'clock, feeding the cattle and milking the cows, carrying the milk to market, plowing, harrowing, planting, weeding, spraying, digging until now—the harvest. Nor was there any week-end rest, for these preacher-farmers are like city firemen—subject to call on a moment's notice. They may turn from the hay-rake to go indoors to marry a blushing pair or drop out of the threshing to minister at the bedside of the dying.
>
> "I've just come back from such a trip?" said Mr. Booth. "Took the milk to the depot this morning, dropt over to administer the sacrament to a dying woman, stopt at another farmside to baptize four children, and at another to confirm a new member."
>
> "And on Sundays?"
>
> "Sunday is our busiest day," volunteered the tall parson. "Our headquarters here is the center of the Bucks County mission district. There are eleven charges in all under our jurisdiction. Four of them have permanent resident clergy, but the other seven are administered by the three of us here. Every Sunday Allen is at Southampton, Baird at Somerton, and I at Langhorne. We cover up the other four during a part of the day."
>
> Six days of rising at five o'clock to work on the farm and Sunday divided between the obliging auto and the mission pulpit—and still they say, "This is the life."
>
> It was tough sledding from the word "go." The farm had to be restocked. They started out with six head of horses, a herd of six young cows, some fine pigs that have since produced a litter of ten sturdy sucklings, chickens in plenty, and some sheep. Next year they hope to increase their live stock. The farm itself needed improvements. For one thing, water had to be carried from the well by bucket. That was hard work for women folk from the city, so the trio of parsons set about first the installation of a gasoline-engine that pumped water in an unceasing flow and made possible the installation of bathrooms. With this same engine they stored batteries that in turn supplied electric lights through all the house and down in the barn, where the incandescent bulb supplanted the old-fashioned lantern for early morning milking.
>
> "Has it panned out good from a financial standpoint?" was asked.
>
> "Well, this first year we shall make enough to pay all expenses. No deficit. I guess that is not so bad," was the smiling leader's answer.
>
> "And the harvest—what have you produced?"
>
> "Our potatoes will run around 1,200 bushels," was his reply. "They are retailing now for about $1.75. We sell them for a dollar a basket wholesale. There is five-eighths of a bushel to the basket and at 1,200 bushels you can figure out our income there.
>
> "Our wheat will run about 300 bushels from a fifteen-acre planting. It did not pan out so well, but we expect to do better next year. Corn will give us a big yield. It is too early yet for figures, for the corn is still to come in. We sold hundreds of ears of sweet corn in season and found it profitable.
>
> "Hay is fine. Look at those bulging barns. Somewhere around a hundred tons in there, of which we will be able to sell about eighty tons. It is worth $32 a ton.
>
> "Altho we have only a small herd of young cows, we have been doing $80 worth of milk business monthly.
>
> "Those apples over in the orchard are worth a lot of money if we can find the time to pick and market them. We live on apples out here—a wonderful crop of them. Apple pies, apple dumplings, apple sauce, and just plain apples. Help yourself."

When asked as to his inspiration for this experiment, Mr. Booth stated that one of the things that prompted him to take up farming, aside from his wish to get away from the conventional, was that he wanted to demonstrate that a preacher need not necessarily be a parasite. The account goes on:

> "For my own part I like the freedom of the farm and the country. Out here it is possible to get the view-point of the workingman. A preacher can not hope to know expertly of producing, of buying and selling, of business, unless he has actually engaged in it for himself. Out here you will find out the truth of things for yourself.
>
> "Furthermore, after working like this you can go to people and talk to them in a practical way, and they must believe what you are talking about, for you know. Personally, I do not see how a preacher can be spiritually free when he is economically tied down. He has to preach to suit his parishioners; if they don't like his sermons they soon tell him and so often get rid of him. It so often happens that the congregation admires the

pretty things said to them, but call for his resignation when he begins to tell the truth.

"Eventually, we hope to make this a great colony for pastors," said Mr. Booth. "We expect to build cottages all over the place. They can come out here and become shareholders in our proposition and farm with us. Or they can come week-days and work out their own little garden-patch. This will be a center for spiritual refreshment and physical strength for all those who feel opprest with the cares of the world and who want quiet and freedom from the world for a while. We will have here such a retreat center as has been proved out in England."

Upon the estate stands an old-fashioned stone barn that is soon to be converted into a chapel that will become the center of the community church life. Plans have been made for remodeling and improving it with modern church appurtenances.

"All in all, we are a very happy family out here, striving to do our part in producing the essentials of life, and at the same time ministering to the spiritual welfare of mankind," said Mr. Booth. "We are independent, we are not parasites, and, altho we have not yet got rightly started, we hope to do many more things by the end of another season."

"And you are quite satisfied with the results of the experiment?"

"Quite so; in fact, so much so," he replied, "that I would not change places with any man."

In fact, it was said by a friend that the stalwart parson-farmer had recently declined two invitations from city pulpits, as he prefers to stay on the farm with his cows and chickens.

LO, THE RICH INDIAN, HOW HE BLOWS HIS COIN!

WHEN THE OSAGE INDIANS WERE MOVED from Kansas to Oklahoma in 1907 they did not dream that the change would make them so rich that by 1920 Uncle Sam would be wondering what to do about it. They had been eking out a precarious living as farmers in Kansas, and for a time they followed the same pursuit in their new home, with rather less success than had attended their efforts in the old one. Then one day an oil-well was found on the reservation, and wealth in a constantly increasing stream has been inundating the Indians ever since. There were 2,229 Osages in 1916, and by the end of that year every man, woman, and child received from the Government $826.06 for leases and $1,449.82 for each one's share of the oil. Last year each Indian received $5,000 and this year each one had received $5,000 up to July, with good prospects that their individual shares for the entire year will be $9,000. As the average Indian family numbers four persons, each receiving his or her share, the total family income is not to be sneezed at. Some members of the tribe have inherited several shares. Thus one comely Indian woman of thirty-two is said to own eight shares, which this year will yield her an income closely approximating the salary paid the President of the United States. When the oil boom first started on the Indian reservation, Uncle Sam decided to pool the interests of the Indians, making one man's luck the luck of all. So every time a new well is drilled each red man's wealth is increased, and as new wells are coming in every day and there are still millions of acres untouched, these Indians are steadily getting richer, hand over fist, and nobody knows what fabulous incomes they may yet enjoy. Pawhuska is the metropolis of the Indian oil country, and here one may observe how the copper-hued wards of Uncle Sam react to the great riches that have been thrust upon them. To this town they come in their big automobiles and buy anything their fancy directs regardless of price. Even in distant Oklahoma City the influence of their wealth may be seen. In the hotel lobbies may be found magnificent oil-paintings of prominent Pawhuska citizens, and in photographers' studios are artful semblances of such eminent men as Mr. Bacon Rind, who visited Washington recently and held converse with the great men of the land. It was at Oklahoma City, too, that Mr. Blank purchased a fine automobile hearse, from which, seated in a rocking-chair, he gravely viewed the sights of the town, as the vehicle rolled along the streets, with a high-priced chauffeur at the wheel. The Indians who have come into money are great for pictures, whites in Pawhuska tell visitors. They have photographs taken of everything they like, and then have these enlarged or reproduced in oil. The pickings around Pawhuska for all kinds of picture men are said to be the best on earth. Most of the wealthy Indians have expensive automobiles, and some of them also go in for fine horses. A story is told of a Pawhuska Indian who bought a team for $1,700. He then bought the finest harness equipment he could find, but the latter did not have enough celluloid rings on it to suit the Osage's taste. So he went to another store and purchased $350 worth of red, white, and blue celluloid rings, which he fastened all over the harness, thus securing what he considered the proper effect in harness ornamentation. Pawhuska, besides being a picturesque place, as the center of the richest Indian tribe in the world naturally would be, also appears to be a hustling, up-and-coming sort of burg, according to William G. Shepherd, who visited it recently and gives an account of his impressions in *Harper's Magazine* (New York). The town is busy, he says, "in a nervous, excited way." New red-brick buildings are seen on all sides and many others are under construction, regardless of high costs. The curbs are lined with high-priced cars, four-cylinders being but seldom seen and flivvers practically never. Two things a stranger must do in Pawhuska, we are told: pronounce it "Pawhuskee" and quit being a stranger. It's all right to stop any man on the street and shake hands with him. He will not ask you your business, taking it for granted you are there either for Indian trading or to speculate in oil. When Mr. Shepherd told the Pawhuskians he was there to see the Indians and write about them, everybody loosened up and told him all they knew, and then some. The writer suggests a walk about the town first, however, before entering into conversation with the citizens. He tells what he saw in one brief walk:

> A huge car of expensive make comes up to the curb. An unshaven young man, coatless, wearing a greasy golf cap and no collar, is at the wheel. Before long you will see many of his type; he is a well-paid chauffeur for a rich Indian family. He brings the car to a stop with a suggestion of a flourish. He does not descend to open the rear door; instead he begins to roll a cigaret. From the back seat steps a huge Indian woman; she is blanketed, and her glistening hair is parted in the middle and brushed back above her ears. She has a bead necklace and a beaded bag, but you catch a flash of a silk stocking and you see that instead of moccasins she is wearing heelless, patent-leather slippers, attached to her feet with an ankle strap. Marie Antoinette, in her empire gowns, was shod like this. Behind her descends a huge red man. His garb is Indian to the last observable stitch, except for his hat. His blue trousers are edged here and there with beads and are of a soft and glistening broadcloth. A gayly colored blanket is about his shoulders. His companion has not waited for him to alight. She strides off through the entrance of a store; he follows, fifteen feet behind her. They both "toe in," she in her empire slippers and he in his soft, beaded moccasins. The chauffeur settles back in his seat to smoke, with one leg crossed high over his knee. In other cities men of his calling, with masters not so rich by far as his, have far more dignity than he. When in distant places you heard of these Indians with their chauffeurs, you expected to see liveried autocrats at the wheels of glistening limousines, but you soon discover, in Pawhuska, that a chauffeur does not even keep a car glistening, much less wear a livery. Mud and dust on a car's sides do not affect its speed.
>
> Here on one of the several main streets you see a curio store. In any other town its beaded moccasins and bags, blankets and strings of elks' teeth, its skins and its filigree silver boxes would be lures for tourists seeking souvenirs of this land of Indians. Step inside. Here are three Indian couples, the women richly beaded and the men wearing garments only too obviously new, purchasing blankets and other objects of Indian art. This is not a tourists' shop. The Indian women do not come here to put on sale rugs and blankets into which they have woven their heart's blood. Little do they seem to care who wove these gay rugs—girls at a machine in New Jersey or a Creek Indian woman in a wigwam. Here are things they want and they have the money with which to purchase them, seemingly at any price.
>
> They stalk along these streets, these rich Indians, solemnly and proudly. Every one of them is a celebrity in the town. Up on the hill, in an old and solid red-stone building, is the office of the Indian agent, and there in books are records of al'

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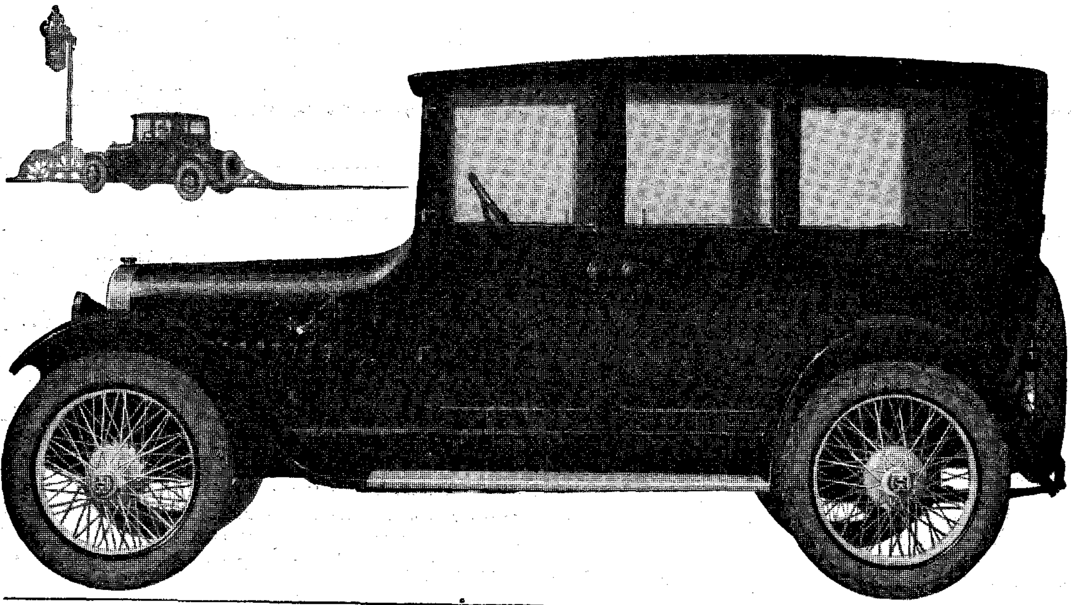

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> the money that each of the Indians receives—records for any merchant to see. Some merchants seem to watch them greedily as they pass along the street, and the Indians seem to know that they are being watched with greed.

These Indians' disregard of high prices puts to shame the recklessness of the most abandoned silk-shirt buyer in other places. For instance, it is said when the first cherries appeared on the market this year an old Indian went into a store where this fruit was for sale and emptied eighteen boxes of it into a tin pail, and when told that the price was $18, paid without batting an eye. Another Indian out in the country sent word to a garage man to send out a big car to his place in a hurry. When the car arrived the dusky Crœsus asked the driver to go to town and bring him out a steak. The steak cost $3 and the driver's fee was $7, and the transaction pleased the Indian so much that he often thereafter had it repeated. Further:

> A spirit of fun is common among these rich Indians, and they will often spend money just to make a joke.
>
> "One of my Indian clients," said a lawyer, "had to go to Washington not long ago. It was his first trip. He left Pawhuska wearing his blankets and moccasins. When he got back here he was wearing a dinner jacket.
>
> "'I got to St. Louis,' he explained, 'and I thought I had better buy some clothes from the store. So I got this suit and some very high collars. The collars were so high that I had to look upward into the sky. But I looked like a count, a rich count. I know how all the tops of all the buildings look in St. Louis and Washington, but my collars were so high I never could see the streets. They respected me in Washington for my clothes and my collars.'
>
> "I found out afterward that he had been making fun of us white folks with our high collars. He had worn his blankets to Washington, but on the way home he had outfitted himself with evening clothes just to have a joke on us."

We are told that many of the Indians have guardians who are supposed to look after them, and do so, often to the disadvantage of their wards. It is said that the impression one gets of the guardianship system is not pleasant, as the work is full of possibilities for graft, of which many unscrupulous persons take advantage. There seems to be a comfortable idea prevalent among the "guardians" that an Indian doesn't want much, but he wants what he wants when he wants it, and if only this pressing want be gratified, rich Lo doesn't care what becomes of the rest of his money. The visitor hears all these things as he moves about the streets of Pawhuska, and, taken in conjunction with the sights he sees, they add to the interest of his experiences. It appears that more interesting than all else, however, is a call at the country home of some prominent member of the tribe. Mr. Shepherd had heard many things about the home life of the Indians. Among other things it was said that, altho they employed white servants and were surrounded by all the comforts of civilization, the Indian women preferred the ancient camp-fire to modern cooking-devices, and in other matters instinctively followed their Indian ways and teepee customs. He had also heard much talk of Mr. Bacon Rind, said to be the most popular Indian of the Osage tribe, and this man's home he therefore determined to visit. The proper arrangements were made, and one hot summer day the writer found himself at the yellow two-story Bacon Rind mansion, where he met Bacon Rind himself out under the roof of a summer-house. Mr. Shepherd writes:

> He is a huge bulk of a man, perhaps fifty-five. His voice is deep and heavy and it would seem he can not speak low.
>
> "How? How?" he rumbles, as he shakes your hand. He wears a big black-felt hat and a brown shirt. As he leads you toward a long wooden seat you see that his leather trousers are not, indeed, real trousers, but are two separate trouser-legs, hanging from thongs attached to a belt; you catch astonishing glimpses of his red person as he walks before you; whatever other advertisements may catch his whimlike Indian fancy, those for underwear, in these hot days, leave him cold.
>
> "And this is Mrs. Bacon Rind," says your guide.
>
> On the grass at the end of the board-floored summer-house you behold what you had half hoped to see; you have come, fortunately, at cooking-time. Here is a large, black-haired woman, not old and not young, seated on her right flank, beside a fire. On the fire is a kettle of boiling grease. On a board beside her are strips of rolled dough. Even while she is twisting these strips into a pretzel-like figure, she looks up, unsmiling, and says, "How?" And that's all the talk you'll get from Mrs. Bacon Rind on this visit.
>
> With her hand she drops the figure of dough into the boiling grease. It swells, doughnut-like, until it grows large enough to cover a dinner-plate.
>
> "They're not doughnuts," says your guide. "That's Indian bread. They eat it all the time."
>
> As carefully as you may, while you are seated on the wooden bench beside Bacon Rind, you consider your surroundings. Here is a long wooden table, big enough to seat twenty. Here are benches for at least that many guests. Here is one rocking-chair—perhaps Mrs. Bacon Rind's—and here is a gaily painted oil-stove.
>
> The stove brings you back to Mrs. Bacon Rind beside her little fire on the green grass. She is drest in a loose and very clean gown of some thin, white stuff. The one visible ankle is clad in black silk. On her feet are the patent-leather slippers, with the ankle-strap of the empire period, which are the latest fashion in red circles in Pawhuska. Mrs. Bacon Rind's patent leathers are many sizes smaller than some of the huge glistening slippers you have seen in the Pawhuska shop-windows. You have heard of such sights as this, but now that you behold it there is nothing very strange about it. If she were at the stove, Mrs. Bacon Rind would be standing on a hard wooden floor; here she is seated on a gay blanket spread on cool grass. Silk stockings and slippers with very low tops are cooler than hot, high moccasins; and, while you can summon to your mind few white women who could even preside at a chafing-dish in such a posture, Mrs. Bacon Rind looks so utterly comfortable and cool and at her ease that you can find no criticism for either her methods of cooking or for her garb.
>
> A rattle of plates attracts your attention; a healthy-looking, blond-haired white girl has come from the kitchen of the house and is setting the table.
>
> "Come in the house," rumbles Bacon Rind suddenly. He has been conversing in the Osage tongue with your guide.
>
> You follow. He takes you in the front door. You find yourself in the "front room," the typical "company parlor" of other days. . . . No small part of Bacon Rind's income has gone for pictorial representations, in oils, water-colors, crayon, and such other mediums as "picture-agents" employ, of many incidents in his life and of many relatives and acquaintances.
>
> What he wants to show you first is a picture of himself at Washington. It was a photograph, originally. Some "picture man" has colored the figures of the government officials who sat or stood in orderly array around Bacon Rind, who is the most gaudily colored of all, and has embedded the picture in a deep gilded frame. While you are considering the depths to which "art" can go, you hear a rumble:
>
> "Come, see this."
>
> On the wall across the room he shows you a glass plaque. On its surface is a painting of the Stars and Stripes and of "Old Abe," the eagle. At the bottom of the plaque, pasted in a square space, is a photograph of as upstanding an American dough-boy as you ever saw.
>
> "My son," rumbles Bacon Rind, tapping himself on the chest. "My son George."
>
> "Did he go to Europe?" you ask.
>
> "Hugh!" grunts Bacon Rind amiably. "Rainbow Division."

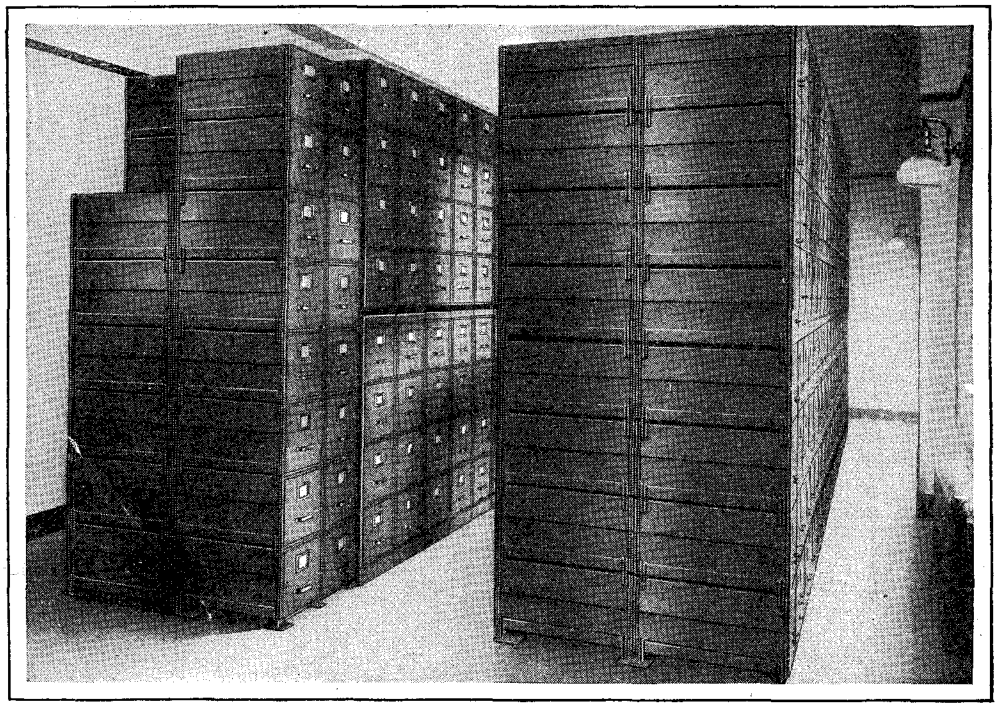
Then the story is told of two feasts given by the prideful Bacon Rind for his son George, to celebrate the latter's war-experiences. We read:

> The first feast was held when word came to Pawhuska that George and the Rainbow Division had got into the fight. There was no news as to how George had come out, but that he had been in battle was enough for the Indian father. He invited everybody to come who would. He bought cattle and had them killed. There wasn't anything to eat in the stores at Pawhuska that he didn't have served. There were dances in the roundhouse; Osage Indians came from everywhere, and those who had grudges against each other—for there are political parties and many feuds within the tribe—made peace gifts to one another of horses and blankets and pipes and so forth. The feast raged for two days, in celebration of the fact that George, the champion shot of the reservation, the fleetest runner, the best wrestler, had at least got his chance to kill Germans.
>
> The second feast was given when George came home. He had medals and a paper from Washington saying that he was a fine fighter. So at the second feast more was eaten than at the first; there were more dancing and more chanting and a livelier exchange of peace presents, and the celebrators endured, physically, much longer.

GF Allsteel

Office Furniture

THE photograph on the right shows *Allsteel* Transfer Cases in the S. S. Kresge Co., Detroit, Mich. Below are shown three *Allsteel* transfer cases. Each case is a separate unit that interlocks with the others. They may be piled as high as you care to pile them, and though loaded to capacity the stack remains rigid and the bottom drawer will open as easily as the top one.



Transfer Problems Solved

TRANSFERRED records are not junk. If they are, throw them away January first, instead of transferring them. If you want them they are worth keeping in security and in get-at-able shape.

What to do with semi-important records and correspondence is completely answered by *Allsteel* transfer cases. They cost little more than wood and are safer, more convenient, and last longer. And—of vital importance—they give maximum filing capacity and take minimum floor space.

Four *Allsteel* transfer cases take the place of five wooden ones. They give protection against fire, and are a permanent investment. In short, in this age of steel, there is no excuse for flimsy transfer cases. Modern business transfers into *Allsteel.*

Allsteel Filing Cabinets

For the filing of current correspondence, cards, and other papers, *Allsteel* vertical files meet the exact and exacting needs of modern business. Rigid and durable as only steel can be, they reflect the permanence of a successful office. They protect valuable records against fire, and take much less space than wooden files.

There is a complete line of *Allsteel* office furniture—desks, safes, tables, shelving, and filing cabinets. *Allsteel* is in use by such firms as Equitable Life Assurance Co., Pennsylvania Railroad, J. P. Morgan & Co., Cadillac Motor Co. *Allsteel* looks its part—the furniture that belongs with success. See the *Allsteel* line at the *Allsteel* store in your city and be convinced. Send for our 88-page illustrated catalogue.

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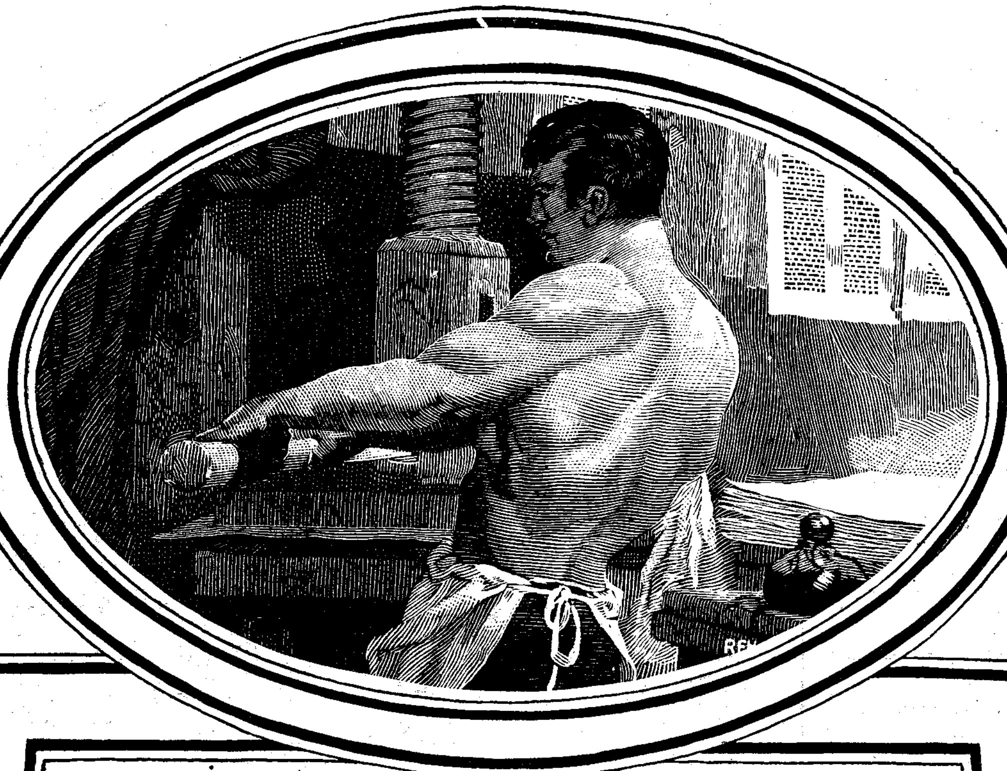

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MIMEOGRAPH
EDISON-DICK

DOUGH-BOYS WHO RAN AWAY AND ARE STILL IN FRANCE

FIVE THOUSAND AMERICAN A. W. O. L.'s are still wandering about France—2,000 of them being in "that dear Paree." They are the youths who were simply dying with *ennui* after the armistice was signed and hence started out to seek excitement. Apparently most of them have found it until they are entirely "fed up," to judge by all reports of the doings of these runaway dough-boys. Take the case of one army driver after the armistice who went joy-riding, "busted" the machine to smithereens, got scared, and ran. Now he drives a laundry-wagon into Paris from one of the suburbs. He has no discharge papers, has lost the pay he had coming, and also his fare back home, and is scared stiff every time he comes to Paris. The French abuse him, and yet he dare not quit. He can't go home to the United States without papers, and he is in constant danger of being nabbed by the French authorities. As he explained to another A. W. O. L. who had been more fortunate, "It's h——." In Paris the American ex-soldiers are held to be desperate characters. The D. C. I. (Department of Criminal Investigation) are afraid of them and let them alone. It is said that the Prefect of Police stated some time ago, in a friendly way, that half the automobiles stolen in Paris are stolen by these remnants of the A. E. F. At least such is the talk of the boulevards, according to Sterling Heilig, who gives an account of the ex-soldiers in an article in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. Some of his information he gained from a lad who, with more luck than most of his companions, was ready to start home with a roll of 5,000 francs in his possession. Of this youth Heilig tells us:

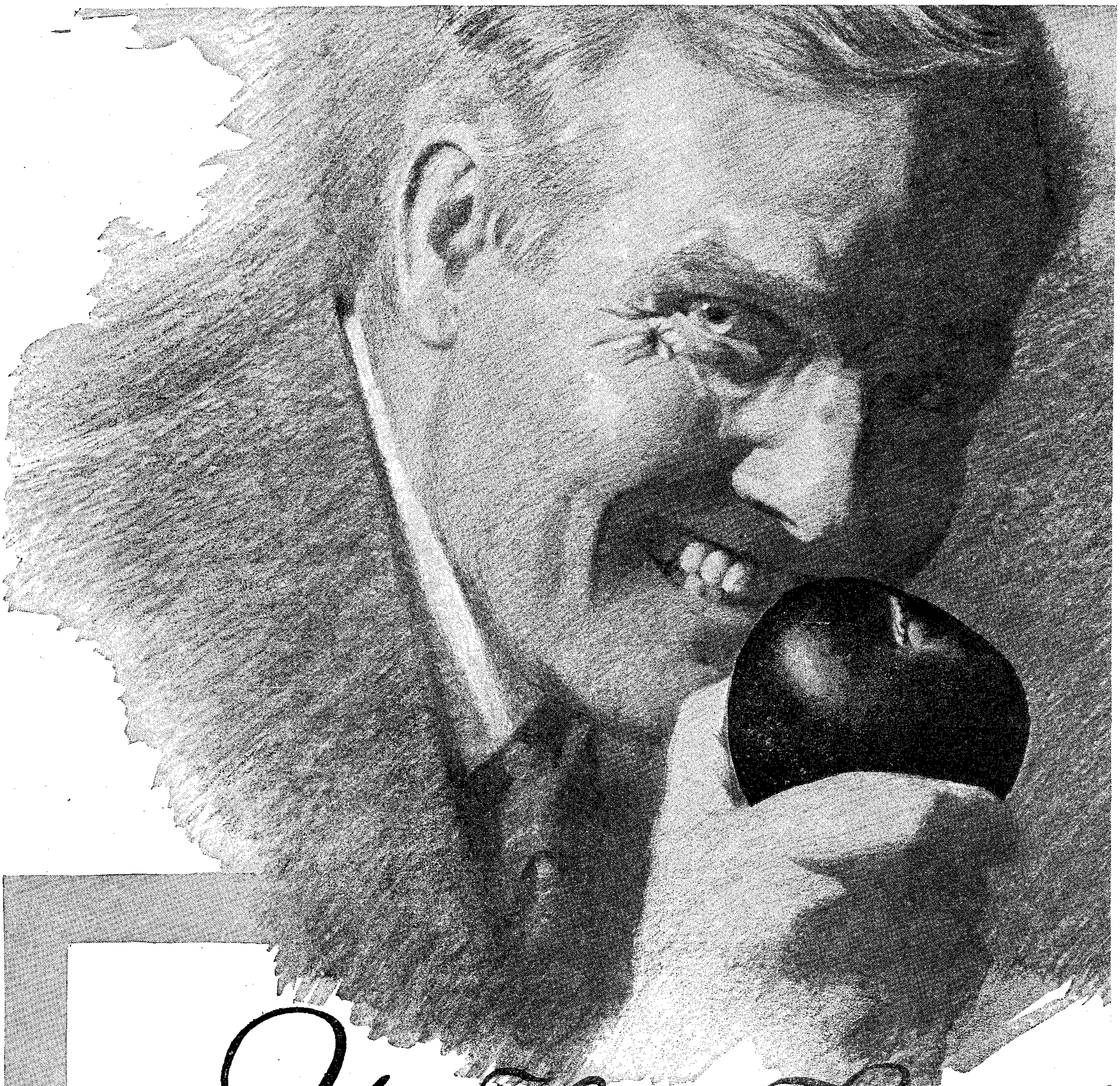
> Jameson, I will call him, student of Massachusetts Tech, came over with the Army and was used in the front line for electrical work. Demobilized in France, he went with a French foundry near Nantes. In the States he learned a lot about making steel alloys, and could produce steel harder than by any process known to these Nantes people. Working with them for French wages, but with sense enough not to show them how he did it, he at last got homesick and told his boss that he was going to quit. The Frenchmen were in consternation. They had built up a reputation for this steel—and did not know how to make it!
>
> "The kid is only twenty-three years old," explains his buddy, "and, being a fool, he sold his process to the French for these 5,000 francs. He might as well have had 100,000 francs!"

This young man told the writer of several fellows he knew and what had befallen them. He said he knew one A. W. O. L. who struck it rich—

> "On a country road he met a French kid boy on a shiny bike. 'Hello, American soldier!' he sings out. 'I'm going to America to be a cowboy, and I've got 300 francs. You carry it!' Runaway kid, sure; and this A. W. O. L. lad was tempted. That's right. He took care of the money; and they slept in a hayrick. Next morning, when he was thinking how to shake the kid, a big blue tourin'-car comes rushing down upon 'em. A. W. O. L. does quick thinkin'! 'Please don't tell them that I blubbed (wept or shed tears) last night!' the kid begged. 'Leave it all to me!' the A. W. O. L. answered; and when the kid's folks jumped out he laughs a good laugh. 'Here we are, O.K., all homeward bound!' and winks to the mother, confidential. 'Here's our money,' he says to her later; 'you, madame, had better keep it till we start off for America again, some day!' By gosh, they took him home with them. He's with them yet. Teaches the kid to box and talk United States—one of the family! In a château!"

This young man also told the writer that it was possible to obtain good jobs with the graves-registration organization. Any fellow could go to work for these people, he maintained, at $180 a month. This was later denied by the Paris post of the American Legion, which gets in touch with a good many A. W. O. L. boys and whose officers understand their situation. Cabot Ward, vice-commander of the Legion in Paris, discust the whole matter of the straying Yankees in detail with Mr. Heilig. We read:

> "The question is brought up," Mr. Ward said, "by certain requests from the States asking what remedy we have if it be true that there are 2,000 American ex-soldiers destitute in Paris.
>
> "It is all lumped together," he continued. "The talk of which you know is one side of the case. The facts are like these: The Legion is in a better position to realize them than any other organization in France. Its Paris post is the bridge-head for all affairs of American soldiers in the land where the war was fought—equally to safeguard their high renown, to foster good relations with France, and to stand by our comrades always!
>
> "Many of our soldiers, for some reason or other, stayed on in France, and an increasingly large number are coming back to France from America, where they were demobilized. This in spite of every effort to dissuade them.
>
> "Many are here legitimately. They married French wives or their experience and qualifications bring them good French salaries. There are also a large number who, tho anxious to make good and often capable of making good, are stranded in France. For such the Legion's Paris post has an extensive bureau. In the past two months its record is 180 men who have been secured positions. It amounts to 20 per cent. of the post's total membership.
>
> "But also there are a great number of other men whom we assist by using every endeavor to give them the means of returning to the United States at once. This is because it is with the greatest difficulty that any positions are secured; and despite all we can do, there are a large number of American ex-soldiers seeking employment in Paris—in vain.
>
> "And, finally, there is a large number of men, variously estimated from 2,000 to 5,000, who had deserted at one time or another. Some of them had previous prison records; such did not exempt them in the draft. Now, unfortunately, French police reports show, all too frequently, that they are at it again. In any case, the Paris post has a legal bureau, which is constantly giving advice to and representing comrades in French legal complications, but it can not help these latter cases of deserters."
>
> On another occasion I saw the post adjutant, Arthur W. Kipling, and the post secretary, C. M. Perkins, both continually on the spot, continually on the job, surrounded by old members and new members and non-members.
>
> "Contradict that talk about the graves job," they said. "The service takes on nobody without satisfactory identity papers and has two applicants for every job. They are chauffeurs, automobile mechanicians, convoyers, checkers, reboxers, stenographers, etc., from $75 to $150 per month. The work you refer to is done by European labor, and no Americans are on it except high-paid specialists, engaged from the States. As for the reparations service, it has six applicants for every job—accountants, stenographers, and special qualifications, at the same salaries, $80 to $150, but men coming from the States to take jobs have better wages. This is true invariably—Americans engaged on this side, in banks, in no matter what, have always and inevitably the poor end of the stick."
>
> I asked about the deserters—this new category of Americans abroad, between the devil and the deep sea, hanging on by the eyelids. What can they do?
>
> "They can surrender!" said the post adjutant. "Sooner or later they will have to do so. No matter how fortunately situated, some day their identity will come up seriously, and then—good night! A man came here last week, asking for 'soldiers' headquarters! We told him there is no such thing in Paris any more. He said: 'I have been A. W. O. L. since last November, and have tried to marry and can not get married, can not get papers, can not quit France, can not live in France. I have gone this way as long as I can; and now I have made up my mind that I will take my medicine.' We sent him to Rue de Tilsitt; and they inform us that they forwarded him to the Army of Occupation."
>
> "Are they severe at Coblenz, with them?"
>
> Neither adjutant nor secretary felt qualified to answer. I should consult the military attaché for such a question; but as from man to man I gathered that "if the A. W. O. L. be since armistice, we think not. Some, we think, go to Leavenworth for a short time, and others are made to serve a while in Germany. But deserters before armistice—they're different!"
>
> The great question is "papers."
>
> "A man without papers can not be helped much, even by the post," they said. "All honorably discharged in France and staying over, no matter how broke, need no passport—their discharge is their passport, none better; all it needs, to return home, is the Passport Bureau's visé. Men demobilized in the States and coming again to France on their own business had to take out a regular passport to sail, and they have it yet. Men coming on seamen's papers have them, even if they jumped their ship. But an ex-soldier without honorable discharge—you can guess his status."



You Know They're G

Before you sink your teeth into a big, luscious Skookum you *know* it'
going to be just the *best apple "a going."*

That name "Skookum" stands for an absolute guarantee of surpassingl
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Skookum's good reputation among apple lovers is priceless. You may b
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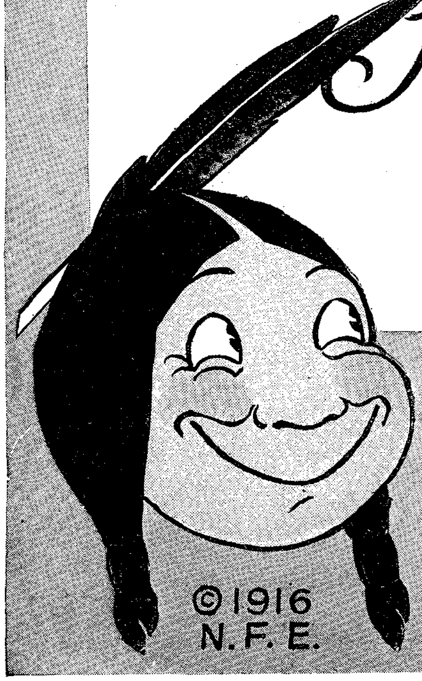

Skook

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World's largest distributors of boxed apples
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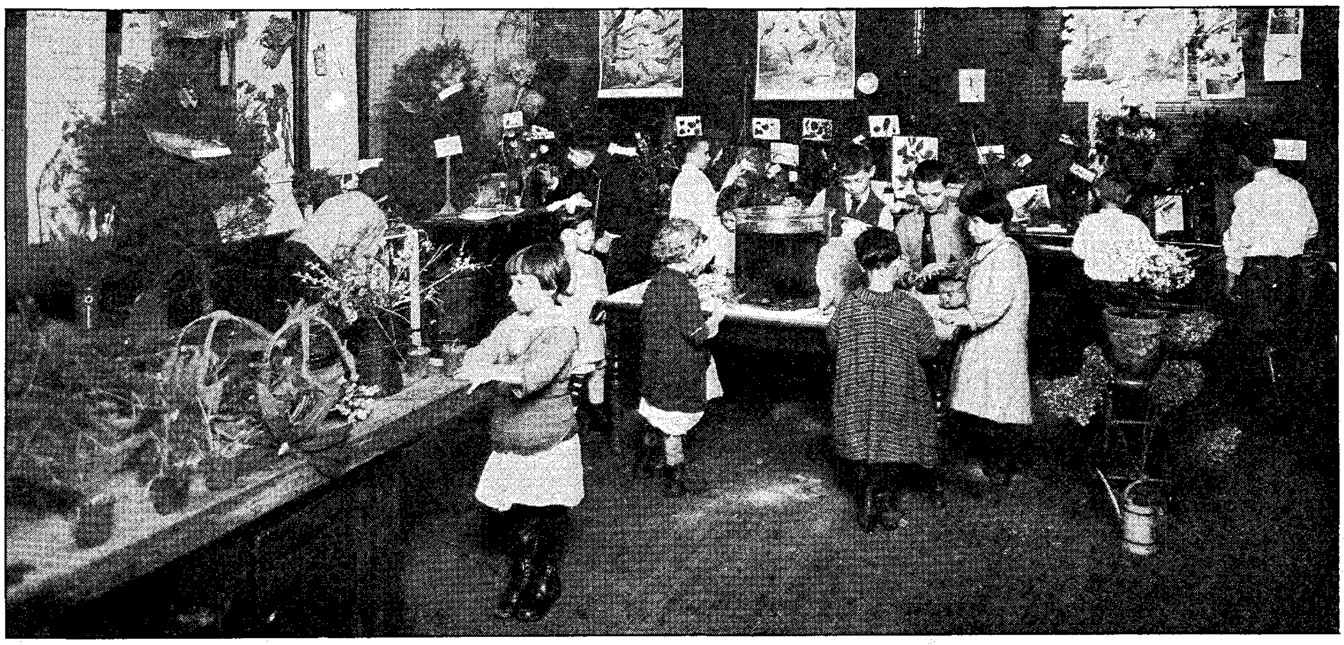

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THEY CALL IT "GOING TO THE COUNTRY."

Through "nature-rooms," provided by the School Nature League of New York City, children who live in a world of brick houses and paved streets are given glimpses of the wonders of woods, fields, and seashore.

BRINGING NATURE TO THE CITY CHILD

"THEM'S SOUP GREENS," ventured one little child when shown some ferns. An ordinary "brown bear" caterpillar was greeted doubtfully as "a frog," "a turtle," "a snake," and "a worm," yet when the children were told what it really was, they glibly informed their questioner that "it turns into a chrysalis and then into a butterfly." They had learned the words, but they had only the vaguest ideas about the thing. For nature, in the congested parts of cities, might be compared to the snakes in Ireland—"there isn't any"—and few grown-ups realize how little the city child really does know of woods and fields and seashore, of birds and animals and flowers. During their early years, too, when everything in the outside world is still full of fascination for them, is the psychological time to interest children in nature, says Mrs. John I. Northrup, who tells in *Natural History* (New York) of the effort of the School Nature League to do something to bring to thousands of children of New York who are condemned to a brick-and-mortar environment some glimpses of this other and more beautiful world. Mrs. Northrup, comments the editor of the magazine, has given herself to the needs of the children of the East Side for more than twenty years—"with energy and good cheer, with large knowledge of nature, and sympathy of understanding for pupils and teachers." It was under her leadership that the League was organized in 1917, and she tells the story of its successful methods:

> Through the kindness of the Board of Education we were allowed the use of vacant rooms in some of the schools for our experiment. Some of the rooms were dark and dingy and some very tiny, but we did our best to transform them into real "nature rooms," making them as "woodsy" as possible with leafy branches, winter bouquets of fruits and seeds, and, when there was sufficient space, with one or more cedar-trees in which mounted birds and squirrels (loaned by the Museum) disported themselves near their nests. Every room has a green expanse of moss and lichen dotted with ferns and here and there a bit of partridgeberry or wintergreen, which we tell the children is what the floor of the woods looks like. Rather surprizingly, this is one of the favorite exhibits, and children never tire of feeling the moss, "so nice and soft."
>
> In another corner is a miniature beach—stretches of sand strewn with pebbles and shells, corals and starfishes. In the rooms that are sufficiently light the beach has in its midst a "sea garden"—a salt-water aquarium with sea-anemones, sea-snails, sea-lettuce, and tiny fish. In the other rooms are fresh-water aquaria with the always fascinating goldfish, "polliwogs," newts, and turtles, and in one or two of the rooms are terraria with garter-snakes and a few frogs or small lizards as inhabitants. Even when the animals move, the children always ask, "Are they real?"
>
> Among these permanent exhibits are tables for seasonable nature material, that these city children may be kept in touch with the changing year, even tho their daily surroundings are grimy brick and mortar. For example, spring comes to the nature rooms in the shape of budding twigs, germinating seeds, sprouting acorns, and early flowers, and on the animal side, in fascinating frog and toad spawn that may hatch before one's very eyes, or cocoons and chrysalises that may disclose their wonderful secrets at any time. Common wild and garden flowers, from the skunk cabbage and crocus to the daisies and roses, keep the flower-tables in the nature rooms bright from April until late in June, when the rooms close.
>
> They are opened again in October, gay with autumn foliage and the wild and garden flowers of fall, together with fruits and seeds of many kinds, the latter arranged to show their method of dispersal. December brings holly, evergreens, and cones to the rooms, while we utilize the tables in January for exhibits of bird and insect homes and their builders, arranging the nests in leafy branches or in their appropriate habitat, with the mounted bird near by (the latter loaned by the Museum); also nests of mud and paper wasps, and perhaps a trap-door spider's fascinating nest in a box of sand; or we may show types of birds and animals, or collections of woods, or of common minerals. Some of these collections are moved about from room to room. In February we bring in the budding twigs, which to the children's endless delight often leaf out and blossom, and we also start seeds germinating, while March ushers in the spring again.
>
> To step out of the dirty, squalid street into these woodsy retreats is a constant surprize to the children. One little visitor asked wonderingly, "Is this a school?" and another said, "This isn't a school, this is a woods," and the little kindergarten children always call a visit to the nature room "going to the country."
>
> If any one doubts that the little people of the East Side love

Paint and Varnish and Real Estate

Paint and varnish contribute to the permanence of real estate. They are the difference between assets and tumble-down values. Good paints and varnishes are the props of profits, year in and year out. They control repair bills and repay thrift in its own coin.

Masury Paints and Varnishes are all first-class. The House of Masury is the only manufacturer of paints and varnishes in the United States which does not make "seconds." "First quality or nothing" is a Masury tradition rigidly respected and jealously maintained.

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The other members of the Masury Big Six are Perfection Flat White and Colors, China Gloss White Enamel, Liquid House Paints, Pure Colors in Oil and Superfine Colors. If you own real estate, it will pay you well to know Masury quality, expressed in paints and varnishes for every known requirement, all as full of merit as

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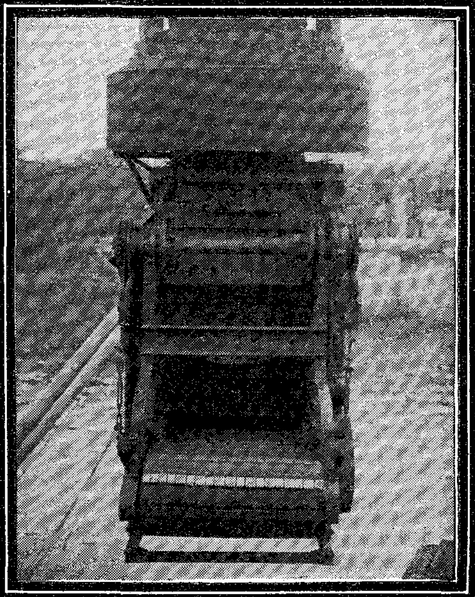
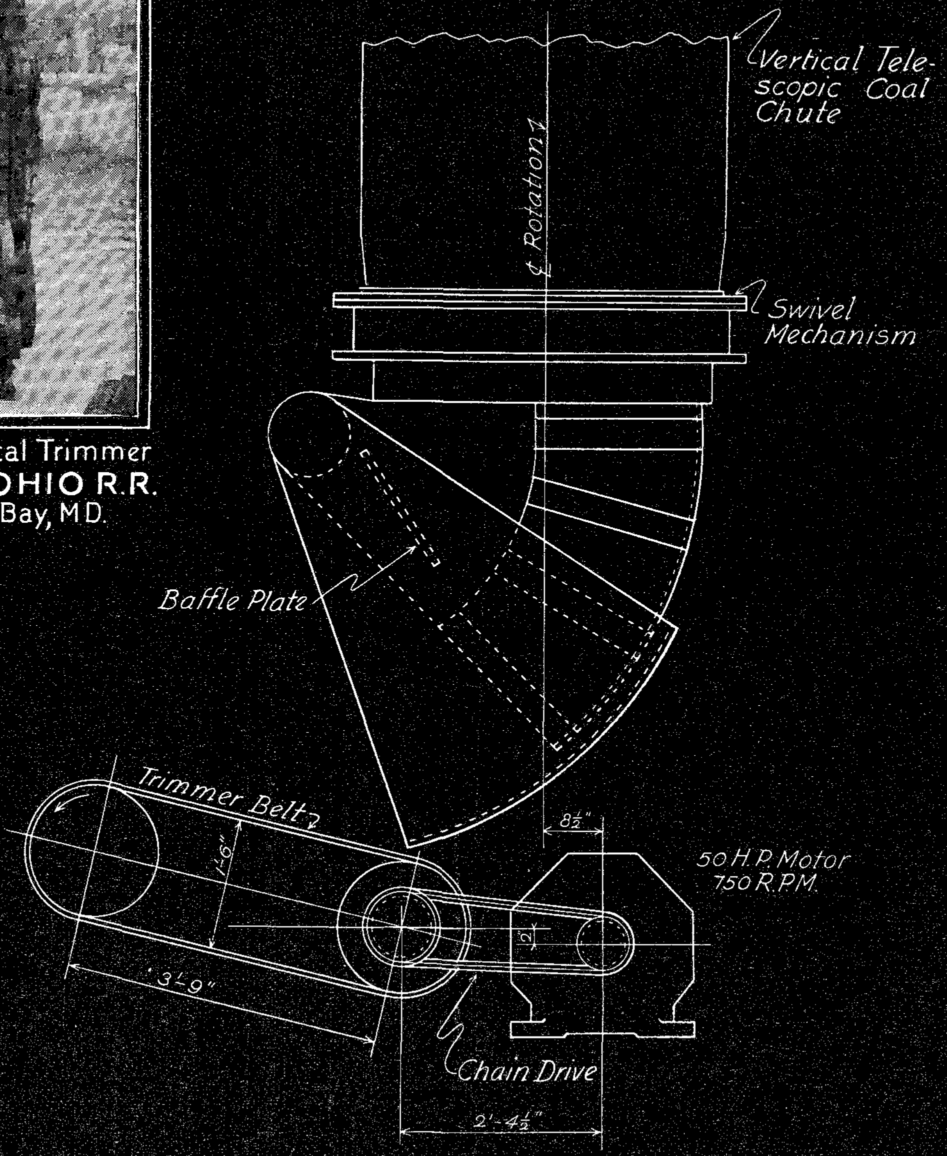


Front View of Mechanical Trimmer
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.
Export Pier, Curtis Bay, MD.


Vertical Tele-scopic Coal Chute
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Swivel Mechanism
Baffle Plate
Trimmer Belt
1'-6"
3'-9"
8½"
50 H.P. Motor
750 R.P.M.
12"
Chain Drive
2'-4½"

OUTLINE OF TRIMMER BELT

Tonnage Handled	*72996*
Belt Speed	*2700 F.P.M.*

G.T.M. Specified: — **GOODYEAR BELT**
48" 8 Ply-⅛" Top-$\frac{1}{32}$" Pulley Cover
Built to Meet Conditions

Blueprint sketch and un-retouched photograph of Goodyear belted mechanical trimmer at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's Export Pier, Curtis Bay, Md.

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Double the Tonnage—and the G.T.M.

Men who rank as experts on belting say that nowhere have they seen or heard of service conditions more severe than those under which the trimmer belt works on the Lane-Galloway Mechanical Trimmer at the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's Export Pier, Curtis Bay, Maryland.

There, in four loading towers, coal in varying sizes from dust to 100- and 200-lb. lumps falls down a telescopic chute from 23 to 44 feet high, onto a baffle plate and thence onto the trimmer belt. This belt, when the trimmer is lowered into the hold of a ship, runs at a high speed, around 2,700 feet per minute, and literally hurls the coal 30 to 40 feet, to all parts of the hold.

The trimming device revolves about a vertical axis and directs the stream of coal from side to side of the ship. The entire apparatus is original. It was developed within the past year by H. A. Lane, Chief Engineer of the B. & O., and Philip G. Lang, Jr., Assistant Engineer of Bridges. It is designed to save time and labor, and how effectively it operates is suggested in the loading of 9,569 tons of coal in 9 hours 33 minutes by two of these trimmers, a job that would have required 25 hours of hand trimming by 200 men.

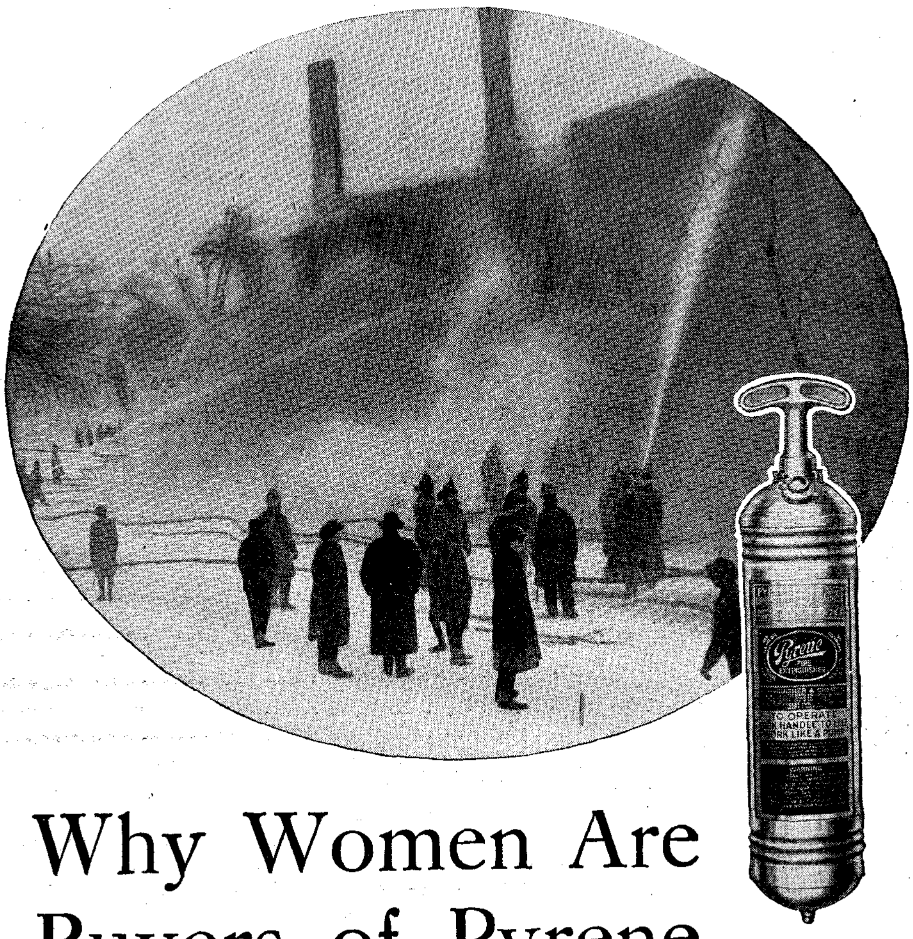
To specify the belt which would most economically and efficiently perform this unique conveying service, stand up under the abrading and pounding action of the falling coal, and run at the speed required to throw the coal, was the problem put up to the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man. In co-operation with the B. & O. officials, he made a careful analysis of the working conditions, and recommended a 48″ 8-ply Goodyear Trimmer Belt of special construction, with 1/8″ top and 1/32″ pulley side cover.

The tonnage record of this Goodyear Belt in this killing service testifies to the value of the G.T. M.'s analysis and the quality of Goodyear design, materials and workmanship. In the month from May 6 to June 6, 1920, it handled 72,996 tons of coal. The greatest tonnage carried by the best of several other kinds of belting used in this duty was 31,994 tons.

"We have tried a number of belts," writes C. W. Galloway, Vice President of the B. & O., "but found the belt manufactured by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company the best. If the performance of this belt is an indication of what can be expected, it is far in excess of anything we have tried, and I congratulate you on the performance of your product." Twenty-eight more of these Goodyear Belts have been ordered by the B. & O. for its trimmers.

However difficult or involved your conveying or transmission problem, its solution may be discovered through an analysis by the G.T. M., and the performance of the belt he recommends. Goodyear Belts are built to the duty required, and they are so built as to protect our good name. For further information about Goodyear products, and the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

CONVEYOR BELTS



Why Women Are Buyers of Pyrene

The reason is simple: It is woman's ancient instinct to defend home and children. Her modern judgment selects the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher as the best defense against fire.

Woman's intuitive trend toward Pyrene is confirmed by facts: 73 per cent of preventable fires are caused by stoves, furnaces, boilers and pipes. And 12 per cent of preventable fires are caused by defective flues and chimneys.

How often have you shuddered at the thought of fire in your home! But is Pyrene on hand to fight it?

Fire is always unexpected. Each year it destroys thousands of homes. Yearly it claims 15,000 lives—mostly women and children.

Install Pyrene now. Know the security of providing a permanent safeguard against fire. Price $10. Pyrene saves 15% on automobile fire insurance premiums.

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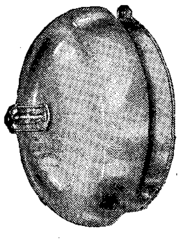

Pyrene FIREKLOK—Placed at home danger spots, near the furnace or in the kitchen, Fireklok gives instant warning of fire. A hand extinguisher can then be used immediately and the fire put out before it can grow large and cause damage.

Pyrene and Fireklok are sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

birds and flowers, says Mrs. Northrup, let him come to Public School No. 62 any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon from three to four-thirty o'clock. She continues:

> The moment the door is open the youngsters crowd in, from toddlers of three and four, escorted by an older sister or brother, to boys and girls of the junior high schools, who ask to see all sorts of things they have read about. A number come regularly and act as guides to their friends, proudly pointing out the terrarium where the snake lives, the shark's jaw with its generous supply of teeth, hanging by the window, the stuffed squirrel and his nest in the cedar-tree, or showing how the puffballs on the moss table "puff." The room is evidently a fairyland to them, and we have hard work to get them out at closing time. They walk about from table to table, some of them taking notes, and their delight is unbounded when they find something they have before known only in books. The regular visitors look about for new arrivals on the tables and several of them say that they come every week, and that they know everything that is in the room.
>
> A group will stand spellbound with shining eyes and parted lips while we talk to them about the different kinds of nests, point out the front door of the woodpecker's hole, and the chisel-like bill with which he made it, or let them inspect the wonderful weaving of the oriole's cradle, or tell them how the chimney-swift makes its curious nest, or the marvel of the humming-bird's tiny home. They are just as much interested in the shells and starfish and corals on the beach or the spore plants on the moss table, in the "dust" in the puffballs and earth-stars, and where the spores are to be found in the ferns and mosses and club-mosses. After a talk of this kind one child wrote: "I thank you for staying in that afternoon and teaching us a wonderful lesson about flowerless plants. Puffballs, I think, are the most curious plants I saw. I love to see them have their spores out of a little hole." Another wrote: "I go to the nature-room every week; I like it better than the movies"; while a third said: "I went down to the nature-room and I saw everything. I saw all kinds of flowers and I saw all kinds of plants. I saw all kinds of fishes and starfish and I saw frogs' eggs."
>
> That the interest of the children is more than a transient curiosity is proved by the report of the librarians of the neighboring Seward Park Library, who said they could not understand the unprecedented demand for nature books until they saw the nature-room. The children are also so full of the wonders of the room that in many cases they importune their teachers until they come to visit the room with them.
>
> Realizing that the occasional visits to the nature-room, which are all that is possible in most cases, are not enough, the League provides for "follow-up work" in the classrooms by supplying the teachers with specimens which the children can watch and study at leisure. Even if the teacher can find little time for regular lessons, the developing twig, sprouting seed, or growing tadpole teaches its own fascinating story.
>
> Two of the nature-rooms are kept open on certain afternoons every week from three until half-past four to give teachers an

opportunity to come for nature material. During 1919 we supplied 576 teachers representing 26 different schools with such things as fruits and seeds, autumn foliage, winter bouquets, birch-bark (taken from "down timber" only), mosses, lichens, fungi, evergreens, cones, frog spawn, birds' and wasps' nests, shells. When teachers are sufficiently interested to become members of the League (by the payment of fifty cents a year) we also give them Audubon leaflets, as well as others we have ourselves published on buds, fruits, seeds, and on lower plants. We label their specimens, tell them how to care for the material, and help in every way we can.

After three years' experiment with these nature-rooms, the League feels that even in the heart of a great city nature can be made to mean something to the child. The work thus far, says Mrs. Northrup, is only a beginning—there should be a nature-room in every city school. There is usually one nature enthusiast among the teachers who would take charge of it, and there should be a director of nature study just as there is now a director of sewing, drawing, music, or cooking. Why, she asks, can not the great city which is looking after the child's physical well-being, his eyes, his teeth, his lunches, also remember that "man does not live by bread alone," that these children long to see the beautiful things of wood and field, to sit at the feet of Mother Nature and learn some of her secrets? And the writer pleads:

> Do we not owe them at least a peep into nature's fairyland before they are engulfed by the great city and become too sophisticated to want it?
>
> Moreover, there is a very practical side to this work. One of the crying needs of the times is "more people on the farms." Why neglect the opportunity then to interest the children in the wonderful and beautiful things of nature when they are at the most impressionable age, so that they will be glad to live in the country when they grow up? One boy who often visited the nature-room confided to his teacher that when he grew up he wanted to be a scientist and live in the country, where he could see and learn all about these things. Why should not the nature-rooms prove laboratories for the making of scientific farmers? Is not the experiment worth trying?

HOW TO PLANT TREES ON A SIDE-HILL—A suggestion that may prove helpful to tree-planters is given in a letter written to Mayor Dumont Kennedy, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, by Mrs. Vene Kelly, of Fremont, Ohio, who writes:

> I have been reading this morning an article in THE LITERARY DIGEST of August 28 telling of your love of trees and your success with them. I am an old lady eighty years old, confined to a wheel-chair with rheumatism for the last nine years, so you see I cannot plant trees any more, but I dearly love them. In a married life of over sixty-five years I have planted trees of different kinds in five homes. As soon as we bought a place I planted fruit- and shade-trees, and they almost always grew, and I was very proud of them.

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Are YOUR Clothes Individual?

Are you one of those nice blue-serge women who wear just what the other nine bought at the same time?

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Poiret took seal brown velvet, red lacquer Chinese buttons, and the demurest of white ruches to make this unusual frock with its mediaeval air of detachment denied by that ultra-modern roll of the material around its ample skirt. This is just one of the interesting, and quite different, models shown in every issue of Vogue.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

> I planted maple-trees for shade in front of my house on a side-hill, but the moisture ran off so quickly that they did not live. Then I buried an old splint bushel-basket, with the top six inches below the surface, and planted the tree in this in suitable soil, and the basket retained enough water to keep the roots living. It is now a large tree, and I am very proud of it tho it is no longer my property.
>
> I believe there is hardly any one thing more necessary to teach than the love and cultivation of trees.
>
> This place where I live is a very pretty clean town of about twelve thousand, and people and streets are shaded by a great number of large trees, principally maple, tho there are a great many original oak and other kinds of forest trees.

BARE CUPBOARDS THAT MAY BE REPLENISHED FOR THE WINTER BIRDS

IT is a bitterly cold day, and the keen wind blowing down from the icy north cuts to the bone. All human beings not driven out by necessity are safely housed. Snow covers the ground, and in the dazzling sunshine there is no warmth. As a friend of wild creatures sits secure in his warm room, looking out over the snowy back-yard he sees two birds come flying down and settling among the derelict corn-stalks of last year's garden. Hunched up in the snow, they look very much like bob-whites, but something about their bills seems to belie that assumption. Presently one spreads his steering-gear and flies—and the mystery is solved. They are meadow-larks. "Poor little fellows!" says Manley B. Townsend in *The Christian Register* (Boston). "Hungry and cold they must be. Being ground feeders, they are put to desperate straits these days." They are picking at the husks of a few dwarfed ears of corn, meager fare enough, but help is at hand, for, says the writer:

> Procuring a wide board, and all the crumbs and food-scraps I can scrape together, I sally forth. The birds promptly take themselves off, but soon return. They stalk about over the snow, for meadow-larks, like blackbirds, jays, crows, starlings, and grackles, walk, instead of hop, as do most passerine birds. Presently they chance upon the spread feast. Providence has been good to them. They care not whence it came, but accept it thankfully. Half-famished, they fall upon it with an eagerness born of long days of semi-starvation. They "lick the platter clean," then sit about in supreme content. At last the sinking sun, abandoning an utterly cold, bleak world, warns them that they must seek shelter for the night, and they fly away. That night they sleep warm and content for the first time for many weeks. With full stomachs and digestion keeping up the internal fires, there is a full head of steam in their blood-vessels. Birds will not freeze if full fed and out of the wind. Only when their stomachs are empty do they succumb to the cold.
>
> Since then the meadow-larks have been coming regularly to the feast. They have grown plump with good feeding. With them have come others, jays and starlings and the ubiquitous English sparrows. Undesirable as are the latter, I have not the heart to drive them away in such an extremity. From this daily feeding I derive much pleasure. I have come to watch for the arrival of my guests. If they are not on time for breakfast I begin to get anxious, and when they come I am distinctly relieved. They have become my friends, and I theirs. I shall miss them when the snow departs and they move away, as they will.

But what about the birds out in the woods? They, too, are in dire need, especially the ground-feeders such as the bob-whites and the pheasants. Many must inevitably perish, but we can save some of them if we will, says Mr. Townsend, and tells how he sets out on his errand of mercy:

> We strap on our snow-shoes, and, generously provided with bags of grain, sally forth into a world of green and white and blue. The sun shines brightly. The snow-clad pines, against the cerulean sky, make an unrivaled color-scheme. Through the woods, under the pines, across the fields, we trudge to the shores of a woodland pond. A light snow has fallen during the night and is crisscrossed, in places, with the tracks of the children of the wild.
>
> Crows caw vociferously from the tree-tops. Jays, cousins of the crows, and pirates like their black relatives, scream raucously in protest against our intrusion. A downy woodpecker here and a brown creeper farther on are gleaning the tree-trunks for food. Wintry little chickadees call cheerily from the thickets and come close, peering into our faces in the friendliest way. Tree-sparrows are feeding on the weed-seeds that project above the snow. A flock of goldfinches, in a gray birch top, is feasting on the seeds, scattering the scales in a mimic shower. These scales cover the ground below and look for all the world like miniature flying birds. It is interesting to watch the goldfinches at their feeding. When they attack a seed cone, they do not peck at random, but begin at the extreme tip. Seeds and scales are packed together in such a way that if the tip is loosened, they unravel, as it were, in regular order. This is nature's way of securing uniform distribution by the wind, a few seeds at a time. The birds have fathomed the secret and profited thereby.
>
> An old abandoned barn yields a genuine surprize. As we approach and look within, a number of big woodpeckers fly out and go shooting away in long, undulating flight. Then we notice that the birds have drilled the sides of the old barn full of holes. We count twenty-five of them in the four sides. Doors and windows stand wide open, but the flickers ignore them. They must have their own entrances and exits.
>
> The pond is hard frozen, but at the outlet there is a little space of open water. The snow about this is trodden by the tracks of scores of little wild feet, mostly of the bob-white. Among them, however, are the tracks of several pheasants, and one trail of the ruffed grouse. His snow-shoes, for the ruffed grouse grows snow-shoe fringes on his toes every winter, leave an unmistakable impression. Here is where many birds come to drink when water is hard to find. Here is the place to scatter our grain.
>
> We tramp down the snow and deposit a liberal portion here, then up under the red cedar and by the barberries we scatter other portions, where the tracks tell us the birds resort. They have gathered nearly everything edible. The fruits of the viburnum and dogberry shrubs were gleaned before autumn had passed. Now every last ground juniper, red cedar, black alder, and wax-myrtle berry has been taken by the starving birds. The birch seeds are practically all harvested. The scarlet fruits of the sumac, hard and unpalatable, have been left to the last. Now they are being eaten, tho with little relish, and only as a last desperate resource. The black fruit of the catbrier alone remains untouched. It must be distasteful, indeed, to be passed by in this period of desperate need. Perhaps, the bob-whites and pheasants would not refuse it, but it hangs beyond their reach. Our grain all scattered, we return home with empty bags and hearts full of pity, determined to go again, and as often as need shall be, to the relief of these sore-prest little folk. Our trip into the snowy woods has benefited us physically, mentally, and morally.

The custom of feeding the birds in winter is increasing, says the writer, and it is a form of bounty that yields rich returns. This is a case where "it blesses him that gives and him that takes," and where "it is more blessed to give than to receive," for, he goes on:

> There is a peculiar happiness in ministering to the necessities of any innocent wild creature. There is also joy in watching the little visitor as he creeps up the trunk of the tree where you have tied your suet, or as he hops upon your feeding-tray for seeds and scraps. You can coax the chickadees, nuthatches, purple finches, juncos, bluejays, downy and hairy woodpeckers, evening grosbeaks, and other birds to your windows, where you can watch them at leisure. You find yourself watching expectantly for the regular visits of your pensioners. You are disappointed if they do not appear regularly on time, and correspondingly rejoiced when they do come.
>
> I shall not soon forget the pleasurable thrill I experienced one Thanksgiving day, when, on sitting down to my Thanksgiving dinner, I glanced out of the window and saw a little downy woodpecker sitting down to his Thanksgiving dinner, too—a meal of fat suet I had tied to the apple-tree. My heart was gladdened. Turkey and cranberry-sauce and pumpkin pie tasted better, and my own thankfulness was the more fervent because I had a little feathered guest out there enjoying my hospitality. Feed the birds in winter and you will be richly repaid. Try it and see.

Directions that will help those who wish to add to the birds' winter larder are given by Beecher S. Bowdish in *National Property-Owner* (New York), with the kindly admonition that, once established, the food supply should be regular and unfailing. Mr. Bowdish, who is secretary of the New Jersey Audubon Society, writes:

> Almost no expense need be entailed in equipment for bird-feeding, and while a reasonable amount can be profitably spent for food, some acceptable foods can be

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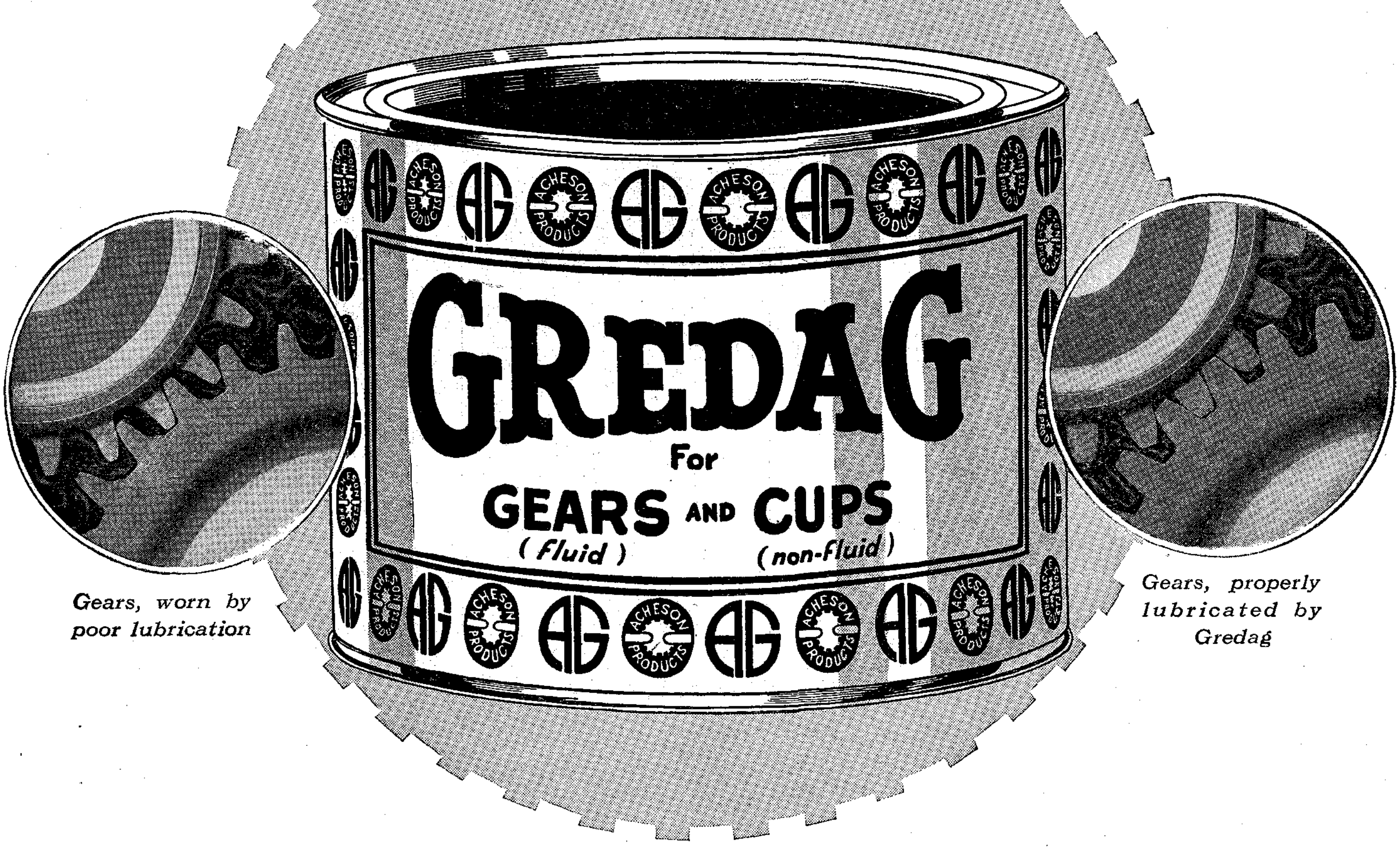

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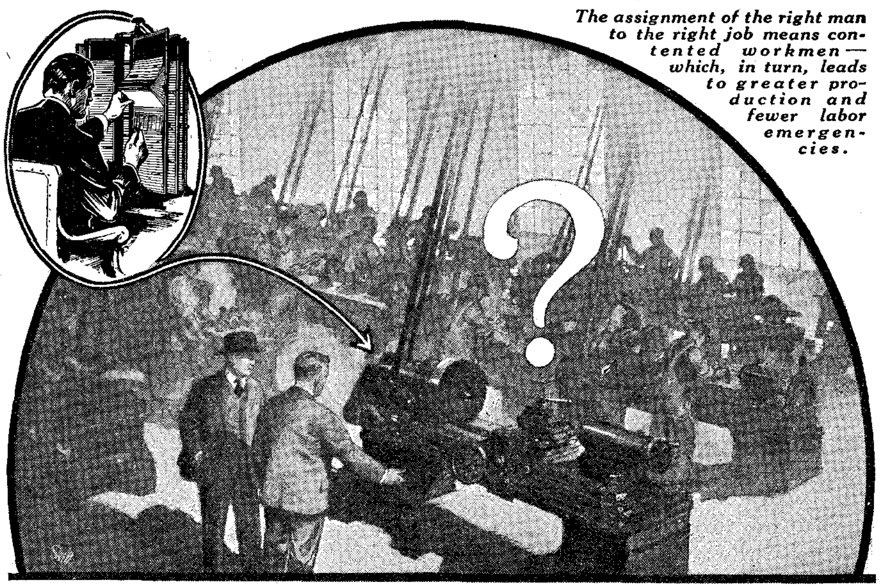

The assignment of the right man to the right job means contented workmen—which, in turn, leads to greater production and fewer labor emergencies.

"Burns has quit—who can fill his job?"

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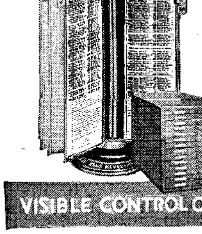


BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

provided at very little cost. Various grass- and weed-seed may be secured from the bottoms of hay-lofts or stacks when the hay is removed, or from the cleanings of threshed grain, at nominal, if any, cost other than the little labor involved. Seeds of melon, pumpkin, squash, and cucumber, and of apples may be dried and saved. Children can be interested in helping thus to establish a winter bird-food supply. Sunflower seed is a great favorite with many birds, and sunflowers may often be grown along borders, on ground not otherwise utilized. Seed, crumbs, and scraps from the table may be scattered on a sheltered porch or some protected bit of ground about the home, but cats and dogs are liable to eat the scraps and crumbs, even if they do not ambush the birds at such food-stations, therefore the most satisfactory feeding arrangements provide bird tables sufficiently above the ground to safeguard both food and bird. A shelf may be made at a second-floor window, a foot in width and the length of the window-sill. It is well to provide a slight rim about the edges, to prevent seed from being blown off. On one end a small food-hopper is placed, its principle being exactly that of the poultry food-hoppers sold by dealers. Near this an upright piece of tree-branch is set, in which large auger-holes are filled with broken nut meats, over which melted suet is poured and allowed to harden. Sunflower, melon, squash, cucumber, apple, or other seed of large size may be heaped on the main part of the shelf. The hopper is supplied with canary-, millet-, and hemp-seed, or a substitute of weed- and grass-seed. The shelf thus placed is convenient for cleaning off snow and renewing food supply. It should be preferably at a window with southern exposure.

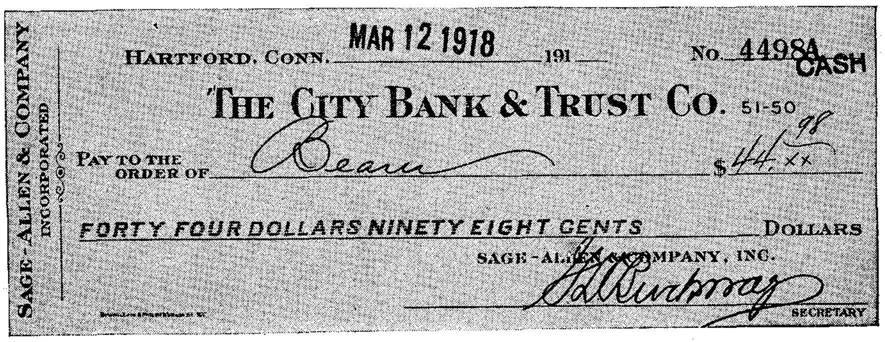
Similar shelves may be placed in the lower branches of trees, where they are accessible by means of a short step-ladder. These are sometimes supplied with a roof, back, and ends, leaving the front only open. The ends may have glass, to provide the shelf with more light. The more openly the food is exposed the more readily it is discovered and visited by the birds. On the other hand, it is important to protect it from being covered by snow and ice. Weather-vane food-houses serve both the purpose of protecting the food and of preventing its being monopolized by English sparrows. They can be easily and inexpensively made by any one who is handy in simple mechanical work. One design provides for a triangular shape, enclosed except for front glass windows in sides, a metal socket which sets over top of iron pipe upright support, and the weather-vane at top of front. The movement has a tendency to make the wary English sparrows suspicious and prevent their monopolizing the food-station.

Suet is a popular bird-food, providing birds with very essential heat and nourishment elements for winter. It is also taken more sparingly in summer by woodpeckers, nuthatches, chickadees, and blue-jays. It may be attached to tree-trunks or limbs by means of wrappings of twine or wire, or wire mesh cover, or by nailing, but can be supplied with much greater convenience and economy by use of specially designed suet-holders. Suet can also be provided in a similar manner at food-shelves and stations. Wire mesh should be about three-eighths inch mesh, to permit the birds to obtain the suet freely, while guarding against wastage.

LOCKED UP WITH A PAIR OF COBRAS

WITH a yell the animal dealer rushed for the door. Some cages had fallen, crushing open a long box containing two cobras, and before the dealer could do anything the two snakes were after him, poised to strike, like two green candlesticks, six feet high. He banged the door after him and tumbled down-stairs, safe for the moment. But something had to be done to catch the venomous reptiles, so he telephoned for the snake expert at the Zoo to come and help him. Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, whom he summoned, has associated with the reptiles of the New York Zoological Gardens for twenty-one years, so he knew what should be done. He armed himself with a bag and a stick, and took with him a keeper outfitted like himself. He found the upper floor, where the snakes were presumably cavorting, barricaded, and everybody about the place with nerves on the jump. One thing was in the favor of the hunters—the windows were screened with fine meshed wire, so the cobras couldn't get out that way, and, therefore, they must be somewhere in the loft. The battle royal that followed is described by Mr. Ditmars in the New York *Herald:*

> The keeper and I went up with our sticks and bags. Each stick was provided with a noose that we hoped to get around the reptiles' necks, and thus save them alive. The animal dealer accompanied us to the door but couldn't be persuaded to go any further, so the man and I went in and closed the door behind us. Next minute I heard the key turn in the lock. "What are you doing?" I yelled. "Unlock that door. It may be we'll have to run for it." "All right," said the dealer, "I'll unlock it," and I thought he did so, but I hadn't any time to find out, for instantly the serpents were reared up in the striking pose. They almost touched the roof, and their object was to strike us.
>
> I told the keeper to reach the noose, which was made of heavy copper wire, over the swaying head of one and pull it down, while I did the same to its mate. But the snakes didn't permit us to do that little trick easily. They darted forward and back, disappeared until we didn't know where to look for them, and as we were looking in one place appeared again in a dark corner. It was a fight to the death, or seemed so, and we were sweating freely from our rapid exercise—more like a fantastic dance than anything I can liken it to. The cobras went forward and back and so did we, and each partner kept his eyes fastened relentlessly on the enemy.
>
> On they came at last in what was meant to be a last dash, and back we went as far as the space would permit, whirling the sticks before those perfectly poised deadly heads. Candlesticks, did I call 'em? They looked to me by this time like death-heads. The two came on together, and that made it more dangerous.
>
> I think one thing only saved us that



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World's largest makers of check-protecting devices and forgery-proof checks.

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Send me the Scratcher Book—and details of the Protectograph Anti-Forgery System.
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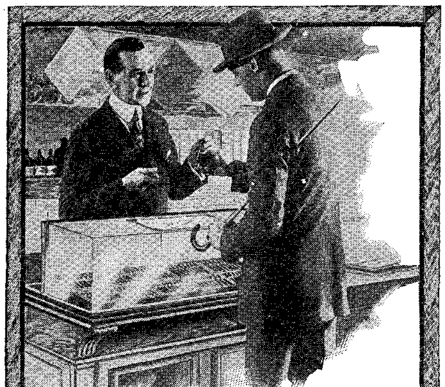

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you have a right to expect the most efficient, durable and thoroughly satisfactory fountain pen that money can buy.

You have more than the right to expect it—you have the guarantee of its maker backed by a service that extends to every corner of the civilized globe, to assure it.

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191 Broadway, New York
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

day. The floor was covered with loose boards, and, as I afterward found, they were slippery. As the cobras sailed across to get us they faltered, feared to lose their pose—the deadly striking pose, and drew back.

That was our time to rush in and get the nooses over their heads. I succeeded, but the keeper failed. The cobra disappeared and the keeper got to his feet with a grunt, for he had fallen headlong. On came his cobra again, for these reptiles will never give up in a fight, and this time he got the noose over it.

"Get on him and hold him down!" I yelled while trying to perform this feat to the wriggling mass in front of me. At length I did get my feet planted on the cobra's neck and I reached out for the bag; it wasn't difficult to wriggle it into the bag, and after I had tied it with a rope I could go to the other fellow's assistance.

We had both serpents safe when there came a frightened voice from the other side of the door demanding to know if we were still alive.

"Yes, we are, but no thanks to you," I answered the dealer, "and now, you poor coward, you can unlock the door. We've got both the cobras bagged. How much do you want for them?"

The dealer, still trembling, peeked through a crack in the door and, said he: "Seeing that you've helped me out I'll sell them to you for $50 apiece. That's dirt cheap for a pair of lively cobras."

"I'll give you $25 and not a cent more," said I.

"Impossible to let 'em be sacrificed," said the dealer. "That wouldn't be a fair price for two old faded-out cobras, and these are young, lively, and in the best of health, as you can see for yourself."

I took out my knife and says I:

"Twenty-five dollars it is or I slit the bags!"

Oh, yes, I took the cobras away at my figure. The keeper and I were a little played out with the exercise and hungry and thirsty as well. So before starting back to the Zoo we went into a little café near Park Row to refresh ourselves. We had the two cobras in a basket, that we placed under the table near our feet. Along came a friend of mine, who sat down near us and ordered a hearty lunch. As he was eating it a hollow hiss sounded from the basket.

"What kind of a monkey have you got in there?" asked my friend, peering under the table at the basket.

"No monkey," I replied; "just a couple of cobras recently arrived from India."

He turned pale, and, getting up, reached for his hat, saying: "Somehow I seem to have lost my appetite."

These two reptiles became the life of the reptile-house. They lived for several years, the male continuing to be lively and impetuous, altho the female soon grew "dopey" and slept most of her captivity away. They were in the special charge of the head keeper, Toomey, who soon learned that the male cobra, "devilish, dangerous, and deadly," bold to an extreme, feared but one implement, a broom, and Dr. Ditmars says:

To bring this venomous reptile to terms, Toomey had only to shove the bristles of the broom toward him, when he would coil up in a state of deadly terror and remain coiled for a day. But we had to invent a safety device to be used on the front of their cage at feeding-time. By means of a double door we could insert a snake for their breakfast or dinner into a vestibule as it were, then, opening the inner door, the sacrificial snake would glide in and the cobra would seize it. Just one shot of its deadly weapon was necessary; the cobra's poison kills like an enormous voltage of electricity.

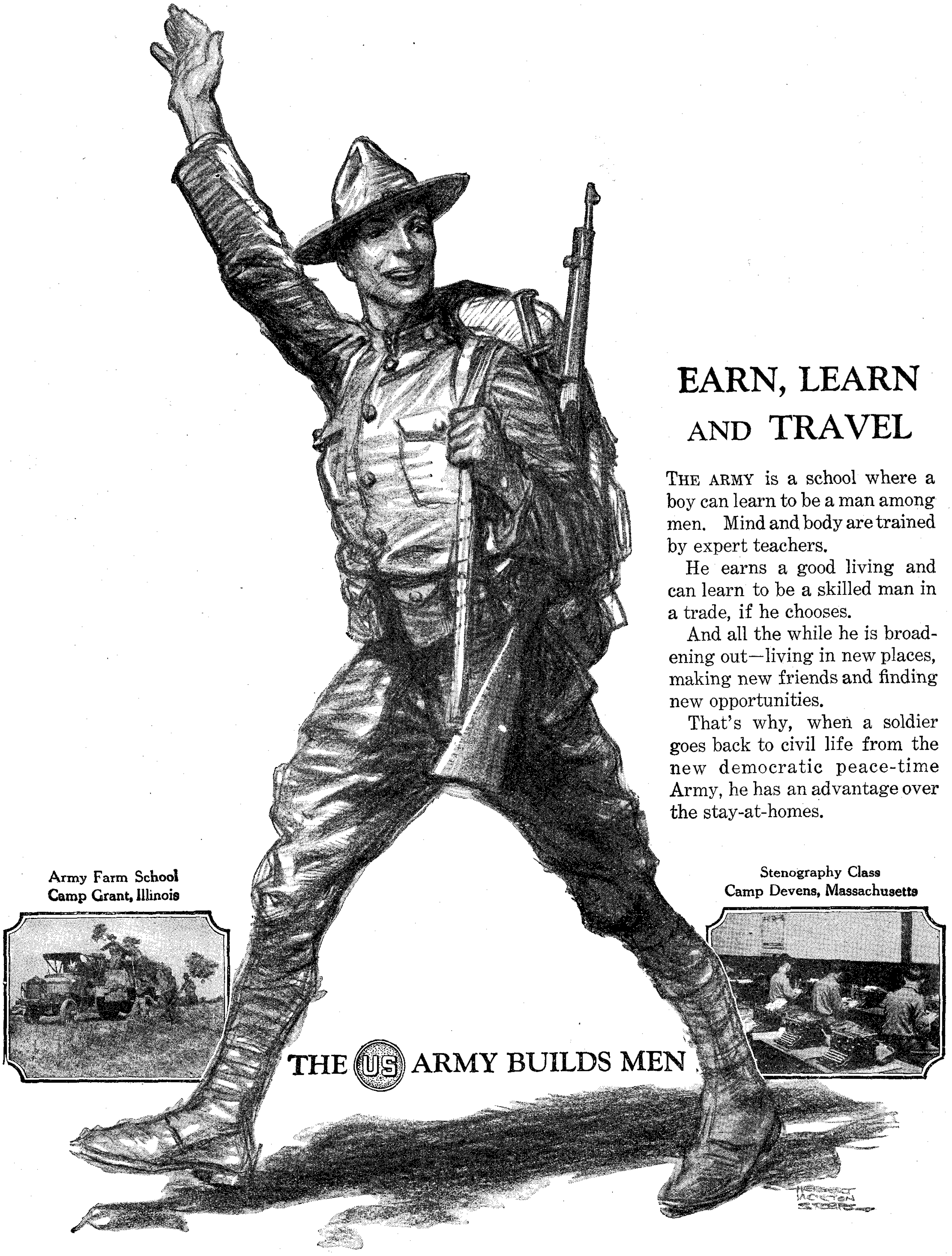
That statement reminds me to say that reptiles deal out death more mercifully than mammals. The great beasts trifle with their prey and prolong the agony of death. Not so the deadly reptiles, the boa, anaconda, cobra, rattlesnake, or others of the viper family. One squeeze by the boa and his victim is dead, one prick of his wonderful hypodermic apparatus, and the prey of the cobra is beyond feeling. It is instantaneous, or nearly so.

The *ophiophagus* family is not so numerous as travelers would often have us believe, and as they no doubt believe themselves, for after a person has seen a cobra he is apt to fancy he sees one in every crooked stick lying in his pathway. This is well, for he takes good care not to tread on that crooked stick; he feels no curiosity to find out whether or not it is a snake.

"*Ophiophagus*" means snake-eater, and that is the only food the cobra will take—snake.

"OLD POT," FRIEND OF ROOSEVELT, AND PARTICULAR ENEMY OF COUGARS

WHEN the cougars first swept down upon the Kaibab Plateau, out in Arizona, and held a bloody orgy among the horses, cattle, and sheep, "Old Pot" was not yet born. And when he was born, a few years later, nobody would have supposed that the unlucky little puppy would live to trail to their death six hundred and seven cougars and lead in the fight that saved the cattle and sheep industry from extinction in a section of sixteen thousand square miles, making the Arizona "Strip" a safe place once more for flocks and herds. Incidentally, he became a firm friend of Colonel Roosevelt. The dog was bred for cougar-hunting, by Uncle Jim Owen, one of the Government's predatory animal-hunters, to whom the task of ridding the plateau of its pest was assigned. What Uncle Jim wanted was a dog that would have exceptional ability to follow a scent, with a set of legs that could keep up with the swift, leaping cats. So he crossed a bloodhound and an English staghound, hoping to get a dog possessing the required qualities. But in November, 1906, three puppies were born dead; a few days later Pot was born, and his mother died. The poor little blind orphan was not expected to live, and the stockmen who had been impatiently watching Uncle Jim and his experiments became derisive and began to move their herds to new pastures. But Pot fooled them all. Much to Uncle Jim's delight and astonishment he insisted upon living, and Thomas Heron McKee tells in *The American Magazine* (New York) of


THE US ARMY BUILDS MEN
HERBERT PAUS? STOEL?

EARN, LEARN AND TRAVEL

THE ARMY is a school where a boy can learn to be a man among men. Mind and body are trained by expert teachers.

He earns a good living and can learn to be a skilled man in a trade, if he chooses.

And all the while he is broadening out—living in new places, making new friends and finding new opportunities.

That's why, when a soldier goes back to civil life from the new democratic peace-time Army, he has an advantage over the stay-at-homes.

Army Farm School
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Cozy Comfort
In every room
REZNOR

Warm Friends

The Reznor has made over a million warm friends because it is such a warm friend itself. The striking of a match, a turn of the finger—bright cheerful rays of heat pour out, flooding the floors with brilliant warmth that radiates quickly to the darkest, dampest, dismallest corner of the room.

Reznor Reflector Gas Heaters

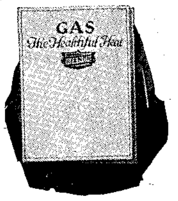
The copper reflector directs the heat to the cold floors, where you live. Spreading out like a warm blanket, it rises in mellow waves of comfort and bathes the whole room in cozy cheerfulness.

The Reznor utilizes a gas pressure as low as one-half ounce, when the kitchen range cannot even be lighted.

The scientific burner, improved during thirty years of efficient service, gives complete combustion. It warms the fresh air without fouling it. Booklet on this subject free upon request.

The Reznor Heater was demonstrated very successfully under the extreme low pressure of one-half ounce in connection with the conservation display of cooking ranges and gas heaters which attracted so much favorable attention and interest at the Second Annual Convention of the Ohio Gas and Oil Men's Association, held at Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 28th and 29th.

We have a style for your needs, whether it's for bathroom, bedroom, living room, fireplace, nursery, office, garage. Burns oil, manufactured or natural gas. See them at your dealer's; booklet on request.



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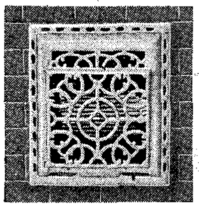
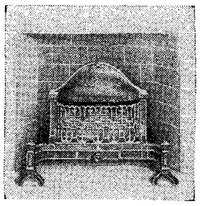
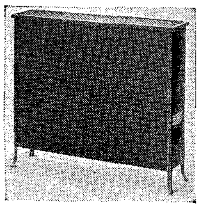

Reznor Wall Heater


Reznor Fireplace Heater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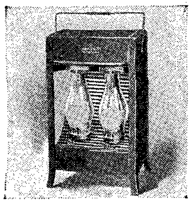
Reznor Oil Heater

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

the care which pulled Pot through his unpromising babyhood:

> The keeping of life in this forlorn waif in winter-time with only a rough cabin for shelter, and no milk, save the condensed variety out of a can, would have been an impossible task to any one not possest of Owen's skill and tenderness. But the infant patient was kept warm, and by dint of gentle patience taught to drink condensed milk. He did not thrive, of course, as a puppy would with warmth and nourishment from his mother's body, but for several months remained a half-starved mite of skin and bone, with a belly so swollen as to be out of all proportion to his other dimensions. "Little Pot Belly," his master called him. Soon this was shortened to "Pot," and that continued to be his name.
>
> The puppy's retreat was a heavy woolen sock, such as woodsmen wear in winter-time, into which he would crawl clear to the toe, coming out only when hungry. When Uncle Jim moved about the country, Pot, in his big sock, was placed in one of the nose-bags used for feeding the horses, and hung from the saddle-horn. It was a rough life for the little fellow.
>
> Other and larger dogs would play pranks with the sock in which Pot lay concealed; a prowling burro once tried to eat him up, sock and all; but the hardest cross the pup had to bear those days was the bullying he received from a young cougar cub which his master had caught, and brought to camp for study and observation. This odd experience is well described by Colonel Roosevelt, who came to know and admire Pot in 1913, while hunting with Owen in the Kaibab Forest. Roosevelt says:
>
> "Uncle Jim (Owen) once brought back to his cabin a young cougar, two or three months old. At that time he had a hound puppy named Pot—he was an old dog, the most dependable in the pack, when we made our hunt. Pot had lost his mother; Uncle Jim was raising him on canned milk, and as it was winter kept him at night in a German sock. The young cougar speedily accepted Pot as a playmate, to be enjoyed and tyrannized over. The two would lap out of the same dish; but when the milk was nearly lapped up the cougar would put one paw in Pot's face and hold him firmly while it finished the dish itself. Then it would seize Pot in its forepaws and toss him up, catching him again, while Pot would occasionally howl dismally, for the cougar had sharp little claws. Finally, the cougar would tire of the play, and then it would take Pot by the back of the neck, carry him off, and put him down in his box by the German sock."
>
> The fierce antipathy which later developed in Pot against cougars may have arisen in part from resentment at that cub which knocked him about so contemptuously in his babyhood. At any rate, he grew up hating with a lusty hate the whole cougar kind. When five months old, now safely past the perils of his infancy and developed into a good, strong pup, he drove into a tree a half-grown cougar, holding him there until Uncle Jim arrived to dispatch the brute. The audacity displayed by the youngster in this feat, together with his unusual intelligence, led Owen to concentrate his efforts upon this particular dog.
>
> It is hard for us to realize the difficulties

> that beset a dog appointed to seek out a particular animal solely by means of the scent its heels have left behind. The floor of the forest and the grass of the plain are always covered with a network of scent trails made by the passing and repassing of cougars, coyotes, wildcats, and deer, to say nothing of those left by smaller fry, such as squirrels, badgers, porcupines, and skunks.
>
> Each footprint, tho seldom visible to the eye, bears its characteristic odor, which lasts for days, sometimes for weeks; all resulting in such a confusion of smells that the work of the dog in picking out and following a particular one successfully borders on the miraculous.
>
> The cougar dogs which came afterward to make up Owen's packs, had Pot to follow as mentor and model; this made their apprenticeship comparatively short and easy, for a dog can learn far more easily from another canine companion than through man's teaching. Pot was the pioneer in a new field, contending against all the unforeseen difficulties which that rôle implies; but with the patience and perseverance of Uncle Jim to assist him, he became, and remained throughout his life, the champion hunter of cougars.
>
> Early in his career Pot was taught that badgers and other creatures of that ilk were beneath his notice. If in following his master afield, a coyote or wildcat ran before them, he was given plainly to understand that all these were trash. He was deliberately led among herds of deer and made to ignore them. But when an unmistakable cougar track was crossed Uncle Jim would, by voice and excited manner, urge the pup to furious activity. When Pot once set out upon the trail, Owen followed as fast as his horse could go, shouting, shooting, and making generally the most warlike demonstration possible. Thus Pot learned that the cougar alone was the miscreant he was to follow and assail.

Pot mastered very quickly the hard lesson of distinguishing between the scent of the harmless wildcat and that of its cousin, the destructive cougar, and showed early that instinctive and mysterious power to tell by smell alone in which direction the maker of the trail was traveling. Even in his callow puppyhood he was never known to follow a "back-track" more than a quarter of a mile, while the great majority of hunting-dogs never become reliable in such determinations, says the writer, and he describes the dog's method thus:

> On coming across a cougar trail, Pot would dash along it one way for a hundred yards or so; then back the other way, sniffing the ground with an eagerness and concentration of mind that made his whole body tremble. This would continue for a minute or two—perhaps five, if the scent were old and weak—then he would set off positively, at full speed, on a course which would, many hours after the start, bring the vicitim to bay.
>
> By the time he was a year old, the doughty young Pot had driven to bay and to destruction nearly fifty cougars. In Pot were combined the almost infallible olfactory sense of his bloodhound mother with the swiftness of his greyhound sire—the ideal for which Owen had hoped and striven. So promising were the results of this season's work that the exodus of live stock from the Kaibab region practically ceased, the herd-owners being

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Coal *can be saved,* and without sacrificing comfort either. Make every lump of coal give full value. Equip your heating plant with

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It prevents the costly, wasteful "ups and downs" of your furnace fire and maintains an even heat thruout the house by automatically operating the dampers. Your fire can not go on a rampage, neither can it get so low as to require forced fire to bring it up again. No fuel is wasted. Not a pound of coal is burned unnecessarily.

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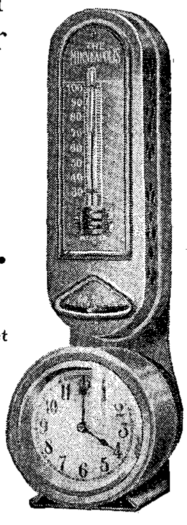


BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

> quick to see that if a single dog could bring about the death of fifty cougars in the short time Pot had seriously worked, a new day had dawned for them and their industry. Their hopes were justified, too, for within another year Pot and his master had brought down two hundred more of the big cats, in effect practically ending the cougar menace.
>
> This was the biggest year Pot ever had, for the cougars were not only plentiful, but from their previous security they had grown so reckless and overconfident that they scorned to use the wily expedients they were afterward compelled to rely upon to outwit the remorseless Pot. While the hunting was so good Pot and his master worked day in and day out, from earliest dawn until the light faded at night, the dog more than once, in some spot inaccessible to man in the darkness, remaining all night at the foot of a tree in the branches of which perched a bayed cougar, waiting for daylight and Uncle Jim to arrive. So strenuous was the hunting that Pot's feet were often worn and swollen until they were hardly able to bear his weight. But once out of camp and upon a cougar's trail he forgot his sufferings. These extraordinary efforts soon brought noticeable results.
>
> Since Owen began his crusade against the Kaibab cougar sixteen years ago, about eleven hundred of the creatures have fallen before his rifle.
>
> The taking of a cougar now demands far more energy and persistence than when the campaign first began, for the big cats have learned many lessons. Their lairs are chosen deeper in the cañon fastnesses. They have found out that if they travel over bare rock the dogs have greater difficulty in following their scent. Then, too, they are far more alert in the daytime, taking to their heels in flight at the first distant cry of the pursuers.
>
> Given a slight declivity down which to flee, the cougar is one of the fastest travelers of all animals. He moves in a series of bounds, each measuring fifty to seventy-five feet, depending upon the steepness of the hill he is descending. On level ground his ordinary leap is thirty-five feet.
>
> While going down-hill no dog can overtake him; but on a steep up-grade a fast dog is more than his equal. Success in hunting him, therefore, depends on the fact that there is a bottom to every hill, after reaching which the fugitive must begin to ascend. The pursuit of the Kaibab cougar, these days, almost invariably ends far down the walls of the main cañon or in one of the enormous gorges which indent the north rim.
>
> The uttermost retreat is usually the upper lip of the "pink ledge," which, for the most part, forms a sheer cliff of three hundred feet depth; to leap from this is sure death, as the cougar well knows, and in preference he chooses to climb a tree for temporary security, or to place his back against a wall and defend himself. Armed with his dangerous teeth, hooked foreclaws two inches long, and the strength to vanquish an ox, it is a strange freak of character that leads this beast to stand at bay before a single dog, only one quarter his weight, snapping, snarling, and sparring, intent only upon repelling attack. He could tear the dog to shreds, but he will not try.
>
> The full-grown male cougar measures about nine feet from tip to tip, the female ranging about a foot shorter. The largest one ever seen in the Kaibab region, a male, measured nine and a half feet and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The average weight, however, is between two hundred and two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Of almost a hundred dogs which Owen has employed in the Kaibab region against the cougars Pot was the only one to reach the age of twelve years. Few of them reached half that age, for the perils of their existence are many, as Mr. McKee recounts them:

> In the exciting chases down and along the cañon walls a misstep has sent many a dog tumbling to destruction in the depths below; poison has accounted for more of them, perhaps, than any other one cause, for careless cowboys and foresters, in spite of all rules to the contrary, will insist on using such drugs against coyotes and wildcats; the cougar, too, has accounted for a substantial quota of the luckless canines, an overdaring one frequently approaching too near the dangerous claws of the cat at bay, or pouncing upon the prostrate body of a slain cougar before the death throes have ceased, meeting a fatal wound thereby.
>
> None of the dogs ever exceeded Pot in boldness; for his natural sure-footedness saved him constantly from dangerous falls, while his nimble legs and wary eye enabled him to dodge successfully the hundreds of blows aimed at him by cornered and sparring cougars. Pot's escape from death by poison was due to his habit of eating cooked food exclusively, and that had to be from his master's hand whenever possible. He would go hungry for days if Uncle Jim were not there to feed him. Thus Pot lived to be the patriarch of all the pack.
>
> While Pot took part in the killing of only a little over half of the total number of cougars destroyed in the Kaibab country during his life, in an indirect way he had a hand in the killing of all the rest. After Pot had demonstrated the true way of overcoming the raiders, Owen gathered other dogs around him to form a pack. And these were largely Pot's progeny.
>
> After so much concerning Pot's vengeance upon the cougar one might imagine him, in appearance, a glowering, vindictive brute intent upon fighting and bloodletting. When on the trail of a cougar this description would fit, for at such times he became the very embodiment of ruthless energy and hate in searching for his prey. All was strictly business then, no trail being too long or winding or dangerous to dim his enthusiasm. But at rest in camp he was a quiet, slow-moving fellow, habitually wearing an aspect meek and even sorrowful. He enjoyed a romp with the pups, and the commending pat of a friendly human hand gave him keenest pleasure.

The writer tells a pleasant story about the friendship of Roosevelt and old Pot:

> When Roosevelt and his party were in the Kaibab forest in 1913 a strong attachment grew up between him and Pot, an incident of which is typical of both man and dog. The Colonel carried with him a small silk tent into which he could retreat to escape from insects during his usual noonday siesta. Pot insisted upon entering the tent and napping beside the distinguished guest, much to Owen's embarrassment and in spite of repeated scoldings. One day Roosevelt said: "Let him alone, Uncle Jim. It makes me real proud to have a dog like Pot pick me out for a tent-mate; it's a genuine compliment and pleases me immensely." After that Pot and the ex-President of the United States enjoyed their midday dreams together in amity and peace.

It was on Christmas day, 1918, that the end of this justly illustrious canine citizen came. Among the precipitous ledges of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, when he was fighting his six-hundred-and-eighth cougar, he slipt from an icy ledge and fell to his death a hundred feet below.

LADYLIKE POLLY SWORE ONLY IN SPANISH

SHE was a gifted lady, was Polly. She had acquired in her fifty-three years much culture and many accomplishments. Not only could she sing and speak well in English, but she could also speak Spanish, which was her mother tongue. She was born in Cuba, and there learned to chatter glibly in the soft Castilian language before she was brought to the United States to live with Mrs. T. J. Langston, the wife of a pioneer merchant of West Plains, Missouri. Besides being a linguist, Polly could pray and had memorized and could sing stanzas of a number of hymns, her favorites being "How Firm a Foundation" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Polly died recently, and in her obituary, which appeared in *Our Animals* (San Francisco), we read:

> It is doubtful whether any other parrot in the United States possest more unusual ability as a conversationalist and mimic, for, unlike most birds of her kind that have to be coaxed to say "Polly wants a cracker," and other hackneyed parrot expressions, Polly delighted in holding long soliloquies and in carrying on interesting conversations with imaginary callers, during which she repeated all the bits of small talk she picked up at the many church and social gatherings held at the hospitable home of her mistress. She never forgot any of the conversation, from the greeting of the guests by her mistress to the last good-bys and "I've had such a delightful time!"
>
> Her little green and gold body was laid to rest in a pretty casket in the family burial lot at Oak Lawn Cemetery in West Plains, where it will be marked with a properly inscribed tombstone, which her mistress has ordered made in Springfield.
>
> Polly was always an interesting attraction in her mistress's home in West Plains and was much honored, but she also once brought near disgrace upon her head. It was when she was taken to a Methodist camp-meeting a number of years ago. When the meeting got into full swing and everybody was happy, Polly got happy, too, much to the embarrassment of her mistress, for she sang and prayed so boisterously that she almost broke up the meeting. But she did not receive a scolding. It was far better for her to sing and pray than to swear. And here is the secret: Polly could swear—in Spanish.

THE NAMING *of the* THREE GOOD SPIRITS

A Tale of Wawa-sa-mo the Legend Maker

DEAR Boys and Girls: Tomorrow morning at breakfast a wonderful thing is going to happen to you!

At your plate, hidden in a bowl of a new kind of corn flakes, will be the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth!

This is the story of them as told to the Indians at the Dance of the Corn Harvest by Wawa-sa-mo, the Legend Maker.

"Long ago," said Wawa-sa-mo, "when the world was young and the Beautiful Earth was peopled with strange and wondrous beings, Manitou, the Great Spirit who ruled all things, chose three of the noblest from all the tribes to carpet the earth with growing flowers, grass, trees, fruits and grain.

"When they had finished, the Great Spirit was pleased. And when they showed Him, last, the beautiful corn standing like rows of youthful warriors with royal tassels nodding in the west wind, He was overcome with joy.

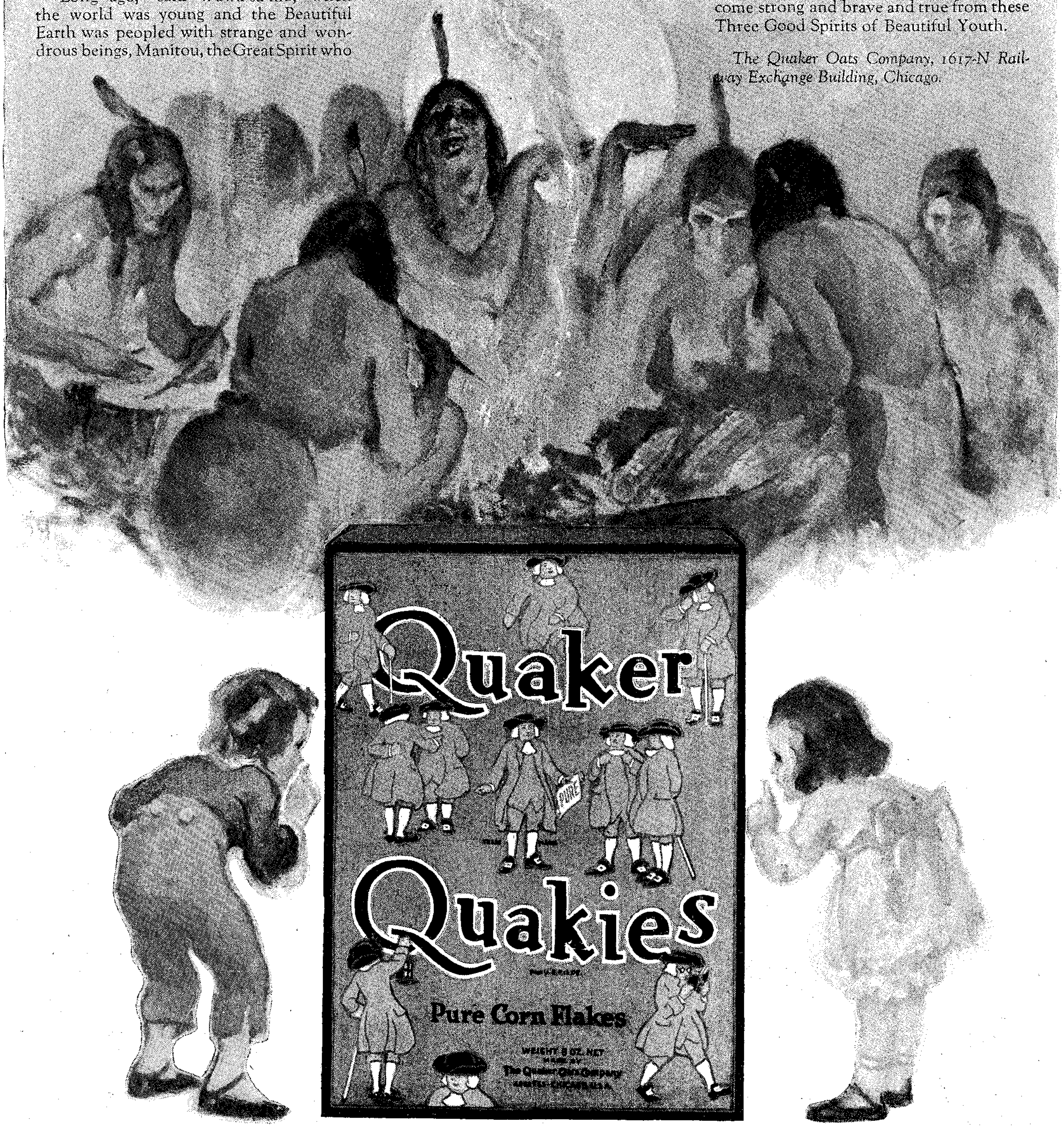
"And He named those who had made the corn the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth; and He gave them the corn to be their home so that he who ate thereof would become strong and brave and true."

Now, over the way at your grocer's, these Three Good Spirits dwell today—in a fairy box of a new kind of corn flakes named *Quaker Quakies*.

And Oh, what different corn flakes are these *Quaker Quakies!* So full of strength for little bodies! So full of brave color for little cheeks! So full of true thoughts for little hearts and minds!

Tomorrow morning heap high your breakfast bowl with all their goodness. Then close your eyes and eat—and you, too, like the Indians of long ago, will become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth.

The Quaker Oats Company, 1617-N Railway Exchange Building, Chicago.



Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super-Steel

and

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TIRE expense is the largest single upkeep item in connection with a motor car. The public is, for this reason, turning to the light weight car because of its tire economy.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

JOHNNY AND JENNY WREN HAVE EARNED THEIR AUTUMN HOLIDAY

THE wrens liked Cedar Farm, and they approved highly of the clean, inviting bedroom. Many birds were coming north and all were busy exploring former homes and finding sites for new ones. "Why shouldn't we build our summer home here?" said Jenny to Johnny, for it was she who discovered the promising room. Just how it all happened is told by the occupant of the room, who happened to be in bed when the birds arrived. The open windows evidently piqued Jenny's curiosity, and seeing no movement inside, she entered and perched herself on the footboard of the bed. Then she flew to a small shelf enclosed at both ends and vacant except for a few bottles at one side. Carefully she scrutinized every inch of this shelf, and then her bright eyes snapt decision. With a dive out the window she went after Johnny, and brought him in, not to investigate, but, after the manner of her sex, to show him the location of their home and tell him to get busy. At least, such is the interpretation of Anna Rogers Roberts, who tells the story in *Bird Lore*. Johnny Wren approved, of course, and the building began at once, and the writer says:

> It tired me to watch their furious activity. By night the shelf was full of sticks, strings, grasses, feathers, large and small, from the poultry-yard, and hair! Their manner of procuring that hair was a wee bit like a nation seeing a fine harbor or a stretch of land rich in minerals, saying, "I need that harbor, or that land," and proceeding to take it whether the owner likes it or no. Jenny grew bold as the day advanced and gathered material from the room for this famous nest. Seeing a hair braid on the dresser, she tried to take it to the nest. It was too heavy. She pulled separate hairs, got her feet tangled, fell over the edge of the dresser in comical confusion, called the best she could from her wrapping for Johnny, who came, but was terrified at the predicament of his mate, and could do nothing but utter loud shrieks while Jenny rolled, tugged, feebly flapped her strong wings until she extricated herself. Then, womanlike, she made a dash at Johnny, hit him a powerful blow, and he fled—but *she* did not. This man-made thing baffled and angered her, and she was resolute to possess it. Back and forth she jerked it, this way and that, but the hair held fast. She stood on it and pulled, fell over, attacked it again and again, and her eyes grew vicious as she remembered how easily she had secured the nice long sorrel and white hairs off fence-rails and thorn-bushes. For half an hour she stubbornly held to her task, and succeeded in breaking off a few ends, leaving the braid on the floor much the worse for her encounter with it.
>
> In a few days the small hole in the center of all this rubbish was rounded and padded, and Mrs. Jenny became quiet long enough each morning to lay a small, speckled egg, until seven were there, packed on end so close one could not be moved without moving all. Then, the miracle. Her restless, quivering little body grew motionless with a great mother yearning as she hovered over the chocolate-splotched eggs. This was Johnny's great opportunity, and he met it squarely. Every hour of the day, inside the room, or near by on a tree, his song could be heard. His *whit-ty-yer, whit-ty-yer*, was a pathetic inquiry, while the usually far-carrying trill was softened and anxious. There was an elbow in the stove-pipe in the room (for there were cool days occasionally), and on this he would perch and sing. One morning he gave his concert from the same pillow I was using.

And then one morning he did not sing. There was a hurrying in and out the window, and, peering close to the nest, the writer saw a bundle of bones, hairless and damp, huge mouths and blind eyes! But how beautiful they were to Johnny and Jenny! A tax was levied on every bush that held a worm, and from dawn until the evening insects shrilled their tiny horns this tax was collected. Came further adventures:

> On a memorable day, seven helpless, sullen-mouthed, heavy-eyed birds sat on the floor, pictures, chair, bed, anywhere, while father and mother called, coaxed, and threatened them to try their wings and come to the garden. It took two hours to get them out in the plum-tree. One by one they flew, hopped, and crept to the garden—and I saw them no more!
>
> Two weeks later I found Mrs. Jenny investigating a school-desk on the south porch. A repetition of the same homely drama followed: Johnny liked it, perforce the nest was built, the eggs laid, but some one unfortunately touched them, and this new home was abandoned.
>
> A few days later I saw Mrs. Jenny dash impetuously into the washhouse and followed her. An empty paint-bucket, hung near the door, was her choice this time, and its brown, wrinkled interior was cleverly concealed by the huge nest. Once more were the mystic seven eggs laid, close together, and once more was the old, old tragedy enacted—for birth is a tragedy. Not only were worms plentiful, for it was July now, but also the small, luscious fruits of the garden were abundant. For days I watched this little family grow. Jenny knew which one had been fed last, and if it thrust its long, thin neck and yellow mouth up too high, she would chastise it with a stroke of her bill that I know must have hurt. The day she made them leave the nest I tried to help, but succeeded only in scaring and scattering them. An hour or so after I left them, the friendly plum-tree held them and then the garden! Snakes and Hawks were in that garden, and I tried not to think of those fourteen baby wrens that had gone to live in it.
>
> Evidently Mrs. Jenny believed in the husband looking after the children, for shortly after she was endeavoring to reach her first nest through the window, but it was screened now and she had recourse to the paint-bucket. This time only four eggs, four birds, the handy plum-tree, the garden that drew them like an octopus, and her season's work was done, for autumn's yellow sere had fallen on the meadows, banks, ravines, and hills. Eighteen little wrens were mothered by this tiny bird in one summer. She knew the number when they left the nest. But did she remember when they reached the garden? She is a rebuke to those who believe race-suicide beneficial, and Johnny lives true to the tradition of the patriarchal father at the head of the tribe.

Check Up ✓

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If you do, you are a good and faithful engineer. You will finish your allotted job here with energy, effectively, happily and well.

If you do not—in the name of all that is vital to you—Why not? Do not wait until it flies its own red danger signal in your face; because that signal, too often, means the end of the track. Check it up.

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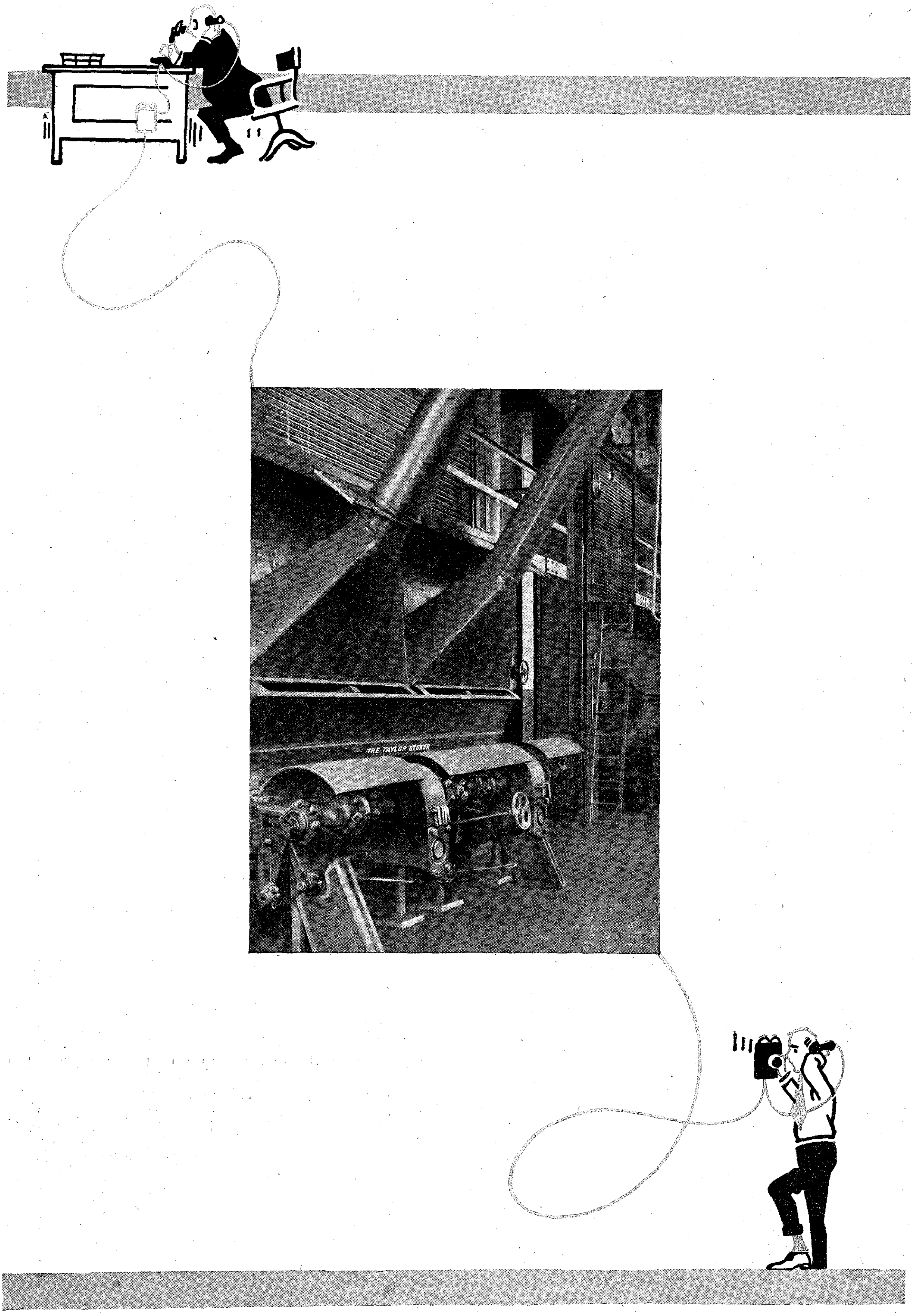
THE TAYLOR STOKER

Do You Know J.T.?

RALPH KENT (*Assistant Superintendent at Willow Valley Mills*): Hello, Jack, this is Kent! Over at Willow River. Yes! Say, how's this coal situation hitting you? We're in a heck of a fix—can't get any bituminous shipments at all!

JACK MORTON (*Production Manager, Perkins Mills*): Coal situation? Isn't bothering us. No! We're burning half bituminous and half anthracite screenings. That'll make our bituminous on hand last all winter. Saving two or three dollars on every ton fired.

KENT: Lord, Jack, how do you get away with it?

MORTON: Stokers! We put stokers under our boilers three months ago.

KENT: Stokers! Didn't know you had stokers. What make?

MORTON: Taylor Stokers! And say, old man, those stokers have regularly revolutionized us over here. They've *doubled* the steam output of our boilers, and so saved us building a new power house. But biggest thing of all, they've given us regular operation. Why, last year we were always shutting down the plant for one reason or another—burnt-out furnaces, labor shortage, bad fuel, oh, everything.

KENT: Listens good to me, Jack. I've been working like time to get stokers in over here. But the Big Bugs in this plant think the boiler house is a sort of necessary evil, instead of the place where economy and efficiency begins. How'd you happen to choose Taylors?

MORTON: Investigated a little. Saw 'em at work in the Procter and Gamble plant over near Cincy, the power station in Dayton, the Firestone plant up in Akron, and several places around Cleveland. Ran over to Detroit too, saw 'em in some of the motor plants—Ford, Dodge, Lincoln—and a paper mill—and the Edison plant.

KENT: Some plant, eh?

MORTON: I'll tell the world it is! Say, old man, don't worry. Some day that prehistoric equipment of yours'll get you in such a box you'll have to buy stokers to save your lives!

KENT: But Jack, listen, you don't know our honorable Vice-President——

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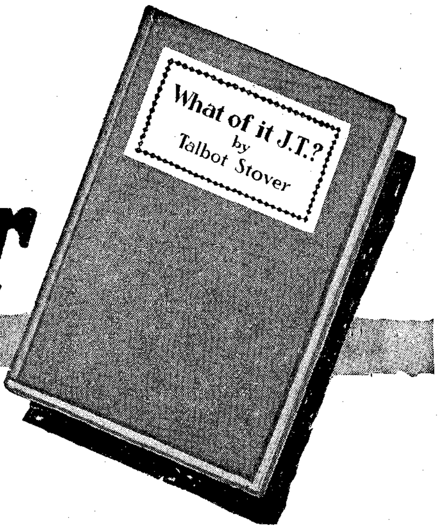


REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

THE LOVES OF A PRIME MINISTER

"I OWE everything to a woman," wrote Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, toward the end of his eventful life. Probably no one knew better than he how inexact the sentence. The Jewish lad who rose from a middle-class literary home to the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street, and the Congress Hall at Berlin, had lighted a candle at more than one altar. Inherent genius, aided by courage, patience, industry, and an indomitable will were the main factors in the career which Gladstone said was, with the exception of the younger Pitt, the most remarkable in English parliamentary history.

Yet Disraeli's debt to women was no doubt great. The first four volumes of the definitive "Life of Benjamin Disraeli," by Monypenny and Buckle, already noticed in these columns, made clear how much the statesman gained from the devotion and income of his wife, from his sister's discerning sympathy, and from the encouragement and criticism of other women of high degree. In the two final volumes, now at hand, which carry the life from 1868 to the end in 1881, the circle is enriched by several new names. And the record, chiefly of intimate and personal letters, is as revealing as anything in range of British biography.

Disraeli's temperament clearly was such that he couldn't be happy or do his best work without the association and sympathy of clever women. "My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love," was an outburst of his youth; "I live for power and the affections," an observation of later years. And in his novel, "Henrietta Temple," he wrote: "A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and, without such a muse, few men can succeed in life, none be content."

Undoubtedly, of all who played this stimulating part in his own life, his wife was first. Of her complete devotion to him and to his ambitions one need only recall that on a notable occasion she bore "the jamming of her finger in a carriage-door in smiling silence so that his equanimity on the way to an important debate might not be disturbed." This devotion he fully returned. Of her he wrote: "We have not been separated for three and thirty years, and during all that time, in her society I never had a moment of dulness." Among her papers after her death was found a tender note of farewell:

"My own dear Husband: If I should depart this life before you, leave order that we may be buried in the same grave at whatever distance you may die from England. And now, God bless you, my kindest, dearest! You have been a perfect husband to me. Be put by my side in the same grave. And now, farewell, my dear Dizzy. Do not live alone, dearest. Some one I earnestly hope you may find as attached to you as your own devoted, Mary Anne."

Apparently she knew her lord well. At the time of her death Disraeli was sixty-eight. "Few men at his age," says his biographer, "would have had the freshness of heart to form new attachments, and to resume with others the sentiments and romantic intimacy which had proved so stimulating an influence; and of those who still possest sufficient youthfulness for the adventure, most would have been prevented, especially if public men, by fear of incurring censure and ridicule." But not Disraeli. His "affections were still warm, and craved sympathetic understandings; nor was he to be deterred by possible ridicule from following their dictates. He spoke for himself when he wrote a few years earlier in 'Lothair': 'Three score and ten, at the present day, is the period of the romantic passions.'"

Among those who showed him kindness in the first months of his loneliness were two sisters, whom he had long known, Selina, Countess of Bradford, and Anne, Countess of Chesterfield. Lady Chesterfield was two years older than the Prime Minister and a widow; Lady Bradford was seventeen years younger than her sister, the wife of a sporting peer. Both were grandmothers. Yet with both during the summer after his wife's death Disraeli became on terms of intimate friendship; and for Lady Bradford there soon developed an intensely romantic devotion. Her charms, he thus described: "A sweet simplicity, blended with high breeding; an intellect not over drilled, but lively, acute, and picturesque; a seraphic temper, and a disposition infinitely sympathetic—these are some of the many charms that make you beloved of D."

To Lady Bradford he wrote in the eight years before the close of his life, no fewer than 1,100 letters, sometimes sending her, by special messenger, two or three a day from Downing Street or the Treasury Bench. The fervidness of some of these may be realized from one written a year after the beginning of the friendship, and shortly after he became Prime Minister the second time. The lady was leaving London for a few weeks in the country, a fact which filled him with consternation.

"10 Downing Street,
Whitehall, March 13, 1874.

"The most fascinating of women was never more delightful than this afternoon. I could have sat forever, watching every movement that was grace, and listening to her speaking words—but, alas! the horrid thought, ever and anon came over me—'it is a farewell visit.' It seems too cruel!

"I am certain there is no greater misfortune than to have a heart that will not grow old. It requires all the sternness of public life to sustain one. If we have to govern a great country, we ought not to be distracted and feel the restlessness of love."

The reality and depth of the attachment can not be denied. For the same year we find in other letters such expressions as: "To see you, or at least hear from you every day, is absolutely necessary to my existence." "I have lived to know the twilight of love has its splendor and its richness." "To see you in society is a pleasure peculiar in itself, but different from that of seeing you alone; both are enchanting like moonlight and sunshine."

Flattering as it was to have the attentions of a Prime Minister, the lady was evidently a little embarrassed by Disraeli's ardor. Moreover, there is doubt if her heart completely responded. Hence "the septuagenarian who had the governance of the Empire and the conduct of the Commons on his shoulders, and who necessarily was leading a public life of incessant and laborious occupation, nevertheless traversed in his private life the whole amount of half-requited love—passionate devotion, rebuff, despair, resignation, renewed hope, reconciliation, ecstasy, and then traversed it again, *da capo*."

Here is a self-revealing letter after a rebluff: "To love as I love, and rarely to see the being one adores, whose constant society is absolutely necessary to my life, to be precluded even from the only shadowy compensation for such a torturing doom—the privilege of relieving my heart by expressing its affection—is a lot which I never could endure and can not."

Again, the green-eyed monster appears: "I had hardly a word with you to-day and could not talk of to-morrow! I wonder if I shall see you to-morrow! Not to see you is a world without a sun.

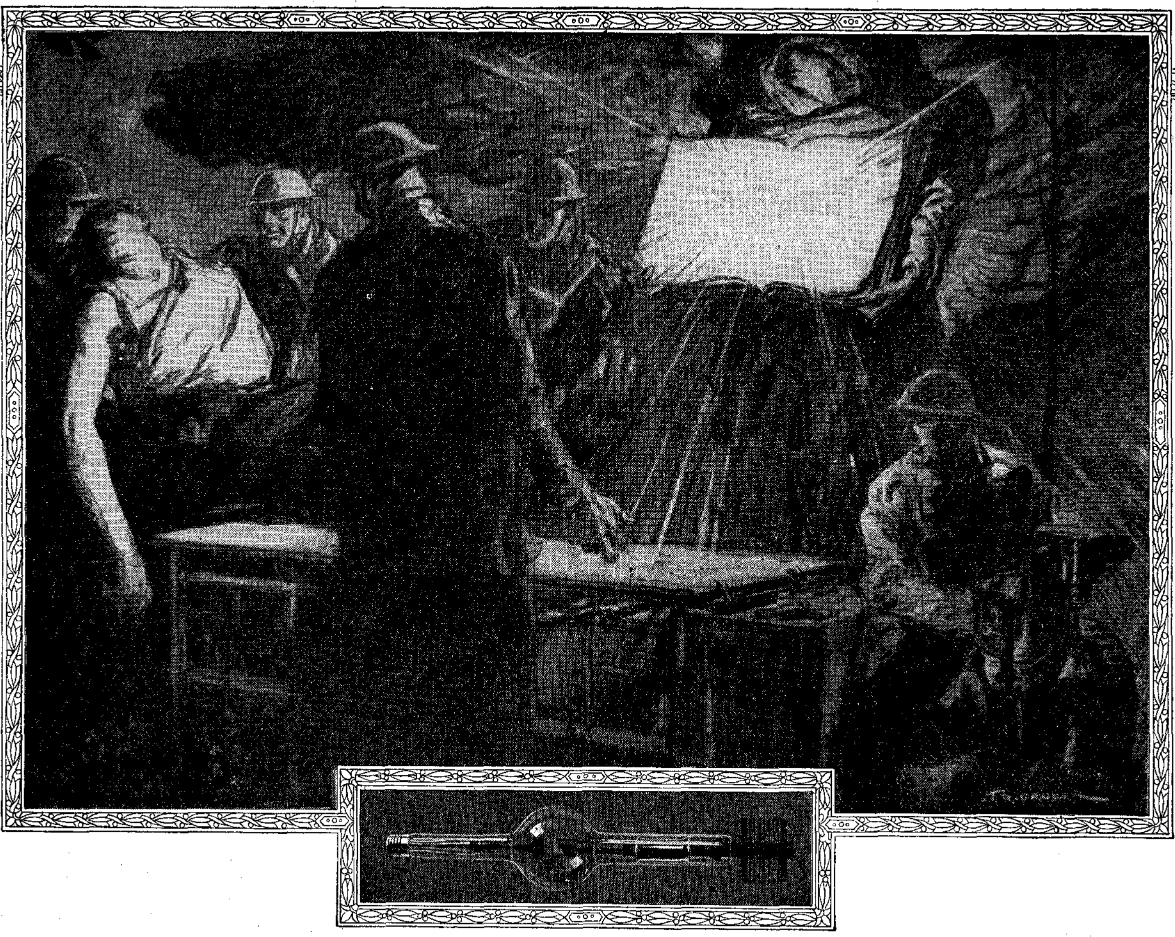
"I wonder whom you will sit between to-day, and talk to, and delight, and fascinate. I am always afraid of your dining at houses like Gerard's, in my absence. I feel horribly jealous; I can not help it.

"In such moods I sometimes read what was written to me only a year ago—tho that's a long time—words written by a sylph, 'Have confidence in me, believe in me, believe that I am true—oh! how true!'

"Even if one can not believe these words, it is something to have read them—and to bless the being who wrote them."

His biographer very justly observes that it is to his copious correspondence with women that our knowledge of the real Disraeli is largely due. Equally it is impossible to understand the letters without some knowledge of the man. Probably there never was a relation of the sort freer from human dross; an ardor so wholly independent of physical attraction and the appeal of the senses. Mr. Buckle explains: "It is a most honorable feature in his composition that in his relations to women, as in his relations to time and eternity, he rejected absolutely any physical and sensuous standard, and poured out his devotion before an ideal regardless of the ravages of care and time." Such internal evidence as there is in the letters fully bears out the view. Writing to Lady Bradford, Disraeli pleads: "I have never asked anything from you but your society. When I have that I am content, which I may well be, for its delight is ineffable."

Those who are interested in the vagaries of the human heart may also well wonder how such a Platonic devotion could have been superimposed on the thirty-three years of tender association which the statesman had with his wife. The answer is that the memory of the wife was never effaced. Once when watching the preparations for an official banquet, Disraeli turned to a companion and with voice husky and eyes dim, said, "Ah! my dear fellow, you are happy, you have a wife." All his correspondence was written on paper with a deep black edging. He felt no



When Minutes Meant Lives

FROM our Army in France came a call for a light and mobile X-ray outfit. Those we had, and those the Allies had, were heavy, complicated and fragile. It would mean life to American soldiers if their wounds could be examined immediately, on the field, instead of in the hospitals to the rear.

The problem was given to the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, and the facilities of MAZDA Service, which include the knowledge and experience and technical skill of scientists and engineers, quickly developed the X-ray outfit needed. Incorporated in it was an X-ray tube of new and improved design, by virtue of which cumbersome auxiliary apparatus was eliminated.

The engineering skill of allied industry, of Army officers, and of roentgenologists was called upon to complete the outfit, and in an astonishingly short time these units, truly portable, were being shipped to France. The new X-ray outfit did work with one tube for which other machines required a variety of tubes. Further, it weighed less than half as much, and was three times as powerful as the best field equipment then available. This outfit was made standard by the United States Army, it was used in the fields, and it replaced more intricate apparatus in many of the base hospitals.

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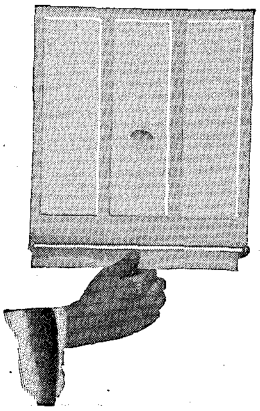

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

"incongruity in inscribing protestations of devotion to the living on pages which recalled by their very appearance the memory of the dead." His reason he gave: "It is strange, but I always used to think that the Queen, persisting in these emblems of wo, indulged in a morbid sentiment; and yet it has become my lot and a seemingly irresistible one. I lost one who was literally devoted to me, tho I was not altogether worthy of her devotion; and when I have been on the point of sometimes terminating this emblem of my bereavement, the thought that there was no longer any being in the world to whom I was an object of concentrated feeling overcame me, and the sign remained."

And at the end, instructions were found in his will that he be buried by his wife's side, according to her wish. (The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Vols. V and VI. By George Earle Buckle, in succession to W. F. Monypenny. The Macmillan Company.)

DEFEATING ANGELICA

ANGELICA had set the village by the ears.

"In the first place, she was as white as if the sun had never seen her; then she was pleasant and cheerful and lively, and she had beautiful white teeth that drove any one crazy when she smiled. Thirdly, she never wore peasant costumes; her dresses were all from the city. She was the kind you might look at and never get tired of looking."

Angelica had come from the city in answer to an appeal for a teacher; and immediately she began to civilize the village girls. She taught them from books, and she taught them to sew and embroider, so that they were forever bringing home fancy slippers or embroidered tobacco-pouches or other delightful objects they had made. And the fathers were pleased that their girls should learn city ways.

The older girls grew jealous that their younger sisters should get all the benefit of Angelica, and so she was asked to all the parties, and there she was always the central figure. "She would tell them stories, explain to them different city customs, sing them city songs . . . and they would forget their country plays and songs and stories and listen to Angelica with enchantment. . . . When the schoolmistress left the party they . . . would express their admiration of her red lips, her perfect white teeth, her little feet, her light step . . . her beauty."

From adoration to imitation is a short step only, and soon taken. The peasant girls could not change entirely, but there were superficial signs. There were new words in their talk, new mannerisms. . . . The good homespun stuffs, silks, and linens would not suffice now. They must have ribbons and buttons and all sorts of rags from the shops, and a fine mixture they made of it. The fathers liked the new fashions well enough, but it was the cost that troubled them. And the thing did not stop there. Angelica was vivacious and talkative. "In imitation of her the tongues of the village girls began to grow sharper and sharper . . . at times they would go so far as to say a pert word to their fathers." What should be done to curtail Angelica's influence? The fathers, gathered together in the evenings in the coffee-house, would discuss the matter somewhat anxiously.

"I've found a way out," said one of them one day. His name was Beardless, tho he had a beard. "Let us make the schoolmistress marry some one. She will have a home of her own then, and there will be peace for her and for us, too."

That was all very well, but how was it to be done?

But Beardless knew what he was about. That very evening he went to see a fine young man, with a good, generous heart, a master mason.

"Why do you waste your good looks and your youth?" he said. "Where will you be able to find again such a fairy, such a sea-foam of beauty, such a lily? What is better than such a woman? You have money; what does it matter that she is without a dowry . . . Go to her home to-night and see whether the new wall is really settling. Just make a beginning and don't worry. I am here."

Myzethras fancied at first that Beardless was joking. But he thought, and thought deeply; and finally he decided to walk past her house . . . Peering in, he could see her sitting embroidering, and his heart thumped and his throat went dry.

"Beardless is right . . . she is a devil of a girl, a fairy. . . . Well, I'll start with 'Good evening,' and God will help me with the rest."

But it wasn't so easy. He was pleasantly received, but Angelica was clearly surprized to have him come so late. So he made an excuse with the wall, and went down to the cellar to look at it, and then out into the big schoolroom. Angelica came out to him there. She walked very lightly and stood like a statue before him, dazzling him.

And then the young man summoned courage, and told the girl that there was some one in the village who was mad about her, and, of course, she was eager to hear who it might be.

"He is a man who is neither rich nor poor. He hasn't got much education, but he has seen something of the world. He learned his trade abroad. He can not tell his trouble like a book, but he can sing like a bird in the woods. He can't bow like a Frenchman, but he can love like a Greek."

But still she wanted to know his name.

He wouldn't tell that. But he did suddenly burst into song, and these were the words:

No trouble to the world confest
  Brings such a sorry plight,
As love that burns within the breast
  And never comes to light.

Perhaps the girl suspected something. But for one reason or another she displayed complete innocence. So Myzethras, with eyes aflame, sang on:

Angelica is sugar sweet,
  As flower-kissed bees, home-flitting;
Angelica is water fresh,
  A drink for angels fitting.

There was no use pretending that couldn't be understood. So Angelica grew very haughty, and remarking that there seemed to be nothing the matter with the wall, she left the room. Myzethras was quite hot with shame, and he slipt through the schoolroom door into the night. But his love remained, and presently his shame died away, and he went on his way singing, and the song was a love-song.

It was not long after this that one evening, when the girls were all sitting about her, embroidering, Angelica begged them to sing her some of their lovely country songs. And when the girls exclaimed, she

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There's just one way to handle a hazardous situation safely—that's with the aid of armed protection.

Don't be caught helpless in an emergency. Keep an Iver Johnson revolver in the house. Then you're ready to enforce law and order.

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Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability and are moderately priced.

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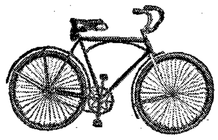


REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

told them that her mother had lived in a village, and been a peasant. And snatching up a peasant scarf, "she bound it about her head, and looked at them with quiet and thoughtful eyes. She was exactly like a picture."

"You are one of us, Angelica! Get it out of your head that you will ever make Frenchwomen of us."

"Make Frenchwomen of you? God forbid! Better see you don't make a Frenchwoman of me, now that I've become a country girl again. One week from to-day you will sing a bridal song for me."

And then there was great excitement, and they crowded about their friend, asking a hundred questions. But it was all true. Angelica had promised to marry Myzethras, and so she did, and was a real country bride. And as for the bridegroom, nobody could put a stop to his wild enthusiasm. He called himself a king and Angelica his crown.

After that Angelica became a respectable matron, who talked and drest and behaved just like the rest, and the village grew calm again, and Beardless felt that he had done very well indeed.

This is a transcript of one among nine stories of modern Greece, each by a different author. (Modern Greek Stories, translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides. Duffield.) They are all rich with local color, some fiercely tragic or passionate, one or two strangely tender, revealing the deep love for his mother that is evidently a strong influence to the Greek. All of them are ruled by beauty, for to-day, as two thousand years ago, the Greek is a lover of beauty. The story which is cited here in part is the shortest in the collection, lighter in mood than the rest. But it has its flavor, and will do to indicate the quality of the book.

LONDON TO-DAY TO AMERICAN EYES

WOULD you like to know how London seems to an American since the war? What rifts, if any, have been made in the great crust of caste that covers the English social system? What are the principal deprivations inflicted by the war on England and how do the Britons bear themselves in the face of such hardships? If any one be curious as to these matters let him read Mrs. Louise Closser Hale's pleasantly discursive book, "An American's London" (Harper's) and get an excellent idea of the London of to-day and the changes in the life thereof that have made it different from that of six years ago.

Early in 1919 Mrs. Hale went to London with a theatrical company in her capacity as actress and her book is the result of her stay there. The first thing upon which she enlarges is the temperature. Winter in England is trying enough to the American at best, but during a coal shortage it is misery. At her lodgings, at the theater, on the street—she is never warm. "These people accept their discomforts with magnificent stoicism. It's a great quality—it has carried them through the trying hours of war; but—I dare to write it down—a little more rebellion and a little less acceptance would have rendered this nation a greater service." And she speaks all the more forcibly on account of her recently acquired chilblains, "the only thing you can get in London for nothing."

The author's first step in the direction of comfort is to hire a "*maisonnette*," which turns out to be the two lower floors of a private house, the owner retiring to the upper part. Here Mrs. Hale and a friend, Beechey, start housekeeping, a phase of existence which ushers in the great servant question, wherein the change in English life is so marked. The neat, well-mannered trained domestic has become extremely scarce, and in any case is not to be had by the temporary stranger. They do not like to live with Americans, for Americans are "different" and none is so conservative as the lower-class Briton. After an experience with the daughter of a Canadian soldier who was quite as dirty, trying, and incompetent as any one on this side of the water, Mrs. Hale fell back upon a respectable, plausible, more or less capable woman, aware that this individual "put it over" her, but hesitating as to a change which might land her in worse difficulties. Her comments on the labor situation are enlightening. "They are returning, sour-faced, to do domestic service. Some depended upon the out-of-work employment donation as long as possible, making any excuse to avoid accepting a position, that they might continue their glorious playing. Some work and also accept the dole of a too generous government staggering under sickening financial burdens, and these, when discovered, are fined or imprisoned." Now that households are beginning to take on more servants the English find themselves confronted with some of our problems and, like many of our own people, are beginning to see that part of their solution lies in recognizing domestic service as a business. The author also points out that the adjustment of this question, like that of so many others, lies with the men. "It could be disposed of by the sturdy insistence of a man when he marries his wife that she must have domestic training as well as a pink bow in her hair."

Mrs. Hale is very appreciative of the Englishman's good points, but his innate feudalism of mind continues to impress her. "Opposed to whatever is new, they naturally suspect a new country. With centuries of statecraft it is impossible for such minds to believe that the United States has no ulterior motive in its generosity. . . . One British host, with unparalleled lack of repression, scoffed aloud the other day when I spoke of the sincerity of our dollar-a-year millionaires. He, no doubt, believes that our great financiers worked through the hot months in Washington to pull off a little deal in shoe-leather or tin-cans."

The author traveled a good deal about London by the tube, where the changes wrought by the war are noticeable. Here she meets the fashionable folk returning from theater or dinner, women who formerly went in luxurious motors. "Their evening wraps are of gold brocade, their slippers are satin, their hair blows in the rush of air from the oncoming train, but they refuse to admit that they are not correctly equipped for a journey under ground with the proletariat. . . . It may be 'tiresome' to have her pale slippers stept on, her flimsy wrap torn off her shoulders, but the centuries have told her what a lady should wear after six o'clock, and she is going to wear it." Sociability seems to prevail in the tube; passengers speak freely to each other while the consideration, not to say tenderness, shown by all to the crippled soldiers moves the author's heart. On one occasion the bus halted "not at the usual stopping-place, and two nuns, one girl in khaki, and on[illegible] old man arose from their seats as four on[illegible]legged, very young men hopped on. . . . There was a great collection of crutches after they were settled, and a stacking of them up in the little space under the iron staircase which leads aloft. . . . These four young fellows were getting a great deal out of a rainy afternoon. One, more agile than the rest, made a bet that he could hop on top without his crutches, and did so; the three remained below to argue with the conductress that they should only pay half fare, since they were paying for what space a portion of each of them was occupying in France. The bus conductress looked delighted but flustered: 'Full fare, gentlemen; you've still something to sit down with,' she retorted. For which she received sixpence from the major of the party for 'being a good girl.'"

Righteously indignant is the author with the American expatriate—the man without a country. Such a one she encountered at a restaurant dinner, a man whose theme was "the ineptness of our fighting forces, and he created by this assertion such fiercely fighting forces at the hotel table that he withdrew and went to his rooms. An hour afterward we called up this man on the telephone, with Beechey at the mouth-piece and the rest of us hovering near. Beechey became a lady of title, with super-English accent, who had dined, so she said, at the next table, and had made so bold as to call up the gentleman—all London knowing him, of course—and applauded him for his breadth of mind. What we could gather from the vibrations that came to us was a most ecstatic expatriate assuring her ladyship that he was not at all in sympathy with the narrow views of his countrymen, and, indeed, often felt like apologizing for them. . . . After Beechey had made an appointment to lunch with him the next day, we left him to the punishment which lay ahead, of walking around the hotel lobby during the following noon-hour, waiting to be claimed by a real lady."

The book ends with a vivid description of the Victory procession of Peace Week, the crowds, the good nature, the enthusiasm. The author had a ticket for a seat somewhere in Whitehall, which she reached after many adventures. She was nervous lest the American troops should not be cheered. As the countries marched alphabetically, they would come first and she was afraid that perhaps the people would hardly be warmed up to cheering.

"I was still agonizing over the possibility of our troops not making a hit when a bee buzzed in the ear that was trained in the direction of the Houses of Parliament. . . . There was a strange little murmur in the street, too, low and yet above the songs and the shoutings. It rippled along to the square and there grew into a field of sound. . . . The buzz grew louder, but I would not flap it away, for I knew now that it was not a buzz—it was a voice. The one great voice of the world. Oh, thrilling *vox populi!* It was the people—the real rulers of destinies—it was the 'plain people' cheering the Americans."

Mrs. Hale has a very pleasant style, a nice discrimination in the incidents she relates, and a gently humorous way of recording her experiences that makes her book delightful reading. The countless Americans to whom London means far more than Paris will read and enjoy it.

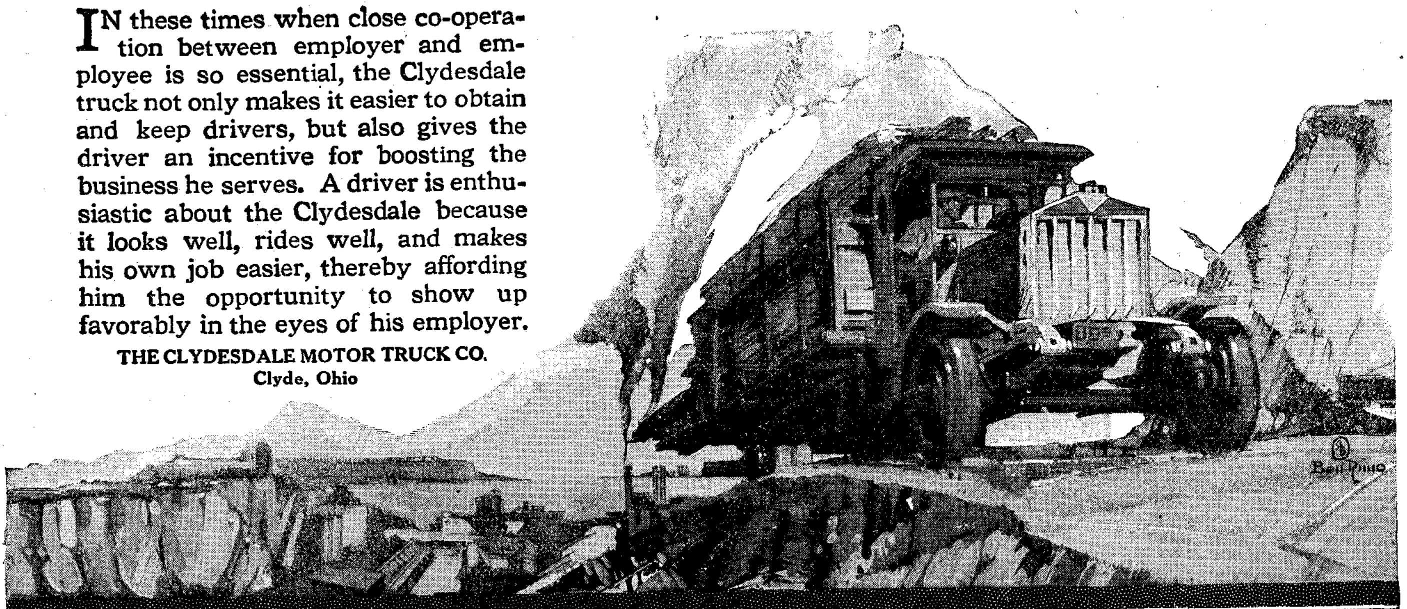
PERFORMANCE

WHY DRIVERS SWEAR BY THIS TRUCK, NOT AT IT

WHILE the purchase of the first truck may not be influenced by the driver's opinion, the performance of that truck in the hands of the driver often determines the selection of a second one. Clydesdale preference among drivers is founded upon two facts—mechanical excellence which includes power, adequate speed and ease of adjustment, together with the Clydesdale Controller which enables the driver to forget everything but the road.

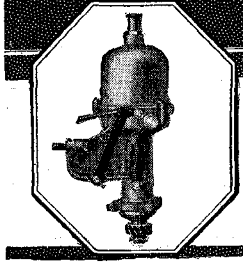
IN these times when close co-operation between employer and employee is so essential, the Clydesdale truck not only makes it easier to obtain and keep drivers, but also gives the driver an incentive for boosting the business he serves. A driver is enthusiastic about the Clydesdale because it looks well, rides well, and makes his own job easier, thereby affording him the opportunity to show up favorably in the eyes of his employer.

THE CLYDESDALE MOTOR TRUCK CO.
Clyde, Ohio



CLYDESDALE

MOTOR TRUCKS



"The Driver Under the Hood." Just as the locomotive engineer looks to his fireman to see that enough steam is maintained to pull the load, the driver of a Clydesdale truck depends upon the Clydesdale Controller to keep the motor going at whatever speed is necessary to pull the load.

Whether up or down hill, through mud or sand, over rough or smooth roadbed, the Clydesdale will travel at a uniform speed once the throttle is set. On an up grade, the controller feeds the motor more gas. On a down grade, it cuts down the gas. All the driver needs to do is steer and shift gears when necessary.

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always come at the wrong time—when there's something important just ahead.

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Drink

INSTANT POSTUM

and stay on the job!

"There's a Reason"

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

WANTED—AN INHERITOR

JULIAN TARRANT, poet, dramatist, and genius, found himself at the age of forty a rich man without any one to inherit his wealth. He was a bachelor, he had no use for women, and when his friend Richard Drewe, who tells the story of "A Pawn in Pawn" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) suggested that there was "an obvious solution" of his problem, "'Then for Heaven's sake don't suggest it!' he returned hastily . . . I offered him another. 'Why don't you adopt a child?' I said."

Miles Argent, third and very much the youngest of the trio of friends, opposed this project quite vehemently. But Julian rather carelessly agreed to it, and to the further proposal that the child should be selected from among those at the "Pawn-shop." Now the "Pawn-shop" was the nickname of an Anglican convent which received children who were not orphans, but who were unwanted. Drewe reluctantly accepted the mission; went to the convent, and returned with a little girl—to Tarrant's no small amazement and dismay. He had forgotten his request, in the first place, and if a child there must be, "What in Heaven's name did you think I wanted, or could do with, a girl?" Still, he did not send the child away, and it is this little girl, Lydia Lisle, they called her, who is the heroine of the book.

Richard Drewe was poor; too poor to adopt Lydia himself, tho he longed to do so. For he soon loved her devotedly, while Julian, whom she adored, cared nothing for her, and forgot all about her half the time, tho he was kind to her whenever he remembered her existence. But he spent money on her lavishly, and fully intended making her his heiress. Meanwhile clever, sharp-tongued Lady Corchester, "a typical Victorian worldling," constituted herself Lydia's fairy godmother, and chaperoned her when the time came for her to make her début.

Lydia was a great success, and everything seemed to be going well with her when Julian's eyes suddenly gave out. Threatened with blindness, he was forbidden to use them for six months. Lydia became his secretary, happy to be of some use to him at last.

He finished his book with her aid, then decided to take a trip to the United States. Lydia did not go with him, and it was fortunate for her that she did not, for on his homeward voyage the ship struck a submerged derelict, and went down. Only a single boat-load of survivors escaped, and of these Julian Tarrant was not one.

Miles Argent, who during all these years had looked askance at Lydia, as one of unknown and probably vicious parentage sure sooner or later to develop objectionable traits, insisted that Julian was not dead. But weeks passed into months, and, abandoning hope, his solicitors began to search for a will. But none could be found, for the simple reason that "it did not exist—had never existed." Julian had absolutely failed to make any provision for his adopted daughter's future, all his property going to a distant cousin who was his next of kin.

Then Lady Corchester suddenly discovered that she needed a secretary and Lydia accepted the post. They were planning a summer trip when the Great War "cut the world's history in two—

cut the thread of lives—broke hearts and hopes and ideals and futures." Lydia seemed to be busy with war-work, but Drewe presently discovered that she had a secret. What it was he had no idea, and he was very much surprized when a volume of poems, published anonymously, was announced to be her work—but not so surprized as he was when Miles Argent accused her of having stolen these poems, which were, he declared, unmistakably the work of Julian Tarrant. She asserted her innocence, and there followed a scene into the midst of which walked Julian Tarrant himself.

But Lydia's troubles were not yet over, for she was in love with Miles and he had not only accused her of plagiarism, but had himself failed to enlist. But, of course, there was a good reason for this, which was presently discovered, as was also the fact that Lydia was Tarrant's own child, the daughter of a beautiful Frenchwoman he had married in his youth, and who had left him within a very few months. After a year's absence Miles returned, confessed that he loved Lydia even when he accused her of theft, and they were united by the ever-devoted and useful Richard Drewe.

Reflections on the United States Mails.—If Burleson's resignation is going to take effect March 4 he should be getting it into the mails by now. The only thing fast about United States mails are the colors they use on the stamps. And the only thing up-to-date about 'em are the cancelation machines.

You see the mail-trucks speeding over one-way streets like a fire chief whirling to a burning brewery. That's some speed. When you get a flash of that thrilling sight you know the mail-truck boys are hustling with sacks of Minneapolis mail to catch the New Orleans express. Yes, the mail service is the poor man's telegraph. It costs the same to send a letter from New York to Los Angeles as it does to send one from the Battery to the Bronx. And it takes the same time.

There are now four classes of United States mail. Each class is behind the other from two days to four weeks. A newspaper is entered at the post-office as second-class matter and arrives at the subscriber's as first-class confetti.

The special delivery is a blue stamp, with a steel engraving of a tin bicycle. The stamp itself is ornamental and in no way interferes with the ultimate delivery of the letter.—*The New York World (Dem.).*

Three Against One.—Apropos a pestering delegation bound to see the President during the Civil War, Lord Charnwood gives us a new Lincoln story. In his boyhood Lincoln attended a backwoods school. They used to begin the day in that school by standing up in a row and reading a chapter of the Bible, verse and verse about. There was a little boy standing next Lincoln who could not read well. They read Daniel iii, and by ill-luck that little boy got the first of the verses in which the names "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego" occur. His perturbation was extreme, but, pulling himself together with a convulsive effort, he cleared that verse somehow, and all seemed to be well. Looking at him, however, after a moment, Lincoln saw that he was in tears and whispered, "What are you crying for?"

"Nothing," said the little boy, "only I can see those three miserable cusses coming 'round to me again."—*The Christian Register (Boston).*

GIRARD

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And there's a size to fit every mood and place.

You want the "Merchant" size for a light, after-breakfast smoke or on your ride down town. The "Broker" is just the smoke for office hours—a mellow influence to smooth the rough edges of business routine and leave you keen for the knottiest problems. The "Educator" is the big satisfying after-dinner size—a royal smoke to offer to a friend.

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You can get the "Broker" or "Merchant" foil-wrapped if you choose, which keeps them in perfect shape and condition to carry in the pocket, while the "Educator," packed fifty in its handsome enamel canister, cedar-lined and moisture proof, makes the ideal outfit for office desk or home.

MEASURING DRY GOODS BY MACHINE

THE product of a machine is standardized, accurate, but often inartistic; things that are "hand-made" are preferred and bring higher prices when the art element is important. But products and processes in which exactness is of paramount necessity demand the use of machinery. This is the case with measurements of all kinds, and our great laboratories are full of the most delicate devices for weighing and for measuring lengths, electrical tensions, and what not, to the last degree of minuteness. This being the case, it is remarkable that measuring-machinery has not been more in evidence in retail commercial transactions. The buyer calls for ribbon or cloth by the yard, and is dependent on the ability or whim of a salesman to get exactly the amount he wants. Recent developments in the direction of machine measurement for the dry-goods counter are noted by Dr. F. Reichmann in an article contributed to *Foods and Markets* (Albany). He writes:

"One of the earliest forms of measurement was the determination of lengths. In the barter and trade of the world from the earliest time linear measurements were made by paces or by comparison with the length of parts of the human anatomy. The length from the tip of the nose to the end of the finger-tips is still used in many rural stores and by the innocent housewife in checking calico and gingham. The standard yard of England was, in fact, established as the length of the arm of a certain king in the days when emperors and kings were more popular than they are to-day.

"Length is one of the fundamental units, one of the basic units of all physical science. Every physical phenomenon can be referred in the ultimate analysis to length, mass, and time. It is rather strange that the only method of ascertaining length in the ordinary retail commercial transactions has been by direct comparison with a rigidly constructed measure, such as a yard-stick, spaced counter tacks, or markers. It has only been in the past few years—in fact, only the past four years—that mechanical measurement has been resorted to in retail dry-goods merchandising.

"Let us examine the ordinary counter-tack method of measurement. Some years ago the writer conducted an investigation by the State Department of Weights and Measures of the State of New York, which has been published. It was found that over 50 per cent. of measurements made over counter tacks resulted in erroneous measurement, even if they had been correctly used, because that percentage of the measures were incorrectly spaced or had other defects. Three principal causes contributed to the resultant faulty measurements: (1) incorrect spacing of the counter tacks; (2) excessive size of counter tacks; (3) the almost physical impossibility of a salesperson using the thumbs in a uniform manner when measuring, and lack of uniformity in the tension of the goods measured. The third cause is the human equation which is very variable and frequently results in large errors, sometimes to the detriment of the purchaser and sometimes to the detriment of the dealer. This investigation also disclosed the fact that the use of unattached yard-sticks gave errors and variances even greater than those resulting from the use of counter tacks.

"The custom prevailing in a majority of stores relative to the charges to the customer was that the salesperson mentally calculated the amount to be charged or figured the amount with pencil and pad. In these cases wherever the total amount left a fraction of a cent as a remainder, advantage was taken of this fact, and the dealer called every fraction a whole cent. For instance, if an amount had come out 2.04125, the salesperson would charge 2.05. This was from no dishonest motive, but simply as a matter of expediency because with the rapid turnover of salespeople, the hasty training necessary, and the attempt to avoid delays to customers, it was simplest to instruct the salespeople to always take every fraction of the cent for the dealer. At the present time under the ordinary Merchant Law, which is followed in all financial institutions and recognized in all accounting practise, if a fraction occurs which is five-tenths of a cent or over, the nearest whole cent above shall be used, but if the fraction is less than five-tenths of a cent, the nearest whole cent below the fraction shall be used. The law of averages has clearly demonstrated this to be the only fair and equitable method of handling figures. It is strictly correct according to commercial arithmetic. The mechanical method of measuring does away with the largest part of the errors inherent in counter-tack and yard-stick methods of measurement, and when connected with a properly constructed chart avoids the above-mentioned errors in computing the charge to the customer. It enables the merchant to do that which he wishes to do, namely, place in the hands of his salespeople the means for giving correct results to his customers, and for doing it expeditiously.

"The principle of the mechanical measure is very simple. The goods is passed over a cylinder of definite and known circumference and the cylinder revolved without slippage by the material as it passes over it from one side to the other. If, for example, the circumference of the cylinder or measuring roll is one-eighth yard, then clearly one yard of goods has passed when the cylinder has revolved eight times. In other words, one yard of goods has been measured. The measuring-roll is connected to an indicating mechanism with means provided to mark and nick the goods from a proper starting-place, so that definiteness in length measurement can be had. We then have a simple mechanical measuring device. The measuring-roll, being a small source of power actuated by the goods that is being measured, is connected to a price computing chart, giving the money value of the goods measured at a definite price per yard in accordance with Merchant Law. All of the above is very simple in principle; but in order to have a really commercial article or device which can be used to replace the uncertain counter tack and yard-stick for the benefit of both consumer and dealer, means a great deal of mechanical experimentation and the organization of an enterprise for education, manufacture, and sales. That this has been successfully done is shown by the fact that practically all of the large and progressive dry-goods stores are now using mechanical methods of measurements in the retail departments."

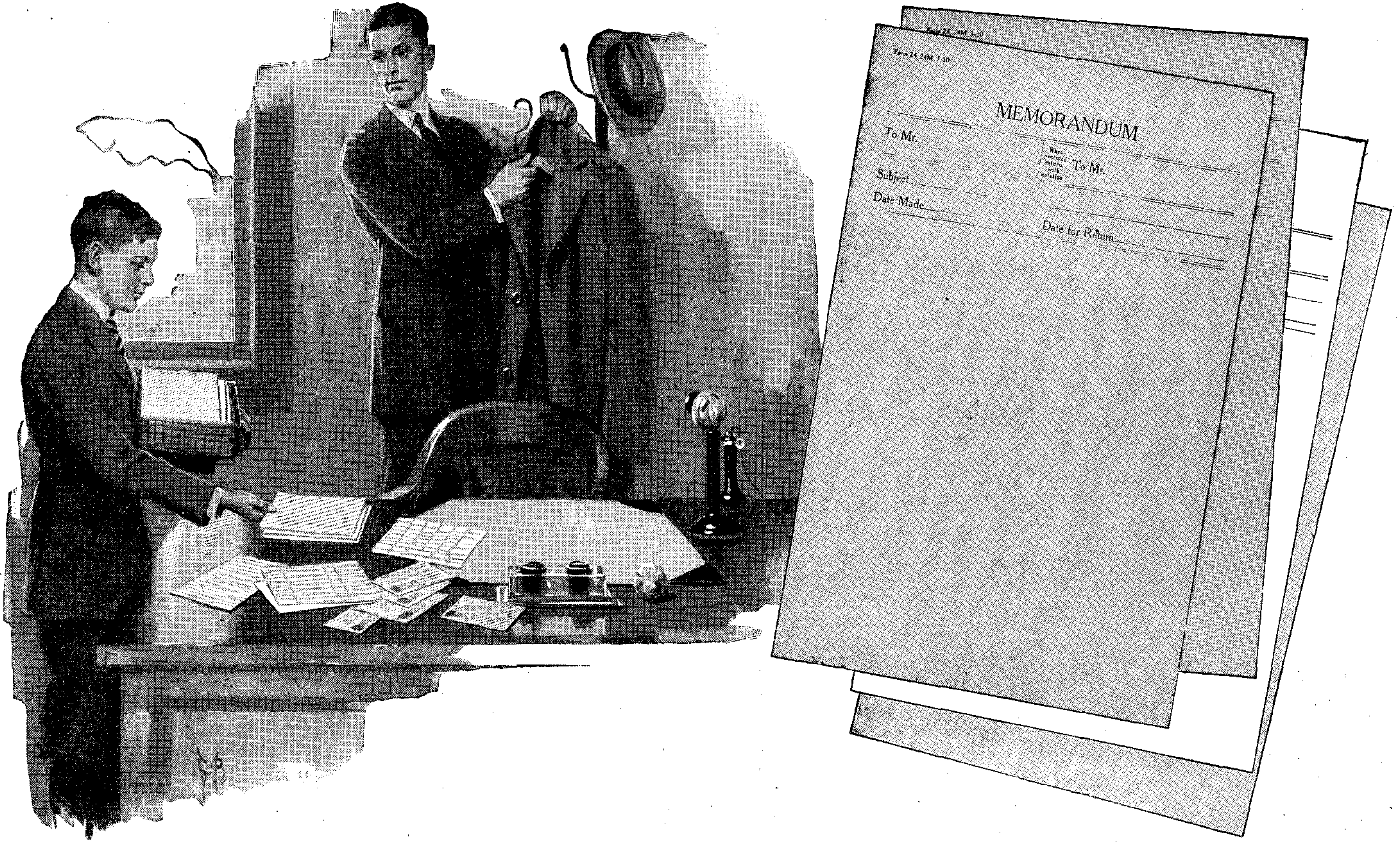
Let us see, Dr. Reichmann says, whether this is substantiated by figures. Rechecks of 9,382 sales in 210 stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific have been made in the past few years where dry-goods was sold by the old non-mechanical method. By recheck is meant that the piece cut off and ready to be delivered was unwrapt and remeasured, the sales-slip examined, and all errors in length, plus and minus, and all errors in computation were tabulated. These rechecks do not include remnants. He continues:

"These rechecks reveal that the average error in measurement is 3¾ per cent., and that 8 per cent. of all sales-slips show errors in money value. It is immaterial from the weights and measures standpoint whether these errors are against the dealer or against the consumer because the function of the weights and measures official is to secure correct weighing and measuring results, and to eliminate errors as far as possible. The examination of 4,210 rechecks in 105 widely distributed stores, that were made after mechanical measurement was installed, and using the same grade of salespeople, showed an average error in measurement of 8/10 per cent., and the errors in computation in the sales-slips for the money values was completely eliminated.

"This is a very remarkable improvement. It is almost astounding considering the fact that the measurement of dry-goods from a bolt is one of the most difficult measuring operations. The difficulty occurs because the part that is being measured is not separated from the original bolt until after measurement is completed, and the human factor always enters as a part of the operation. A weighing operation is entirely different since the commodity to be weighed is placed on the platform or platter and all the human element is removed before the weight indication is noted. The results most clearly indicate that both the dealer and purchaser are better protected and more satisfactory dealing results when dry goods are measured by mechanical means.

"I wish to emphasize that I have only noted the matter of measurement and money computation. It is interesting to note, however, in passing, that mechanical measurement means a great deal better service in other respects, because measurements can be made twice as rapidly as by the old method, and the salesperson can become in truth a salesperson and concentrate on sales instead of concentrating on measurement.

"The dealer, of course, is interested in the testing of this type of device. I would suggest the following: take a ten-yard piece of silk ribbon, about three inches wide, lay it without stretch or wrinkle



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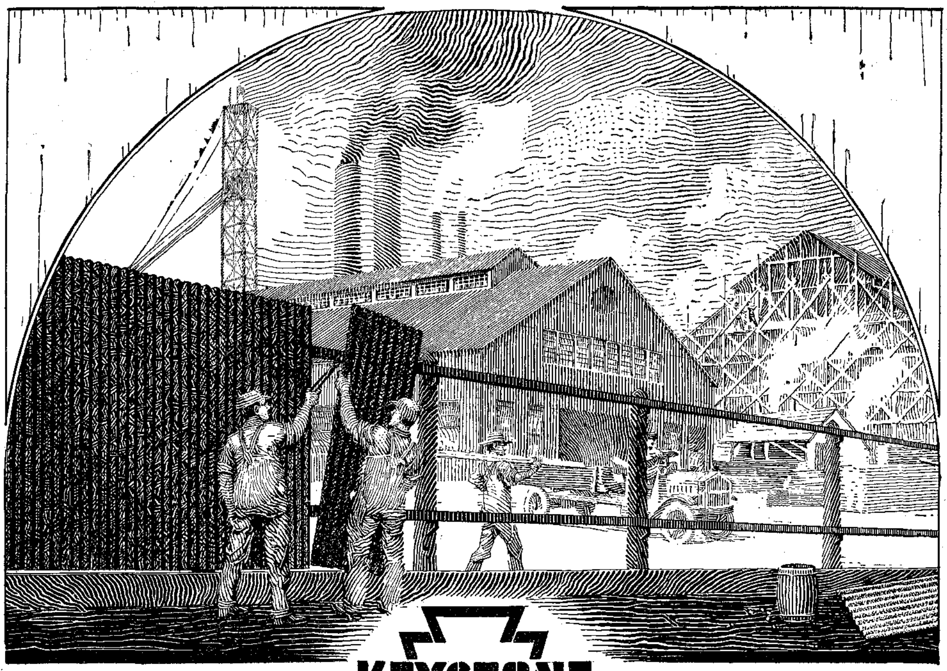

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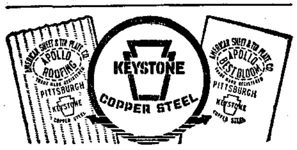

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

on a flat counter or the floor, and lay over it a correct or certified steel tape. Then mark each yard on the ribbon with a soft black or red pencil. In making test of the device in the store select one of the competent salespeople and have her measure the ribbon by the machine, noting the measurement yard by yard. Personally I have always believed in having one of the employees assist in making tests. For instance, I have always insisted that in the testing of a counter scale the user place the weights on the platform and note or call out the reading, which, of course, was checked. This expedites the test, makes it under working conditions, and brings out a better spirit. The weights and measures official becomes, in the mind of the user, the adviser, the helper, and the friend, and not an officious, cloven-hoofed demon. Use the same common sense in testing mechanical fabric measuring machines. I am of the same opinion as my friend Commissioner Neale, of the State of Minnesota, that all commercial-store testing is 5 per cent. technicality and 95 per cent. common sense."

A VEGETARIAN COLONY

THE Russian Doukhobors do not eat meat. Ten thousand of them have now been living in Canada for the last twenty years, and have saved some of our enterprising young physiologists the trouble of trying what confirmed meat-eaters would doubtless be tempted to call a "poison-squad" experiment on a huge scale. Whatever we may think of practical vegetarianism, we now know, at any rate, that total abstention from meat will not prevent a body of settlers from taming land by the hundred thousand acres, clearing it, planting it, raising grain and fruit on a great scale, and altogether making themselves into a decidedly desirable community of workers. Possibly an addition of meat to their diet would not have prevented them from doing what they have done; but there is certainly no reason for quarreling with them on this account. We read in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.):

"Twenty years ago there came to this country from Russia a small colony of Doukhobors, who established themselves in western Canada, and now number a settlement of ten thousand souls. A writer who has recently visited the colony finds them prospering, and gives us a very interesting account of the people and their accomplishments, which so clearly demonstrates the practical efficiency of the vegetarian regimen that we think it worth while to quote at length:

"'These Russian vegetarians came to Canada practically penniless, homesteading in northern Saskatchewan and Alberta. The first year or two they withstood the severe winter sheltered only by huts improvised from canvas and sods. It might be claimed that thousands of homesteading parties have done the same, but in this instance the point for us is that on a vegetable diet these people were able to survive the same bitter weather which others have thought they required meat to resist. On a vegetable diet these people homesteaded, and on a vegetable diet they have in twenty years transformed 300,000 acres of wilderness into one of the finest and most prosperous farms in western Canada, producing large crops of grain and owning their own grain elevators. About six years ago they bought, in addition, 10,000 acres of wilderness in southern British Columbia.

"'They cleared that land of trees, stumps, and boulders with their own hands and set out thousands of apple-, peach-, pear-, cherry-, and plum-trees which are already bearing fruit. They have also established a large grain factory and a large tomato-canning plant with railroad accommodations to the door, whence fruit is sent to markets in distant cities.

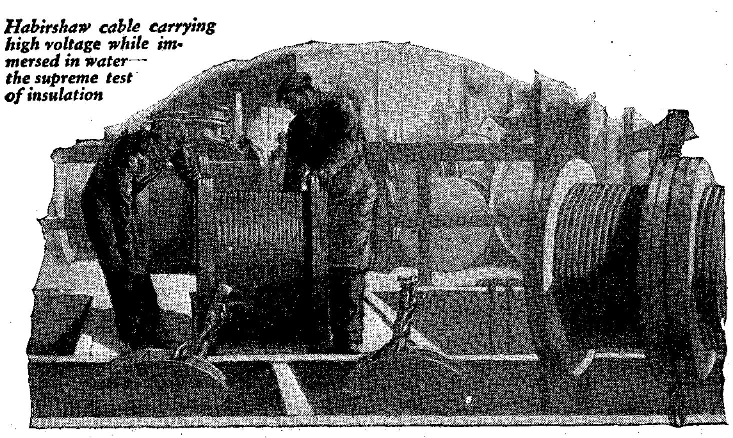
"'The details of the winning of these idle acres to production, by this race of vegetarians out of old Russia, reads like thrilling chapters in a tale of adventure. We discovered in our visits to their broad farms a spirit of modernity, a grasp of improved methods on setting trees, in pruning, in the saving of land in the giant irrigation systems, in their fine houses, and in the general air of industry.

"'Stepping off the train, say, at Brilliant, B. C., is like lifting the curtain on a succession of picturesque Biblical and Euro-Asiatic scenes—the women in full short skirts, kerchiefs over their heads, usually barefooted, occupied with their business of crop-growing or reaping with a stanch heartiness—the peasant women of the Millet type.

"'The houses of the settlement are not clumped together into a village, but are perhaps half a mile apart. Each house is, however, called a village, since it shelters from thirty to fifty people. Each village has its own barns, its Russian bath-house, its store-rooms furnished with neat rows of bins for white, red, or black beans, millet, clover-seed, wheat, flax-seed, etc. The plan of the villages is to have the two dwelling-houses face south, while the store-houses, work-rooms, harness-rooms, wash-rooms, and bath-houses are built in single file under one roof, enclosing a big yard on the north, east, and west ends. By this plan the out-houses act as a wind- and snow-break in winter and constitute at all times a shelter to the great yard, where on a clean, hard-beaten earth floor great tarpaulins of grains and vegetables are spread in the sun. Here, too, on long boards, drying fruit is always to be seen in the late summer. The life of the village is concentrated in these yards.'"

Two women are appointed each week to do the cooking for the family, leaving the rest free for outdoor work. They sift millet seed for porridge, and for bean-shelling a tripod with a suspended sieve is set up. The women have happy faces and gentle manners. Their work is conducted in a very dignified manner. Spinning-wheels are handy and at intervals they sit down to spin in the yard or by the doorstep. The loom stands inside, and when a woman desires to take a turn at weaving she does so, while the sun dries her apples or converts her cakes of mashed fruit into a hard mass. The writer continues:

"'A mile or two from the railroad station is a cleared place with the earth beaten harder than in any of the yards. It is a primitive Old-World threshing floor, such as might be found in any of the wheat-growing regions of southern Russia, and such a one as Tolstoy has introduced into his tales of Russian life with such telling dramatic



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A force that instead of being relegated to the discard through the advent of electricity, has proved its perpetual worth by making electricity the vehicle for its power.

That medium of electrical transmission may combine the utmost of efficiency, economy and dependability.

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Habirshaw has devoted all the resources of scientific investigation since the earliest days of the electrical industry. In their perfectly equipped laboratories, research engineers work without cessation that the world's most powerful force may be conveyed with the maximum of efficiency and safety through the medium of insulated wire.

How well Habirshaw has fulfilled its mission, how it has provided a safe and efficient means for the transmission of electrical power in defiance of the elements is told in the great cables that bear the message of the world through the depths of the ocean, and in the mighty conveyors and miles of Habirshaw wire that transmit energy for the welfare of untold thousands. And from the tiniest wire to the largest, all are manufactured with the same precision and certainty that has made Habirshaw the standard for more than thirty years.

The great volume of faultless wire and cable manufactured in the Habirshaw plants has reduced the cost of production to the minimum, and national distribution accomplished through the perfect marketing and warehousing organization of the Western Electric Company brings Habirshaw to every active market of the United States, and is the connecting link in the chain of service from the manufacturer to the public.

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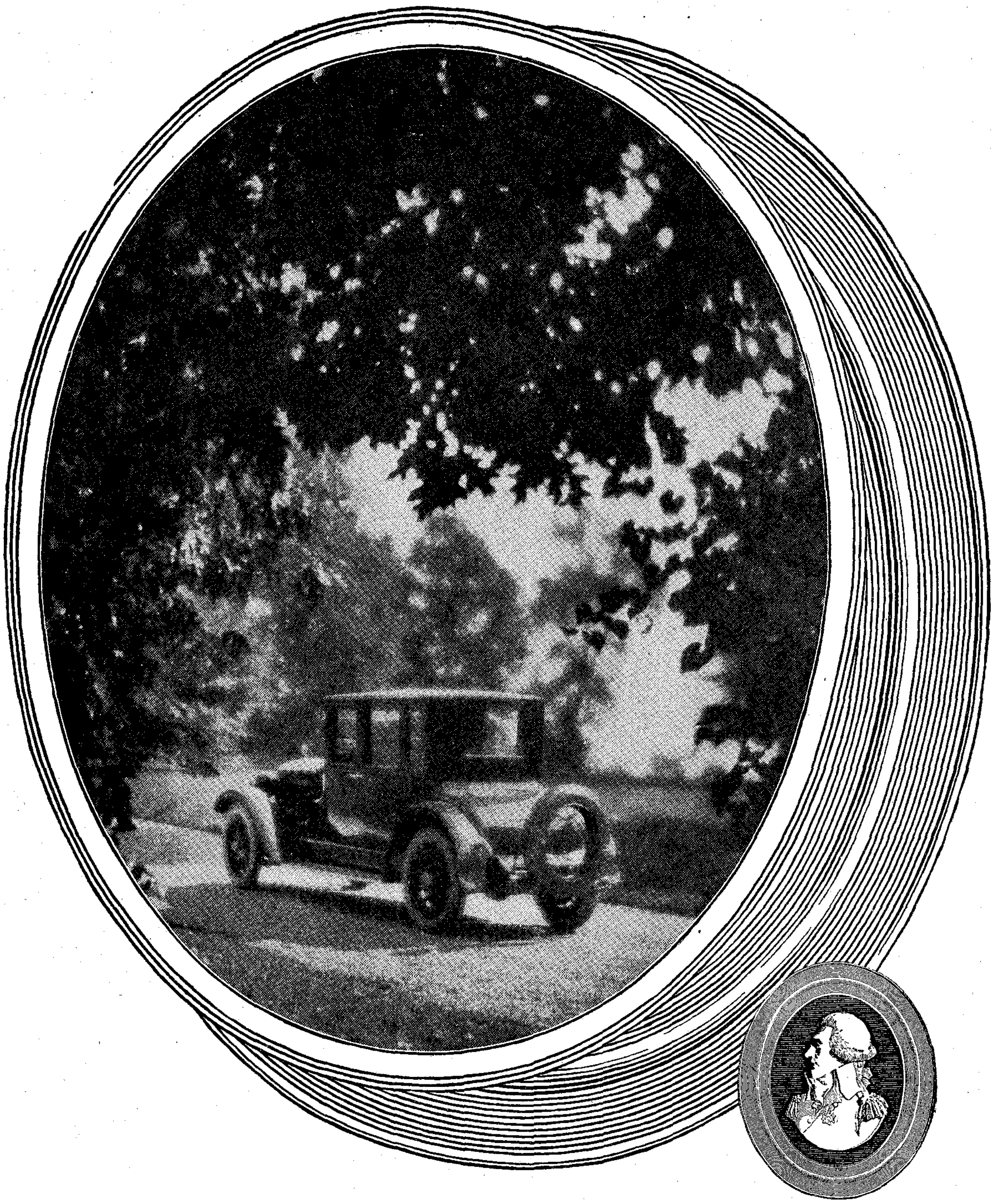

In the main, those who have acquired title to LaFayette have enjoyed long association with other cars of high repute.

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They have expected smooth running mechanisms, powerful engines and senior workmanship.

It must be rare excellence, indeed, that should evoke from such an audience more than the common meed of praise.

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In no uncertain terms these men have paid tribute to the car.

In their comparisons they have mentioned only cars of very highest rank.

We should therefore be overmodest not to admit much pleasure that our work has been so approved.

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LaFAYETTE

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

effect. On a hot summer afternoon the chaff, as it is swung from the hand-made wooden forks wielded by a score of sturdy Russian men, creates a cloud of straw-dust visible for miles. This is the way the wheat for home use is winnowed—the wheat that in time comes to the village table in giant loaves of home-made bread—the Russian brown bread of which all have heard and which we wish all might taste. It is their good home-made bread of life which helps these vegetarians to forget meat.

"'A typical meal begins with soup, in which every vegetable one can think of, with the exception of beets, appears. The soup is supplied with the necessary fats by a generous use of butter. There is plenty of brown bread to be eaten with the soup, which is drunk from hand-made wooden spoons. This is followed by a salad of tomatoes fresh from the vines, and crisp cucumbers. Then follows a dish of sliced potatoes and cauliflower fried together in butter and then baked in the oven. For dessert they may have honey from their own apiaries, a millet pudding with cream, carrot or bean tarts with flaky pastry from home-made flour, plenty of fruit in season, and always jam and cups of delicious Russian tea.

"'The menu ignores meat, yet is quite as comprehensive of variety as the average menu at home. Indeed, these people are prodigal with good things to eat. Their meals are big, hearty affairs, and any one partaking of them will finish unconscious of the fact that a meat has not been served.

"'These vegetarians are very fond of flowers, and plant them in every niche and corner. One comes upon them bordering the peach-orchard, the millet-patch, the melon vines. One wonders why they are quite so generous in the matter of seeds till he remembers the bees—the flowers supply nectar for the honey. The most successful of the bee masters is little Mischa, a boy of thirteen. Asked if he were not afraid the bees would sting him, he answered sweetly, "No, the bees are my friends."'"

HOW TO TRAIN A TECHNICAL WRITER

MANY a true word is spoken in jest; and if the aspiring writer for the technical journals will read in the proper spirit the following jocose advice from John J. Cochrane, director of publicity for the United States Bureau of Mines, he may learn not a few things. The advice was given at a dinner in response to a request to discuss the following topic: "If you had the power to develop a writer of technical matter, what course would you adopt?" We quote so much of Mr. Cochrane's remarks as is reported in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York). According to this paper he spoke as follows:

"First of all I would catch him young and feed him on alphabetical crackers to insure that he became a man of letters. Then I would give him a careful diet of raw bull to strengthen his nerve—the one most essential thing to technical writing.

"I would teach him that the other man in the same line of work is always wrong: can't possibly ever be right. (You could prove that through the fact that he indulges in technical writing.) I would attempt to teach him that clearness is fatal to any technical writer. I would drill into him daily, 'Kid, obscure your meaning, and you will become famous.' Then it will give you a convenient loophole to escape if you ever have to. If any one attacks you, then you can very easily call him 'another,' because in reality you, yourself, if honest with yourself, as you sometimes should be, do not quite know what you mean yourself. In that way, you'll have it on him, even tho he won't know. Anyway, a conscience is sometimes convenient, even to a technical man.

"If you want to throw a few additional smoke screens into the article, which is always desirable, puncture it with stars, crosses, and other mysterious marks, the harder to understand the better. Then have a number of foot-notes that correspond, but mean nothing. Be sure that you refer as authority to some society that you defy him to find out anything about, such as 'Flannigan in the May, 1852, proceedings of Erin-Go-Bragh.' Make it as difficult as possible for your reader to follow—that's genius.

"And here is some advice that ought to be italicized: If you disagree with another author and want to pillorize him before your technical disciple (you really care about nobody else) put in an extra foot-note and refer to him as the authority for something you know is wrong. If done naïvely, it has the effect of TNT. The ordinary effort of the layman in such matters is childish in comparison.

"Always quarrel with your scientific brother in a dignified manner. Begin with, 'May I have the honor to explain.' The beauty about such open, gentlemanly controversy is that you may quite as often be as near right or as near wrong as the other fellow. I stress this, because I feel it is an important accomplishment in technical writing. How fully equipped is a technical writer who can tell a man he is a damn fool in language that leaves him flattered!

"Then by all means, if you are a government technical employee, have at least three or four other technical employees read critically your manuscript before it is ready for the printed page. The beauty here lies in the fact that when they get through with it all such annoying superfluities as personality of the author have disappeared. Don't bother about the lack of capabilities of those who read the manuscript. The chances are that unconsciously they may improve it, as in the case of the hitherto homely person who developed into a handsome man after a horse had stept on his face. And during this process of critique, if you ever wince when they put the hot iron into your soul, you will never make a technical writer, and, therefore, there may be some hope for you.

"And please remember as a technical writer that nothing is ever perfect. If you are in a great art-gallery and the simple-minded folk are admiring the 'Venus de Milo' in their crude, enthusiastic way, remember your training and take issue with the work. Suggest that it is not true to nature because it does not have one or two warts on the feet. Point out that there are no varicose veins on the leg.

"I almost forgot to say that brevity, being the soul of wit, has no place in a technical article.

"If the dream child that I have instructed (and he is no synthetic kid) can follow me, it may be said of him with apologies to Kipling, 'Then you'll be a man, my son; you'll be a man.'"

Are You Treating Your Teeth Right?

Fermentation Causes Film
How to Stop Fermentation

SCIENCE has found that fermentation is the basic cause of tooth troubles. Fermentation causes decay; fermentation spreads upon the teeth the dingy, discoloring film which hides their pearly beauty; fermentation softens the gums.

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Thousands of dentists have prescribed "Revelation" for their patients. It is NOT A PASTE. Pastes contain glycerine. "Revelation" hardens the gums and keeps them firm, pink and healthy.

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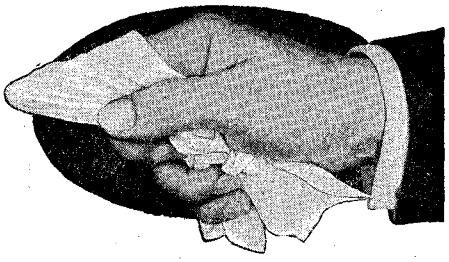

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Put a little Revelation Tooth Powder in your hand. Wrap a handkerchief or piece of sterile gauze around your finger. Dip this into water and then into the powder, and rub any stain on any tooth. See how easily the stain is removed. Brush all your teeth with "Revelation" and see how quickly they become pearly white. Note the non-irritating softness of this impalpable powder.

Mark, too, how cool and refreshed your gums are, how clean your mouth feels, how sweet your breath is, with all fermentation stopped. Treat your teeth and gums right. Make this test now and judge "Revelation" by its immediate results. If your gums have been irritated or made spongy by ordinary dentifrices, massage them with "Revelation."

Your druggist has "Revelation," or can get it easily for you. Accept no substitute. Regular price 35c. Guaranteed satisfaction or money back. If your dealer refuses to supply you with what is best for your teeth, we will send you a can on receipt of the regular price.

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PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY

(*Continued from page* 44.)

delivered the goods with a vengeance," but "if humanity will only ask for something more sensible, capitalism, ever democratic and accommodating and anxious to please a customer, will oblige with equal readiness and success. Capitalism fears and dislikes war, because war means destruction, taxation, unrest, and lack of confidence, and capitalism knows that tho it may seem to make big profits out of destruction it will pay heavily for them before the account is closed, and that it can only earn a good living out of prosperity and peace and progress. While some have accused it of fomenting war, others with a truer insight have denounced international finance as an incurable and incorrigible pacifist."

Dr. Nearing, it will be remembered, got into serious trouble with the Federal Government because of his pacifist activities during the war. According to Hartley Withers, any sane capitalist should be as opposed—in spirit, that is—to all war. But here the harmony between Dr. Nearing's views and those of Mr. Withers ceases. The great question remains unanswered: "Shall we, or shall we not, strike a death-blow at the causes that produce great wealth?" In America our chief effort thus far has been in the direction of making great wealth behave itself and of somewhat limiting its increase—for example, by taxing inheritances, by taxing incomes, and by taxing excess profits. Indeed, we have justified—or seemed to justify—the remark made thirty years ago by Prof. John Bascom, of Williams, who declared, "We are moving toward Socialism, but Socialism is not our goal."

Ambassador Walter Hines Page, while editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, was asked one day what he thought would be the outcome of Socialistic agitation, and replied, "I believe that the great historic forces will continue." One of those great "historic forces" is capitalism. It does not follow, necessarily, that because this force is "historic" it can not improve its ways. Doubtless the Socialistic agitation will continue; it is even possible that it will eventually succeed; but, "in the meantime," says Mr. Withers, "improvements in education should give to all a better chance of material success in life and open the chance of a career to all who have the necessary gifts of courage, honesty, initiative, and readiness to take responsibility. Tho, owing to the weaknesses of capitalism, baser qualities too often earn big rewards, these are the gifts that most surely bring success under it, and they are also the qualities that make a great nation. With these qualities fully developed and given free play, we might produce a country in which all would be competing vigorously in order to supply the needs of the consumer, and, wealth being well distributed, great profits would only be earned by those who served the whole community best. Great profits when earned would be spent sparingly on personal enjoyment, lavishly on worthy public objects, or put back into industry.

"Such a system would stimulate output to a degree that we can hardly now conceive and would enable those who lived under it to address themselves to the task of building up a real civilization, and producing a world that should be not only rich, but also beautiful and noble, full of wise and beautiful and noble men and women competing and cooperating for the common good."

ITALY'S "BLOODLESS REVOLUTION"

(*Continued from page* 26.)

embers of the metal-workers had voted nstead of abstaining, as they did, being he directly interested party, Daragona's ajority would have been greater. For runo Bruozzi, the young leader of the etal-workers, altho a Communist and, in-eed, decorated with the order of the Red tar by Trotzky himself at Moscow, believes a strict autonomy of the trade-unionists economic matters and is a determined pponent of party direction of strike affairs.

"With his hands thus strengthened by his vote, Daragona could accept Giolitti's nvitation to a general meeting at Rome. his took place on September 15 in the resence of the prefects of the interested egions, of representatives of the unhappy actory-owners, and of the delegation of aragona. As a result the famous *Decreto* as published."

Of the opinion of the workers on the new rder of things, the *Guardian's* correspon-ent reports as follows:

"The workers themselves think of it in wo ways. Many of them fear that the unning employer will find a way to nullify he measure. Italians no more than other orking classes are inclined to have un-imited trust in the incorruptibility of their eaders. In numberless factories the 'boss' ill get at the men's delegates and prevent heir seeing his books or using their infor-ation. In countless others the scheme ill work. To the worker this will mean rimarily more security of work. As soon s the employer says to his men that they ust work shorter hours or that they must ease work altogether, giving as his reason he bad state of his business, the heavy osses he is incurring, or the glutted state f the market, the workers' delegates will ave the right to ask him to prove his ords with his books. Last year the metal-orkers throughout Italy only put in an verage of 150 days. Their last request for n increase, which led to the 'lock-in' strike nd to the measure in question, was met ith this very excuse. If they find that the mployer speaks true and that there really s a loss, they will have the right to say to im if necessary: 'You are running your usiness badly. Do such and so, or get out f it.' The worker feels that he is no longer n a workshop in which he is expected to ork, quit, and return, and nothing more. He has the right to pass the jealously shut oor of the master's counting-house, see ow much his work is bringing the master, nd out if his interests as maker and user f the machines he minds are not being etrayed by the carelessness or waste of the ead of the firm. Later this knowledge will e a formidable weapon for asking for an ncreased share in the profits in higher wages. Capital's share in the enterprise is going to be cut down, sooner or later, to a fixt rate."

Among the Italian press we find the prominent Socialist leader Turati saying in his organ, *Critica Sociale*, that the "Control System" has been in the program of the Italian Socialist party for many years. And, he proceeds:

"The vindication of the right to factory control by the workers is the greatest revo-lution, from the Socialistic view-point, after the right of universal suffrage. It affects, in fact, directly the property right

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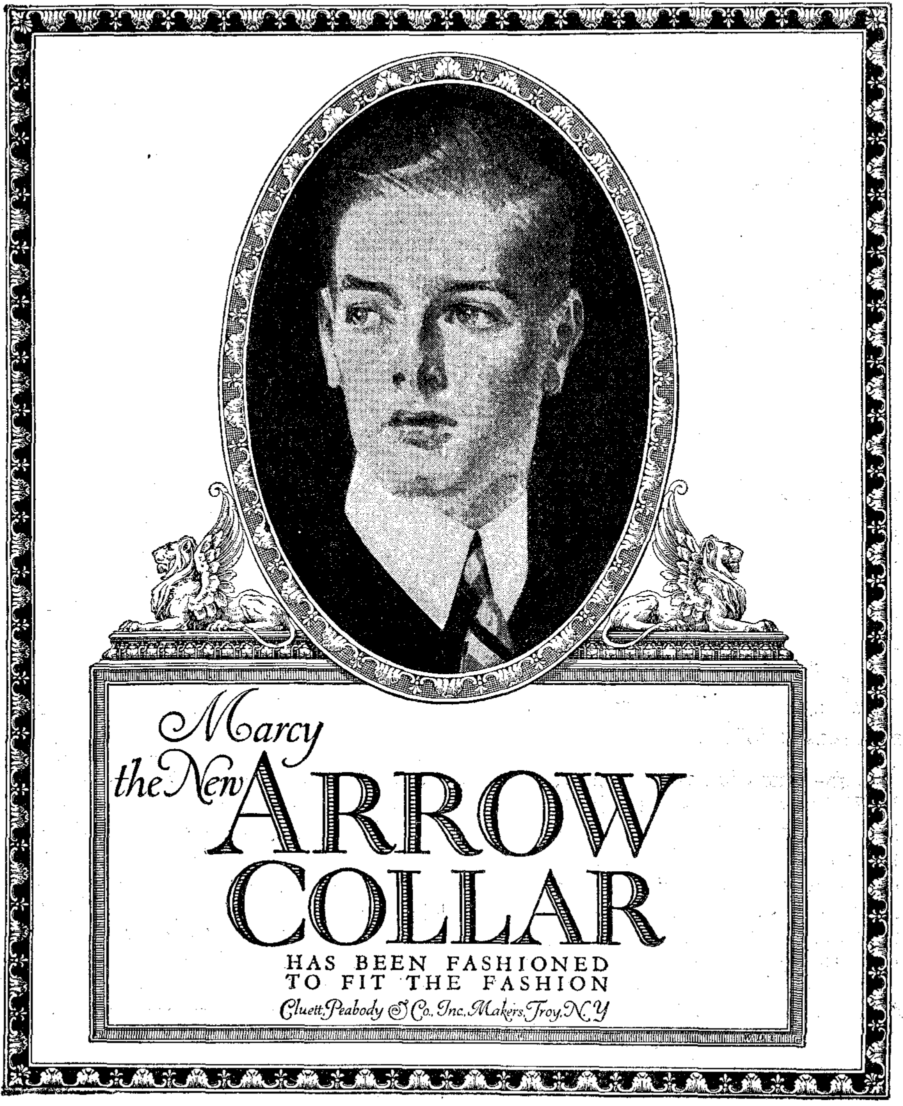

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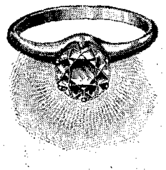

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Six blue-white perfectly cut diamonds set on sides of the ring. Large center stone is fine blue-white color. Ring is exquisitely hand-carved and pierced.

MEN'S Green Gold Diamond Ring

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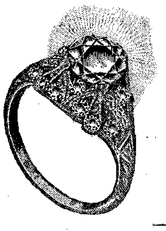
Fine blue-white perfectly cut diamond, embedded in solid platinum. Ring is handsomely hand-carved in Grecian design.



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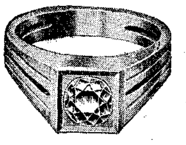
Sixteen perfectly cut, blue-white diamonds, set on the sides—large center stone is of fine blue-white color. The ring is solid platinum, exquisitely hand-carved and pierced.



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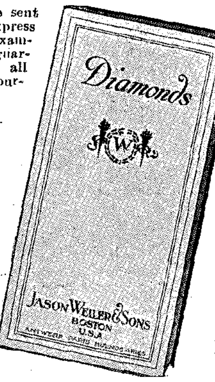

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in its capitalistic matrix, in one of the biggest industries, from which its passing to the other industries can not be but a question of time. The greatness of this revolution lies in its limitation, that is, in its guaranteed capacity of conservation and development. The immediate effects of such reform are the following: to make the worker partake in the management of the factory; to keep up his dignity and make him acquainted with the organic business constitution of the industry; to teach him how to avoid degenerate speculations; to revive in the worker the eagerness for the work that is intensely and joyously proficient. The future gradual socialization of the industries depends on these closest results."

Joy unconfined appears in the utterance of the Socialist daily *Avanti:*

"The syndicalist victory in the metallurgical controversy attained through the invasion of the factories is a bitter disappointment to the vanquished, the industrials, and their devotees, the editors of the *bourgeois* press. They must confess their defeat, which was due not only to the strength of the proletarian masses, but also to the panic of the leading classes. They must confess, too, that the proletarian class after the wonderful fight for its redemption has now the knife by the handle and is going to attack directly the fundamental institutions of society."

The *Avvenire d'Italia*, a Bologna Catholic paper, observes:

"The Parliament will be compelled to give its attention to the problem of the relations between capital and labor in the industrial field. There is still some obstinate resistance from people crystallized in liberal theories, but any broad-minded man can see, if he is a liberal, the inevitability of a change in those relations, and, if he follows any other social doctrine, the justice of this change. The attitude of the Government, inspired by a true conception of the situation, has contributed to keep the contest between capital and labor on the basis of the evolution, instead of the one of revolution and civil war. It is important to realize that the Government and the parties are now going along the right way. The Socialist program remains, however, intact in all its unacceptable extremistic consequences."

A prominent Italian economist, Mr. Luigi Einaudi, contributes an editorial to the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, in which he says:

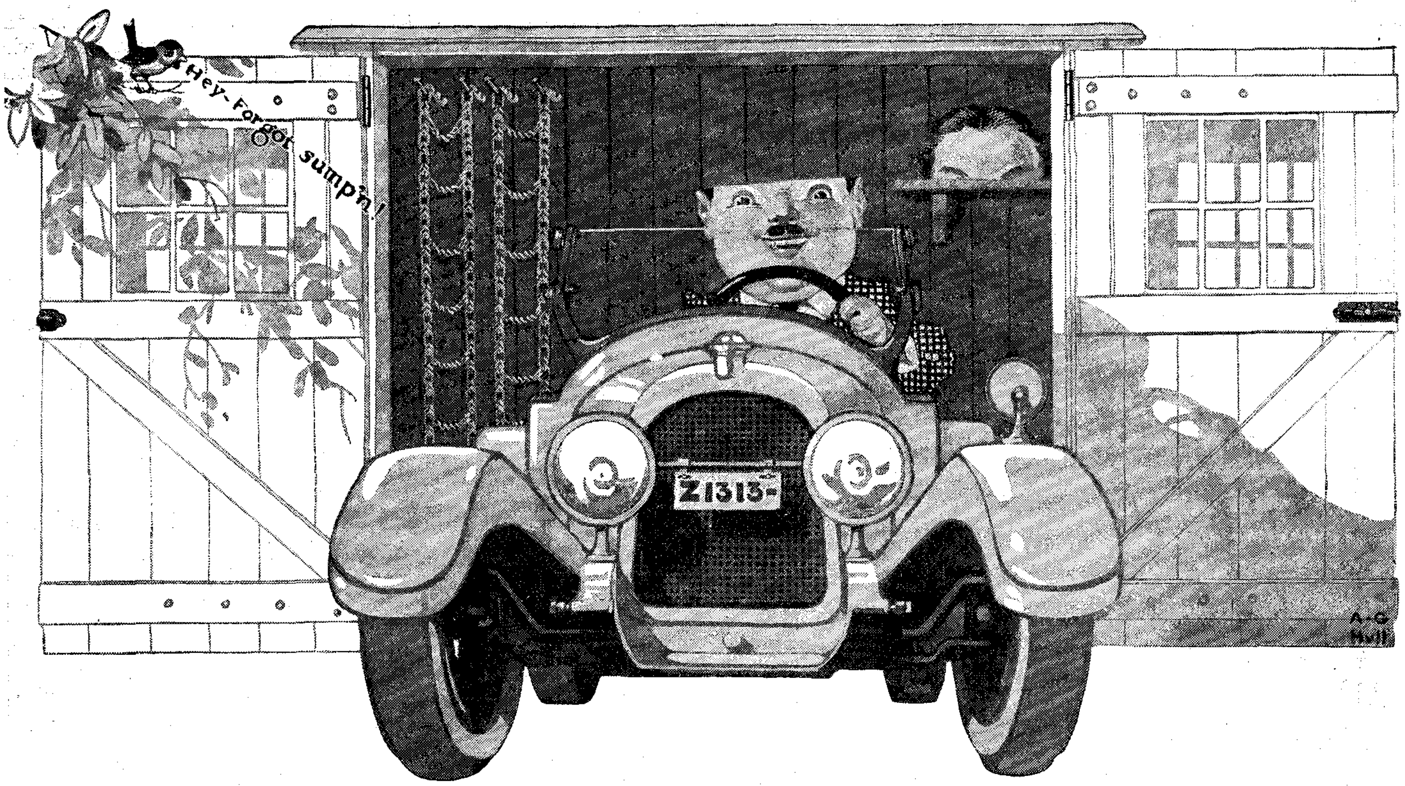
"It is commonly affirmed nowadays that the fight for factory control is being fought between capital and labor, that is to say, between capital as having an absolute dominion, and labor which, as a subject void of any authority, wants to be a cooperator in the production. This problem as it stands to-day is wrongly formulated because in contradiction of the reality. It is useless to affirm that the control of the industry is in possession of the factor 'capital' when as a matter of fact the question is substantially different. A superficial observation reveals that capitalists, stockholders, and the like are not the real managers of an industry; furthermore, it is well known that the success of an enterprise, even of a big one, depends upon the reliance of the capitalists on a man, or agent, or worker, which reliance can be exprest for a long or a short time, but generally is tacitly renewed. The very master of an industry is not the capitalist, but the contractor, the technical tradesman who conceived the enterprise and convinced the capitalists of the convenience of giving their money for an investment. Of course, an enterprise needs the help of the capitalist as well as of the workers. Without both of them he could not succeed, nor could he pay interests and salaries. The contractors are undoubtedly under a certain control of capital as they will be under the control of the workers to-morrow, but they remain the true masters of the enterprise, the true soul of the business. If the workers' control means something, it does not certainly mean a victory of labor over capital, but a victory of the democratic representative system over the autocratic system of the enterprise's organization. The fight is between man and man, not between man and capital; it is between two principles of government, of which only one has made its experiment. Therefore, this fight is hard to solve, and can be solved only through a slow moral education. It cannot be inferred, however, from these facts that capital can be tossed aside as a mere material element which is tolerated only as a necessity, without being recognized worthy of a moral compensation."

Ex-Premier Orlando is quoted in the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* as saying the following:

"What happened in Italy is undoubtedly an evidence of the high degree of the political development of our people. Of course, the method which has been followed is of a substantially revolutionary character, but don't you think it a proof of the strength of a people that a revolutionary stage has been overcome through the methods of discussion and agreement? There is nothing more paradoxical than a big assembly gathered in a big city of Italy to discuss whether it has the cause of starting a violent revolution, but such an extraordinary event confers a value greater by far to that sense of responsibility of the leaders who put on the alternative. By the force of the problem they come to a negative solution, and the people confirm such decision by a referendum."

Some suggest that the control of the workers may upset the principles upon which the law of private property has its foundation, to which ex-Premier Orlando replies as follows:

"Be sure that the jurists will widely discuss the special problem rising from the control system, and opinions will be deeply different. Of course, much will depend upon the manner of its application, and this fact makes premature any judgment. *A priori* I think there is no absolute incompatibility between the conception of individual property and the realization of workers' factory control. The principle that entitles labor to a direct interference with the development of the factory is not new in itself and has not proved itself incompatible with the most accepted juridical systems. It is not even contended that a society may be constituted of the elements that give only their work, and of the elements that give their capital. Now if we have clear in our minds the fact that capitalistic participation creates by itself the right of control, we can easily come to the conclusion that the present affirmation of the right of the workers constitutes undoubtedly a very audacious reform, but not to the extent of upsetting the essence of the existing laws."



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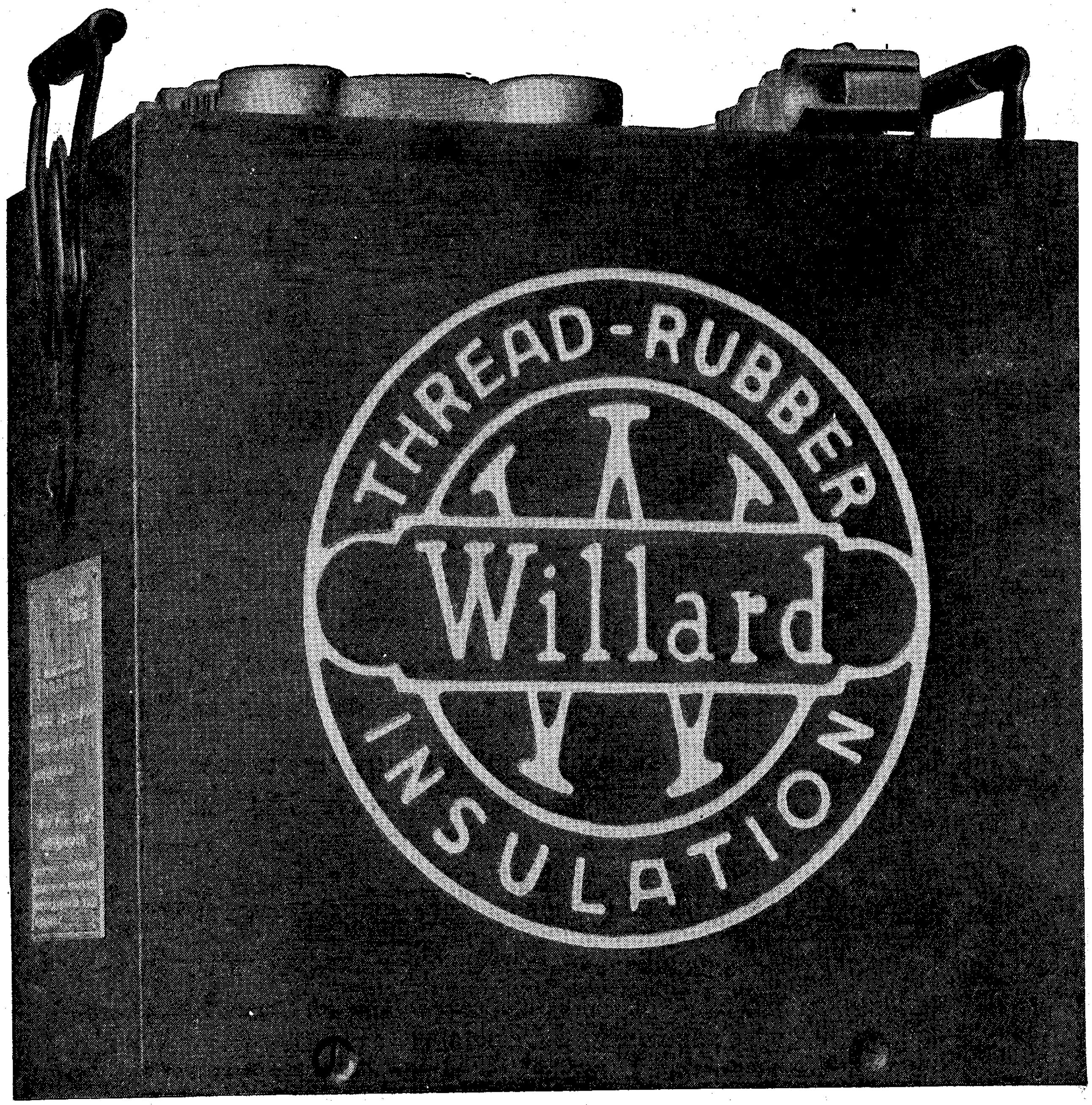

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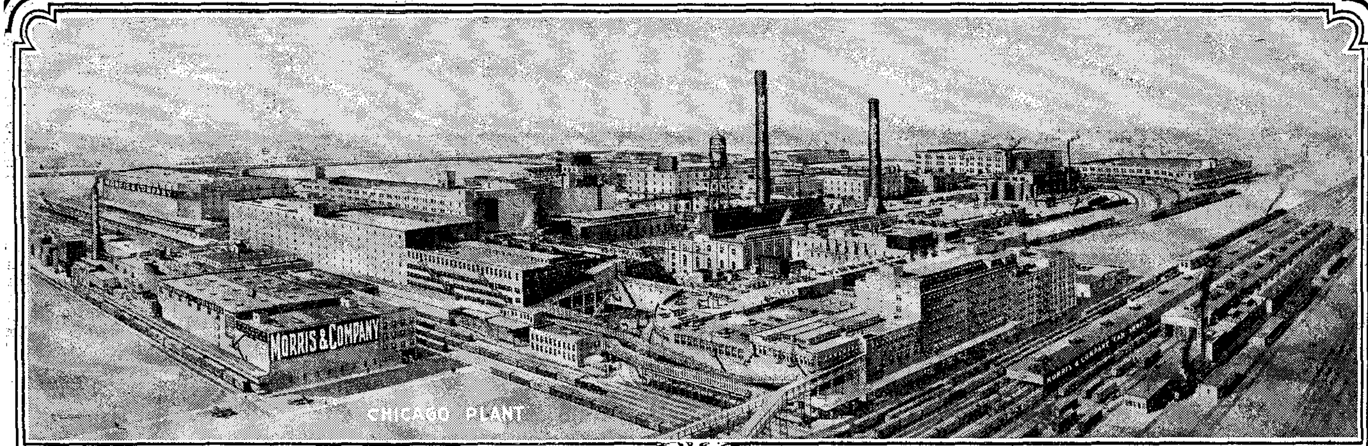

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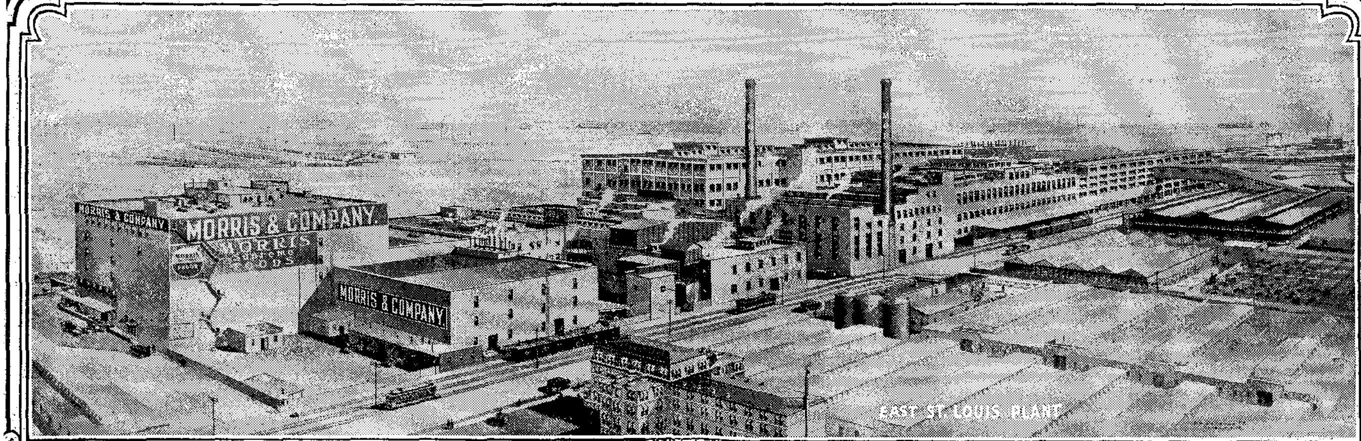

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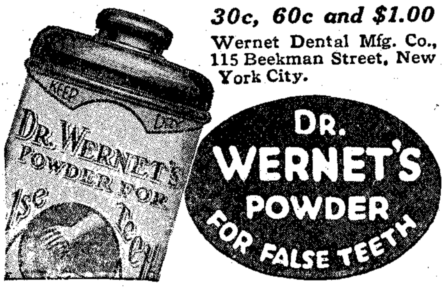
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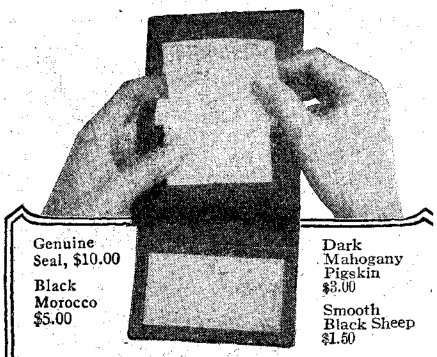
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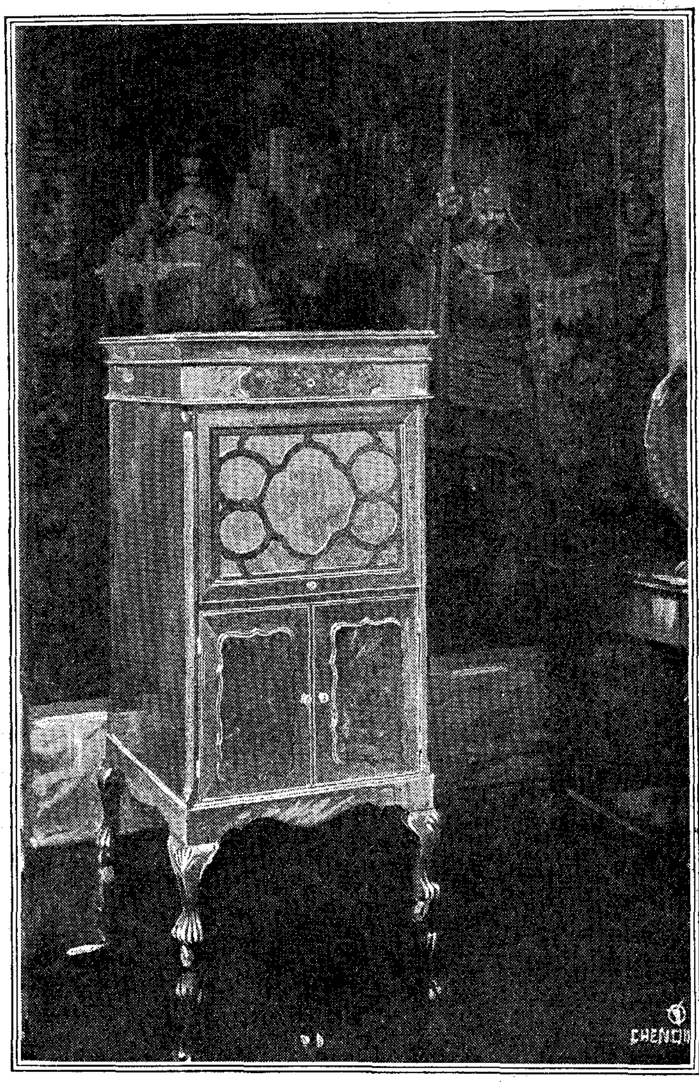

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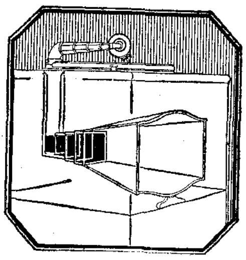

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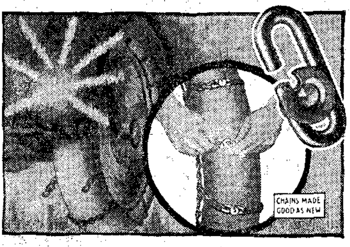

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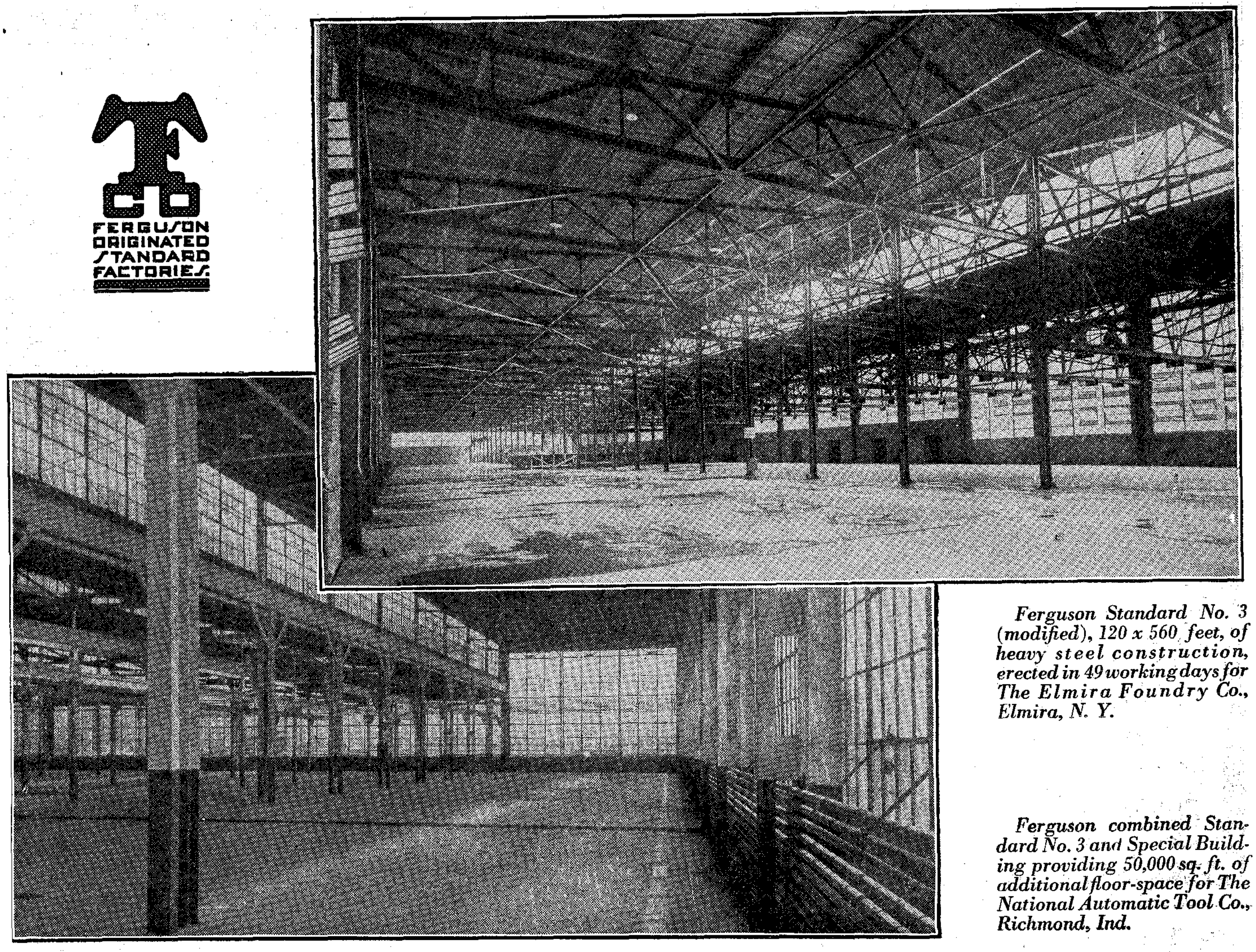

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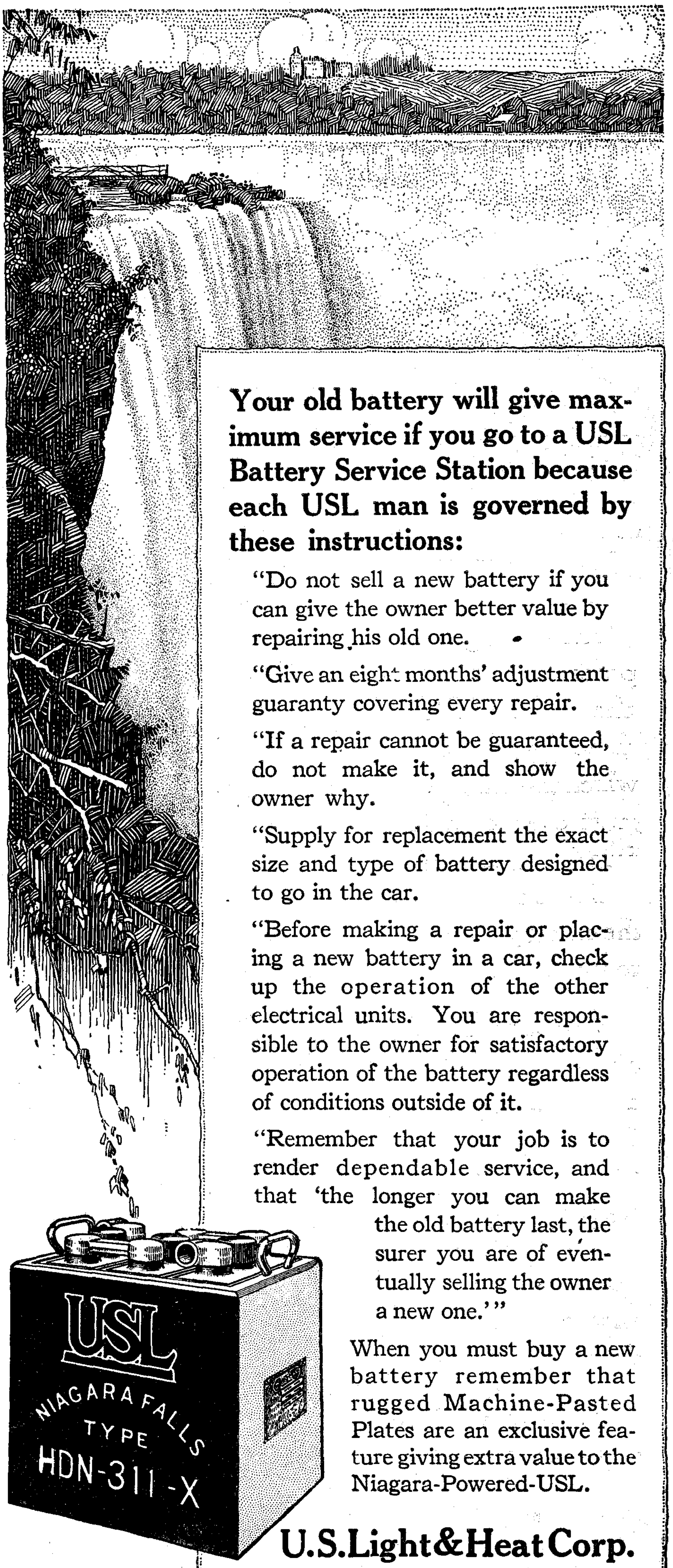

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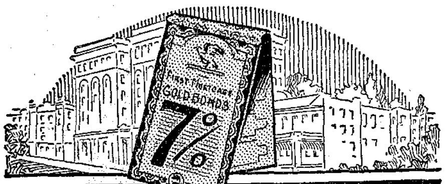

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THE TREND TOWARD RAILROAD PROSPERITY

THE American railway system, says Julius H. Parmelle, director of the Bureau of Railway Economics, "may definitely be regarded as having passed across the angle at the foot of the hill and having started upward toward the opposing peak." Altho the record is a mixed one, it shows, according to Mr. Parmelle, "distinct and favorable results from the drive for more transportation and offers a basis for the statement that the railways are, indeed, gradually coming back." Statements showing railroad aims and accomplishments were quoted in the "Topics of the Day" department two weeks ago, but later figures are now available to carry the story a step further. The railroad executives' efficiency program was thus stated in brief by Vice-President George H. Ingalls, of the New York Central, at the October meeting of the Traffic Club in New York:

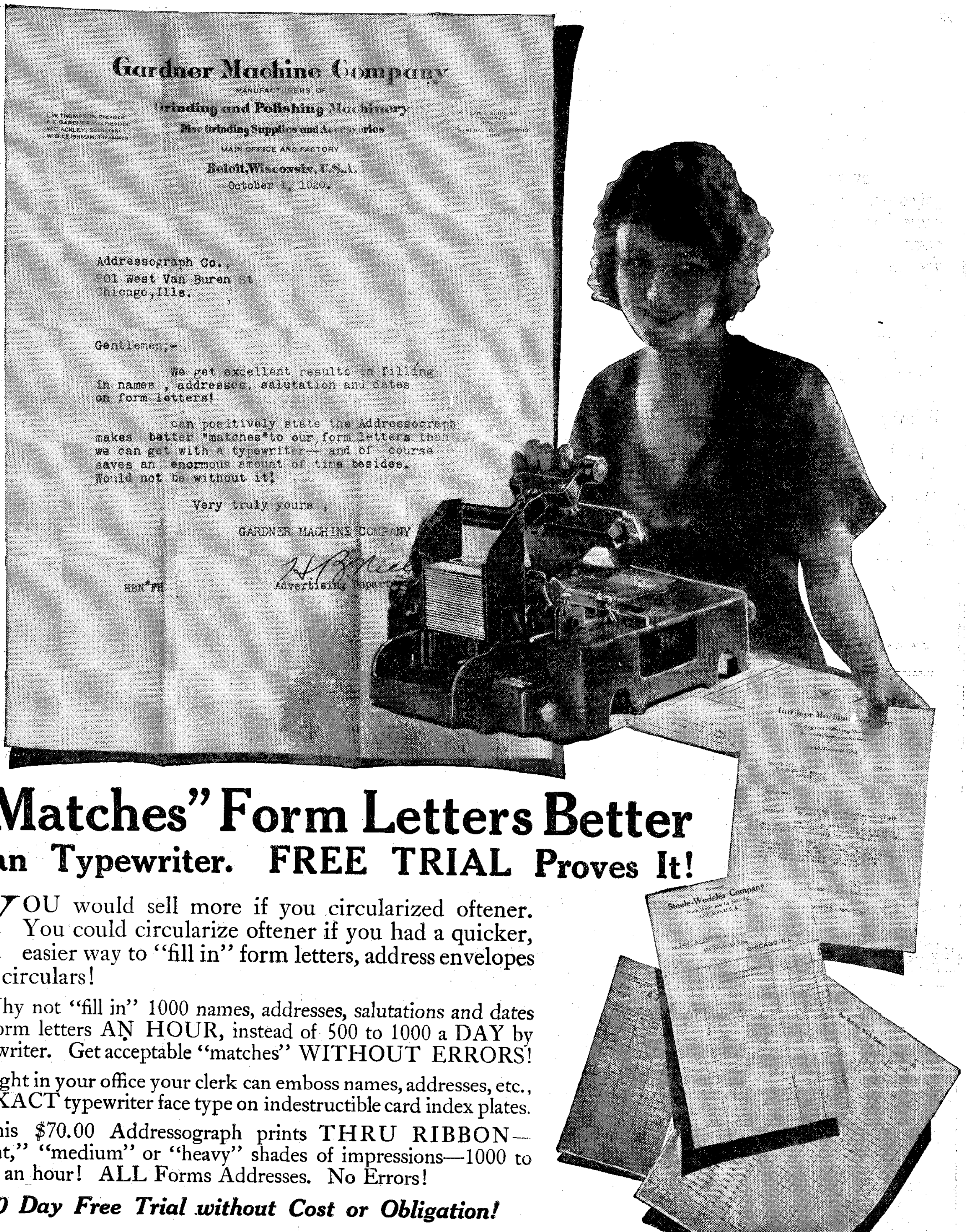
> First—To increase the average freight-car mileage to thirty miles per day. In 1919 the average daily mileage of a freight-car for all railroads was 23.1 miles.
>
> Secondly—To increase the average load per freight-car to not less than thirty tons. In 1919 the average loading per car was 27.8 tons.
>
> Thirdly—To reduce the percentage of "bad order" cars to not more than 4 per cent. At the end of Federal control the reports showed 6.7 per cent. of our 2,363,000 freight-cars were in bad order, but of the box cars a survey showed that they had been permitted to deteriorate from the floor upward to such an extent that from one-fifth to one-third of all box cars were actually unfit to carry general merchandise, such as grain, flour, etc. And two months after Federal control had ended the percentage of bad "order cars" had increased to 7.4 per cent.
>
> These three definite aims embrace in their attainment the problems of higher efficiency in railroading. Each one of them, if accomplished, would constitute a great stride toward giving the nation that adequate transportation service without which our commerce and industries can not expand, production be increased, and general prosperity prevail.
>
> If the average daily car-mileage were increased to thirty miles, or 30 per cent. above that of 1919, and other factors remained the same, the ton-mileage of products and material hauled would be increased from 395 billion to 513 billion, which of itself would go far toward supplying the deficiency of transport that has affected our whole economic life adversely.

That distinct progress toward the railroad executives' goal has been made is indicated by figures read at their recent meeting in New York. It was shown that at the end of Federal control the average daily car-mileage was 22.3 and the average tonnage of each car 28.3. On September 1 the car mileage was 27.4 and the tonnage 29.6. As the New York *World* thus tabulates for convenience these figures and th economy they represent:

Average daily car movement as of March 1, when roads were returned	22.3 miles
Average as of September 1, under private management	27.4 "
Average load under government management	28.3 tons
Average load as of September 1	29.6 "
Number of cars in operation September 1	2,354,000
Gain in efficiency equal to increase of	500,000
Cost of 500,000 cars	$2,000,000,000

Since the break in railroad operation resulting from the April strike, each mont has seen an increase in operating efficienc says the New York *Journal of Commerc* which thus summarizes in its Washingto correspondence figures prepared by railroad officials:

> In May operations totaled 37,885,000 000 net ton-miles; in June, 38,179,000,00 miles; in July, 40,435,000,000 of miles, an in August, 42,500,000,000 miles. Sinc that time, even better records have bee attained.
>
> The number of freight-cars loaded wit revenue freight in August and Septembe was 7,652,208, an increase of 240,579 ca loads over the corresponding period of 191 while the first two weeks in October showe 1,985,733 car-loads, compared with 1,939 767 for the corresponding two weeks c 1919.
>
> The record for the week of October 9, th latest available at this writing, was 1,009 787 car-loads, a figure that has been ex ceeded only once in the history of America railroading. In fact, the weekly recor has passed the million mark not more tha four times in railway history.
>
> As to bituminous coal, the car-loads i August were 836,278, and in Septembe 790,530, being greater by 105,604 and 4 077 car-loads, respectively, than in the sam months of 1919. The first two weeks c October show 420,844 car-loads, which wa about 5,000 less than the same weeks c 1919, when every effort was being made t rush coal ahead of the impending miner strike of November 1.
>
> It will be seen, said officials, that th daily movement per car and the tonnag per car showed progressive increases fro May to August; that the percentage o loaded car mileage went down in June an July and was not back at the May level i August; this was probably due to the rail ways' effort to get cars back on their hom lines almost regardless of the amount o empty car-miles generated thereby; finally that the percentage of bad order or unser viceable cars showed a regrettable tendenc to increase. This may have been the resul of more prompt shipping, or of the grea traffic demand, or the difficulty of securin trained shop forces, but in any event it is situation that the railway committees hav set themselves to improve.
>
> The only disturbing feature in the wa of the railroads' financial improvement according to officials, is the persistent re fusal of the State Railway Commissions t permit increase in intrastate rates to th level of interstate rates. The Interstat Commerce Commission included in its esti mates increased revenues from intrastat



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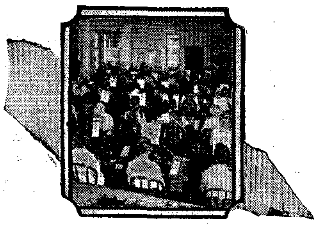

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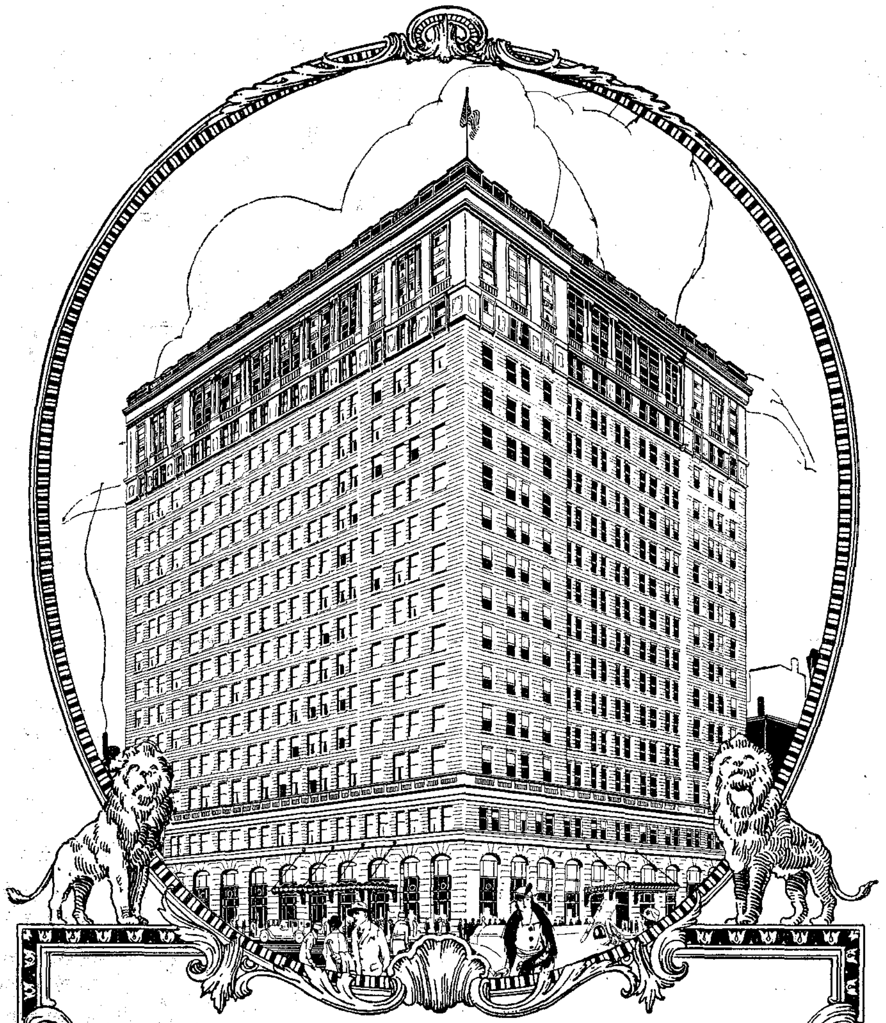

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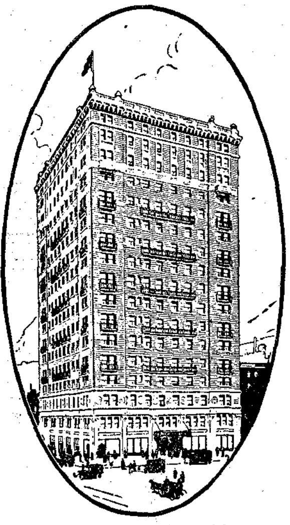
Five hundred and fifty rooms, all with outside light and air. Rates $2.50 and $3.00 a day. In the heart of the wholesale, financial and general business district. Directly across from La Salle Street Station.



Fort Dearborn Hotel, Chicago

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

rates for the benefit of the carriers, and unless this increase is obtained another request to the commission for additional revenues may be forced by the roads.

The process of railroad recovery, notes *The Journal of Commerce* editorially, "is reflected in the status of railroad securities":

> While these have in some instances enjoyed a substantial advance sufficient to demonstrate the renewed confidence of the community in them, few or none have even approached their prewar levels of value, and it may be doubted whether they will do so in any early future. Conditions surrounding the making of investments are now quite different from those which existed before the war, and they are not likely to go back to a prewar footing very soon, if ever. One factor which will prevent such recovery in any except special and exceptional cases is seen in the fact that the transportation act now limits the return that can be gained on railroad securities, so that about all that can be looked for is a certain measure of advance and then a "stabilization" at or near that figure. Such a result is, of course, but a partial and tardy measure of relief to the much-tried and long-suffering army of small holders of railroad stocks and bonds who took them originally in the belief that they would serve as a safe form of investment of savings. The same situation holds good of the savings-banks and insurance companies which have for so many years carried large blocks of railroad securities. Eventually they will unquestionably have to write off extensive losses on their railroad holdings where they have not already done so, for there is no reasonable prospect that the present upward movement will put them back to where they were originally. . . . . . .
>
> The bettered status of the roads, altho by no means brilliant, is substantial and is already enough to cause some envious comment. In the demands for farm credit which have lately been filed at Washington reference has been repeatedly made to the preferential treatment accorded the railroads. Farmers, however, are not subject to a limitation of their earnings to 5½ or 6 per cent., and they neglect that without transportation their output would be worth a good deal less than it now is. The improvement that is taking place on the roads is a matter for general congratulation, and those who are disposed to complain of it may well refresh their memories regarding the various crises in the freight movement of the past two or three years before they undertake to reopen the era of railroad baiting which so nearly culminated in disaster.

Advocates of government ownership or operation naturally do not admit that the increased efficiency is due to the release of the roads from government control. As Wharton Barker declares in an article we find in *The Daily News Record* (New York) of the garment trades, "the implication that the improvements noted are due to private management is unwarranted, because the conditions this year and last year are not the same." Mr. Barker expects the railroad presidents to make another appeal to Congress for additional funds, as soon as the December session opens, "the sum then demanded being probably one billion dollars." He believes that the roads face either bankruptcy or continued dependence on government funds, and he is thoroughly convinced that "National operation alone can manage all the railroad systems of the country as one enterprise and eliminate the duplication of costs, the wasteful routing of freights, the needless competitions, the superfluous litigations, and the thousands of useless lawyers returned to the pay-rolls as soon as private management was re-established."

THE BANKERS REJECT PROFESSOR FISHER'S "STABILIZED DOLLAR"

THE injustices and hardships due to serious fluctuations in price levels have set many an economist and financier to try to devise a scheme for stabilizing values. Among the means that have been proposed for doing away with these economic disturbances, notes *The Weekly Review*, "the one that has been most ably urged and that has received the greatest amount of support from competent authorities is Prof. Irving Fisher's plan of the compensated or stabilized dollar." This plan has been urged by its author in book and magazine articles, and it has aroused much discussion, pro and con. The American Bankers Association named a special Currency Commission to report on the Fisher plan, and at the Bankers Convention in Washington last month this commission—which was headed by A. Barton Hepburn, chairman of the Advisory Board of the Chase National Bank of New York, reported that the plan, "tho interesting and ably worked out, is wholly impractical and would involve grave dangers to the stability of our financial and monetary system." *The Weekly Review* thus explains how Professor Fisher would do away with rising and falling prices and the fluctuating value of the dollar:

> Under this plan the dollar, instead of meaning a definite amount of gold, would mean a varying amount of gold, the amount being so regulated as to keep the purchasing power of the dollar, as nearly as possible, constant. This would be accomplished by the use of the index-number—a number which gives the average price of a long list of standard commodities, each influencing the average according to its importance. When this average price rises, the dollar is to be made to contain a greater weight of gold, so as to bring the price down; when the average price falls, the dollar is to be made to contain a less weight of gold, so as to carry the price up. And the whole thing is to be made workable by taking gold coins out of circulation altogether and using gold certificates exclusively. The only way in which gold itself would come into play would be in the redemption of the certificates when that was demanded—a larger or smaller amount of gold bullion being given for them by the Treasury according to the standard fixt by adjustment to the index-number as above indicated.

"Plausible and attractive" as this

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In and bordering on Pennsylvania are thousands of industries ceaselessly engaged in meeting the needs of the civilized world.

On the other side of the ocean lie ports waiting to receive the output of America's enterprise and to dispatch to us in turn cargoes of foreign goods.

Between these two fields of production stands The Philadelphia National Bank prepared to clear traffic from two hemispheres and to serve the needs of American business in any way possible.

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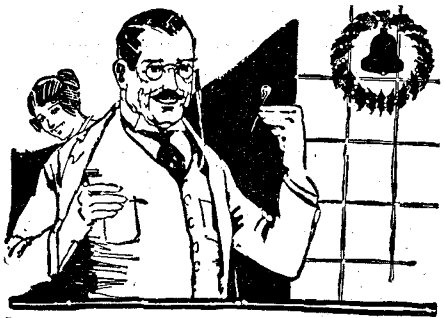

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Bixler Staple Jewelry line embraces newest designs of fine quality medium-priced articles. There are no novelties or fads, but pieces that can be worn every day—such as rings, brooches, lavallieres, bracelets, bar pins, watch chains, watch fobs, cuff buttons, scarf pins, etc.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

scheme is, it seems to *The Review* that it is "beset by many practical difficulties, some of which Professor Fisher has taken into account and provided against by special rearrangements, modifying the simple index-number adjustment." One objection among several which have been brought forward by Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., in a pamphlet issued by the Chase National Bank, relates to the international aspect of the matter, we are reminded. "Here there is a sad dilemma. Either the scheme is undertaken by a single country, say the United States, in which case there would occur, in times of stress, a great aggravation of our trouble through the dislocation of the foreign exchanges; or the scheme would be the result of an international arrangement, in which case, as Dr. Anderson points out, the index-number might, in times of rapid change, have so different a relation to state of prices in one country as compared with another as to cause not only violent disturbances in the exchanges but also conflicts of interest which would lead almost certainly to a rupture of the arrangement." The editor has an objection of his own which he thinks belongs to the domain of politics, rather than that of economics:

> A departure from the simple definition of the dollar as so many grains of gold might carry with it great advantages, but it would introduce an element of incalculable danger. If the Government undertakes to keep prices stable, it will be understood to do so for the purpose of preventing the injustice that comes from price fluctuations. But as soon as that is understood, the door is thrown wide open to every one that is aggrieved or discontented to propose some other way, if his lot is not what he feels it should be. In a time of wide-spread discontent and distress, the pressure for still another definition of the dollar, or still another monetary system, would be tremendous; and against that pressure there would be no way of rallying public sentiment, because there would be no clear principle to appeal to, no plain banner to which to rally. With all its shortcomings, the simple gold standard—a dollar of fixt weight in gold—has the immeasurable advantage of being definite and understandable by all men. Nothing that depended on a mere legislative adjustment of dollars to prices could have weathered such a storm as that of 1896; and we may have worse storms than that to weather some day.

The Bankers' Currency Commission concludes that the plan of the Yale economist is impractical and dangerous for these reasons:

> It would lead to foreign drains on our gold in any period of crisis, since the plan calls for lightening the gold behind the dollar when prices fall, and foreigners, foreseeing this, would draw down their balances in this country and sell "dollars" short, before the Government could make the change. The plan would also make difficult, if not impossible, the maintenance of gold redemption in periods of rapidly rising prices. If adopted at the present time it would perpetuate all the suffering which recipients of fixt incomes have experienced as a result of the rapidly rising prices of the war.
>
> It would be wholly out of the question for the United States alone to adopt it, as Professor Fisher proposes, and almost no other great country is in a position to meet gold obligations on demand. Had the plan been in operation at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, it would have broken down, as Professor Fisher now admits. It could not, therefore, have prevented the war-time rise in prices, and consequently most of the claims which Professor Fisher has made for it must be abandoned. The great economic evils of the war have grown out of wasteful consumption and destruction, demoralization, and interruptions of transportation, and the withdrawal of many millions of men from production, the whole combining to create great scarcities of goods. No change in the monetary system could have prevented this evil. The plan could not, therefore, have been a remedy for social distress and discontent.

CANADA AND THE SALES TAX

Of interest in connection with the present wide-spread discussion of the sales-tax idea in our financial press, is a statement of Canada's experience with an experimental form of this type of levy. *The Bache Review* (New York, October 30) quotes an unnamed Toronto daily as follows on this subject:

> Premier Meighen, on his recent visit to Kingston, in company with his Finance Minister, who represents that riding, spoke with justifiable pride of the success of the sales tax. Seldom, if ever, has a novel financial measure so quickly justified itself. As the Prime Minister said, "The sales tax is a path untrodden by any other country in the world. Canada is the pioneer in this form of taxation." What was regarded by some as a daring experiment has, as the July and August fiscal returns show, been an enormous success as a revenue-producer; and, better still, it has provoked no sense of grievance or hardship in the general public. That success having been incontestable even in the brief period since it was first applied, the question naturally arises whether it would not be well to simplify our manifold systems of taxation by making the sales tax our basic source of revenue, apart from that provided by the tariff.
>
> Apart from its power to produce the indispensable requisite of money, the excellence of the system is demonstrated by the fact that of all war-taxes it is the one most honestly met by the general public. In this respect it differs materially from the excess-profits tax and the income tax. The spirit and purpose of both the latter systems have been grotesquely violated by Canadians at large. The income tax is practically a dead letter in rural communities by those individuals whose yearly revenue is not easily ascertainable. Almost the only individual who is paying his full dues under this branch of taxation is the salaried man with a known income, who would face criminal proceedings should he attempt concealment.
>
> It might not be advisable at the present juncture to abandon entirely these other forms of taxation, but the working out of our fiscal policies points to a recognition

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For Railroads—

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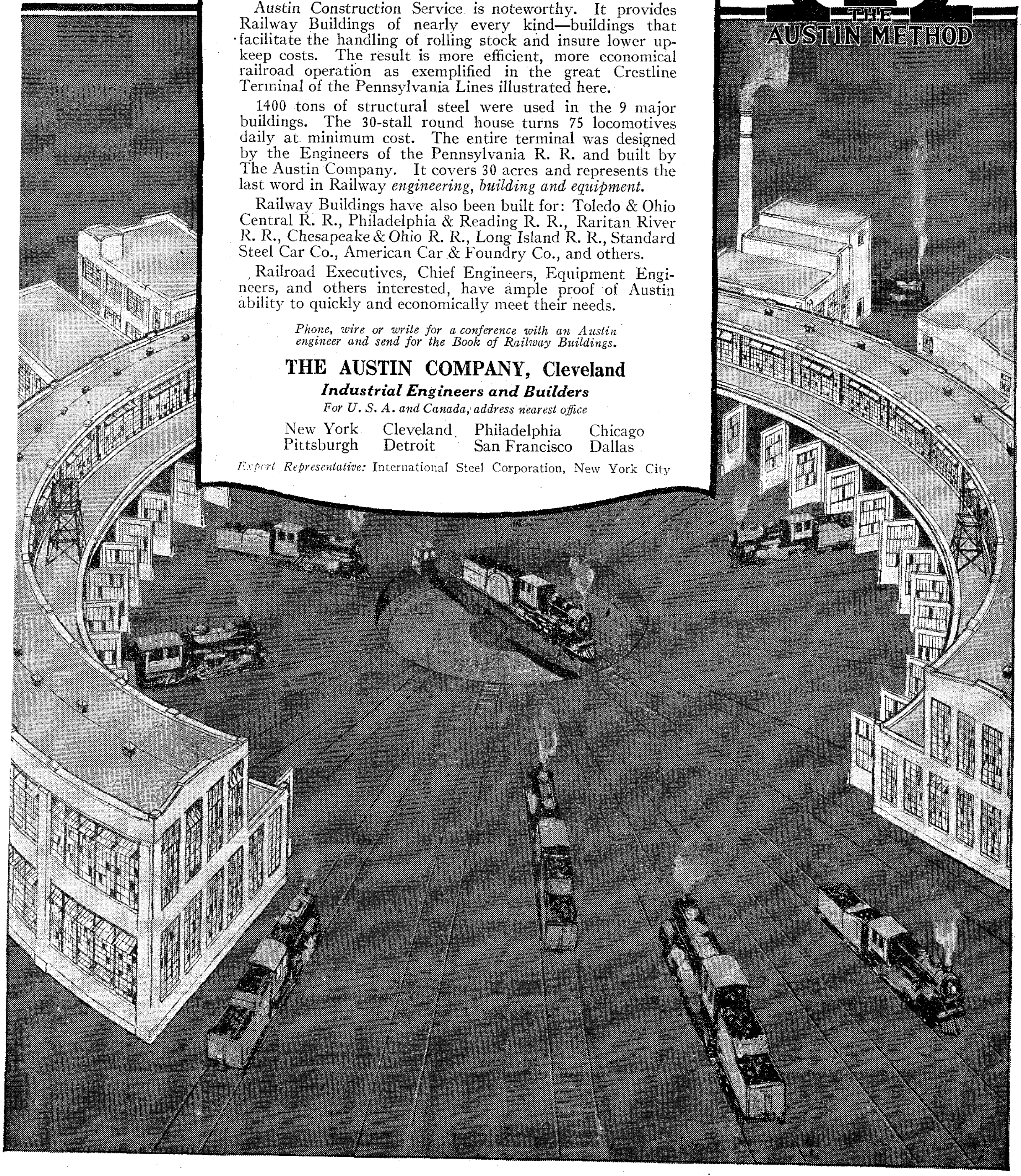

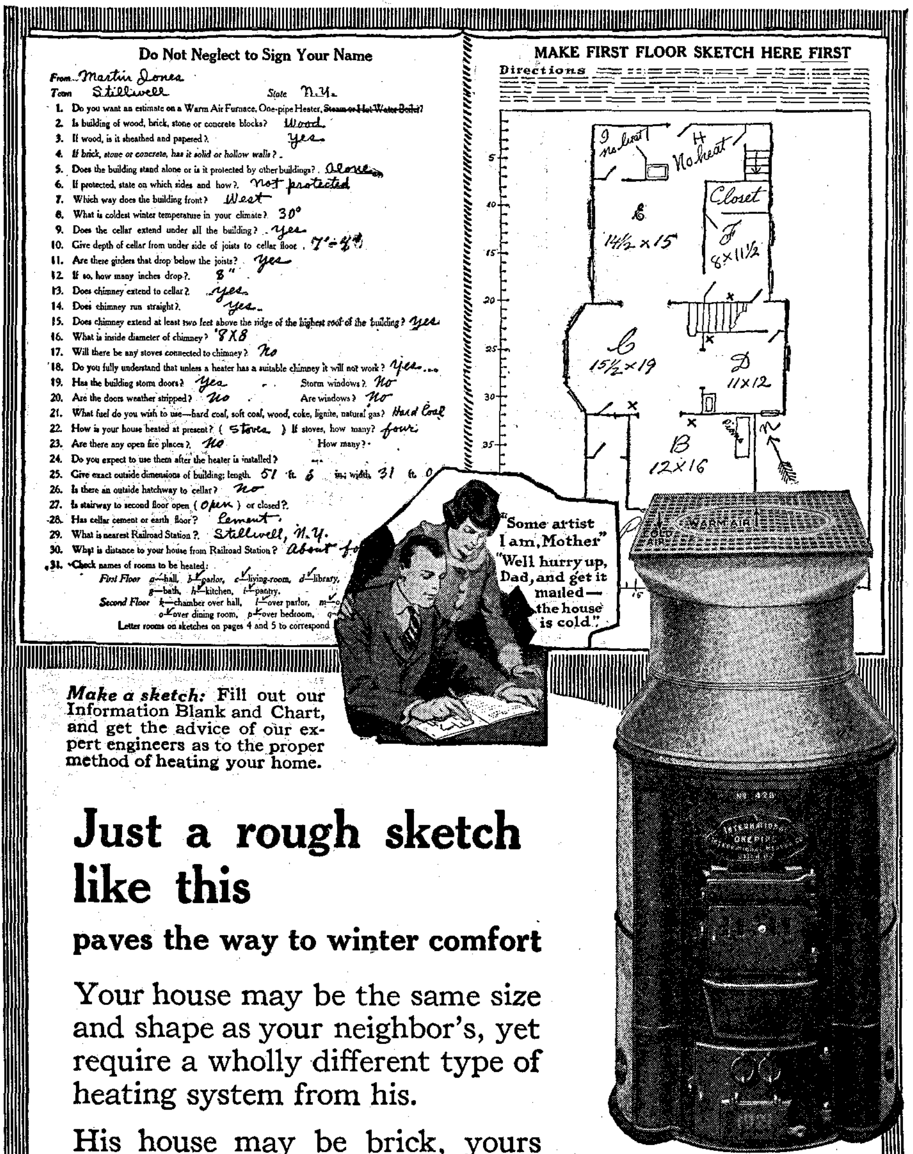

Do Not Neglect to Sign Your Name

From Martin Jones
Town Stillwell State N.Y.
1. Do you want an estimate on a Warm Air Furnace, One-pipe Heater, ~~Steam or Hot Water Boiler~~?
2. Is building of wood, brick, stone or concrete blocks? Wood.
3. If wood, is it sheathed and papered? Yes.
4. *If brick, stone or concrete, has it solid or hollow walls?*
5. Does the building stand alone or is it protected by other buildings? Alone
6. If protected, state on which sides and how? Not protected
7. Which way does the building front? West
8. What is coldest winter temperature in your climate? 30°
9. Does the cellar extend under all the building? Yes
10. Give depth of cellar from under side of joists to cellar floor. 7'-4"
11. Are there girders that drop below the joists? Yes
12. If so, how many inches drop? 8"
13. Does chimney extend to cellar? Yes.
14. Does chimney run straight? Yes.
15. Does chimney extend at least two feet above the ridge of the highest roof of the building? Yes
16. What is inside diameter of chimney? 8X8
17. Will there be any stoves connected to chimney? No
18. Do you fully understand that unless a heater has a suitable chimney it will not work? Yes...
19. Has the building storm doors? Yes Storm windows? No
20. Are the doors weather stripped? No Are windows? No
21. What fuel do you wish to use—hard coal, soft coal, wood, coke, lignite, natural gas? Hard Coal
22. How is your house heated at present? (Stoves) If stoves, how many? four
23. Are there any open fire places? No How many?
24. Do you expect to use them after the heater is installed?
25. Give exact outside dimensions of building; length. 51 ft. 6 in.; width. 31 ft. 0
26. Is there an outside hatchway to cellar? No
27. Is stairway to second floor open (Open) or closed?
28. Has cellar cement or earth floor? Cement.
29. What is nearest Railroad Station? Stillwell, N.Y.
30. What is distance to your house from Railroad Station? About fo
31. Check names of rooms to be heated:
    First Floor a—hall, b✓parlor, c✓living-room, d✓library,
    g—bath, h✓kitchen, i✓pantry.
    Second Floor k—chamber over hall, l✓over parlor, m✓
    o✓over dining room, p✓over bedroom,
    Letter rooms on sketches on pages 4 and 5 to correspond

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His house may be brick, yours wood. His may be exposed, yours sheltered. Yours may have a different kind of chimney. There may be *twenty* reasons why you should use a kind of heater that would never do for him.

How are you to solve such an important and technical problem?

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Positively guaranteed to give satisfaction where installed on our recommendation.

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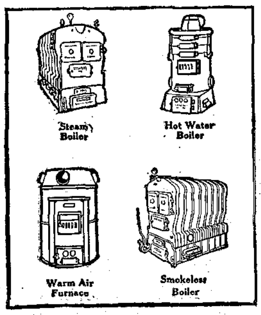

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For over 75 years makers of dependable heating apparatus. Write for name of nearest dealer

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

of the sales tax as the paramount source
revenue, as the goal to be arrived a
Simplification of taxing methods woul
have this distinct advantage: it woul
attract capital to Canada.

Canada now has a luxury tax, the revenu
from which has been cut down of late by th
wide-spread price reductions. For som
time, observes the Ottawa correspondent
The Dry Goods Economist (New York):

> Canadian retailers have urged the imp
> sition of a sales tax sufficient to cover th
> present sales tax of 2 per cent. and also th
> revenue desired from the luxury tax. N
> official announcement has been made; bu
> retailers here believe that such a tax wi
> supersede the present one at an early dat
> It is claimed that many stores have faile
> to make proper returns and to charge cu
> tomers a proper tax, thus putting hone
> merchants at a disadvantage. This di
> advantage, with the annoyance and troub
> of keeping tax receipts accurately, will
> removed shortly, it is hoped.

THE BROTHERHOOD BANK MAKES ITS BOW

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Eng
neers' Cooperative National Ban
opened its temporary headquarters at S
Clair Avenue and Ontario Street, Clev
land, Ohio, on November 1. The instit
tion has a capital of $1,000,000, and Gran
Chief Warren S. Stone, of the Brotherhoo
is its first president. This cooperati
banking project has been discust sever
times in these columns, but the week befo
the bank opened Mr. Stone made a stat
ment which deserves quotation because
shows exactly what he and his fellow off
cials intend to do. As *The Commercial an*
Financial Chronicle reprints the statemen
from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

> So far as I know, this is the first coopera
> tive commercial bank in the United State
> altho there are many such banks in Europ
> It is the first labor bank. We choose
> National bank because of its greater secu
> rity, as the first consideration with labor
> that its enterprises must be absolutel
> sound.
>
> We made the bank cooperative by di
> tributing the stock to as many membe
> as possible, so that it would approximat
> the cooperative ideal of one man, one vot
>
> We also limited stock dividends to 1
> per cent. We expect to pay 4 per cent. o
> time deposits, to provide for an addition
> surplus, and if there are excess earnings w
> expect to share them with our deposito
> who cooperate with us in making the ban
> successful.
>
> The bank will not confine itself to th
> brotherhood. It will do a commercial sav
> ings and trust company business. It wi
> do banking by mail. We have 85,00
> members, not to speak of the several millio
> workers who belong to other labor organi
> zations. The bank, of course, is open t
> everybody and is not an exclusive labo
> bank. We expect to handle foreign ex
> change for immigrants.
>
> The organization of a bank was twic
> authorized by conventions, but its openin
> was delayed on account of the war. Tha

our members were ready for this venture is proved by the fact that the stock was oversubscribed.

This confidence is explained by the fact that the brotherhood has never failed in anything it has undertaken.

For fifty years the brotherhood has carried on several kinds of life, accident, and pension insurance. We have paid out many millions annually through the banks of Cleveland. We have paid out in charities alone more than $3,000,000, and not a single member of the brotherhood is a public charge. The total insurance on our books amounts to $184,000,000, and since 1868 we have paid out claims of $45,291,264.

The fact is labor needs banks of its own more than any other class, unless it is the farmers.

The wages of labor in this country amount to $30,000,000,000 a year, yet the average workingman has no place to go to do his banking. In the cities, at least, deposits are often not wanted in the commercial banks. There is often no place the worker can go to get a loan, save the loan shark, where he often pays 100 to 200 per cent. per annum.

There should be banking facilities for the workers the same as for other classes. There are such banks in every other country. There are 55,000 cooperative banks in Europe, many of them small, and they rarely lose a cent.

The motto of the bank is service. Our bank by-laws forbid loans or profits of any kind to officers or directors.

We expect to receive the deposits of 85,000 members and 892 local divisions. We will invest the insurance and savings funds of our members and their widows. They have no place to go to make safe investments. Millions are lost to them every year through bad investments. We will draw wills and trust agreements for our customers and help them to build new homes.

In my opinion, the bank will add greatly to the banking power and banking resources of Cleveland.

HOW TO STOP OIL-STOCK SWINDLING

THE enormous fortunes which have been made in oil, together with the large part which luck plays in the finding and development of new oil-lands, have made this business a particularly fertile field for the "get-rich-quick-Wallingford" and the ordinary, every-day swindler. At a recent convention of the Independent Oil Men's Association, Senator W. R. Eaton, of Colorado, made an address on "Frauds in Oil Financing," in which he made some suggestions about preventive legislation. There are oil-frauds, says the Senator, as quoted in the recently launched *Magazine of the New York Petroleum Exchange* (New York), "which are conceived in iniquity and perpetrated with the brass and in a matter which makes the old 'three-shell' man green with envy." He believes that most of the losses in financing oil-ventures are not caused by "lack of good judgment on the part of the honest dreamer." Rather, "it is the excessive commissions, actual embezzlement of corporate funds, failure to expend the amounts received for the purposes for which the money was obtained, payments of

Help Your Wife

The same high quality 3-in-One Oil that men have been using for 25 years to lubricate all kinds of light mechanisms—tools, guns, fishing tackle, bicycles, typewriters—is the "just right" oil for all modern household machinery.

Help your wife and lengthen the life of her mechanical assistants by regular applications of 3-in-One.

After you have properly oiled the big things—vacuum cleaner, sewing machine, washing machine, start in on the little ones—those locks, bolts, and hinges that stick, the old clocks that persistently lose time or run only when lying down.

3-in-One penetrates to the innermost friction points and works out all caked grease and dirt. The great viscosity of 3-in-One holds it in the bearings, where it reduces friction almost to the vanishing point.

There are many other valuable home and office uses for 3-in-One. These are all explained in a Dictionary which is packed with every bottle and sent with every sample.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a post card.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores. Prices east of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 30c and 60c in bottles; 30c in Handy Oil Cans.

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165 KAH. Broadway, New York
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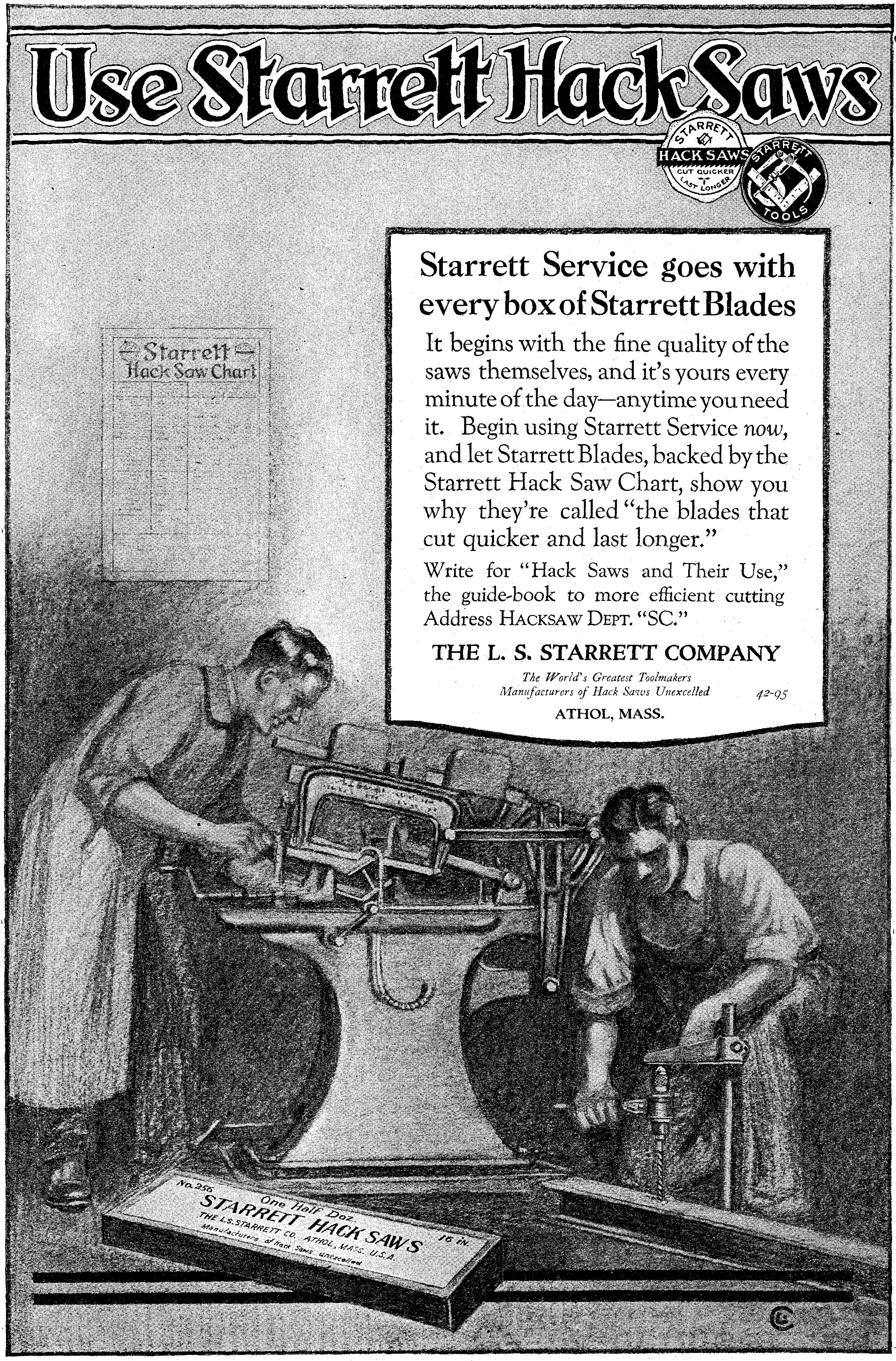
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Manufacturers of Hack Saws Unexcelled

Starrett Service goes with every box of Starrett Blades

It begins with the fine quality of the saws themselves, and it's yours every minute of the day—anytime you need it. Begin using Starrett Service *now*, and let Starrett Blades, backed by the Starrett Hack Saw Chart, show you why they're called "the blades that cut quicker and last longer."

Write for "Hack Saws and Their Use," the guide-book to more efficient cutting. Address HACKSAW DEPT. "SC."

THE L. S. STARRETT COMPANY

The World's Greatest Toolmakers
Manufacturers of Hack Saws Unexcelled *42-95*
ATHOL, MASS.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

titious dividends during the promotion
riod, and deliberate swindling and cheat-
; that cause the largest part of the losses
mplained of." These evils, we are told,
ı be remedied by legislation, and various
es of "blue-sky" laws have been en-
ed by State legislatures. Now,

A very pertinent criticism of most
e-sky laws is that only the cheat is
efited by them; for he will conform
the statutory requirements, obtain an
thorization to do business, and then
l add to his swindling selling talk the
ertion that the State government has
proved his schemes. He has only to
form to these legal requirements, and
l not hesitate to commit perjury in many
tances.
But the honest man with a vision of a
w oil-field will refuse to make any false
resentations to obtain the license to
l stock in his corporation, if he has
sen that method of financing. Thus
cheat prospers and runs away with the
fits, while honest speculative develop-
nt is curbed.
Against counterfeits of value, the law
ı give actual protection; how it can
vent deception and save credulity and
orance from imposition is a harder
blem.
We do not operate under the Mosaic
v, which says "Thou shalt not steal."
st blue-sky laws are compiled along that
e, however. They usually require that
one shall sell stock in a corporation
til permitted to do so by some State
icial, and then provide a penalty for
lation of selling the stock without obtain-
; such permission. Only one law have I
ınd that provides punishment for the
indling operations connected with the
ling of corporate stock. The Colorado
ceny statute provides "that whoever
mmits larceny shall be sentenced" to a
m in the penitentiary; another section
ovides that any one who cheats or
indles another in the sale of corporate
ck shall be deemed guilty of larceny
d punished accordingly. It also goes
rther and provides that it shall be no
fense that the statements made by the
cused to the purchaser were promises or
inions of something to occur in the future.
Thus a punishment is provided for the
indling operation instead of providing
nishment for failure to obtain the State's
nsent to sell stock.
The point I wish to accentuate is that
e commission form of examination and
her administration of blue-sky laws do
t curb the Wallingfords, but the other
rm of law is sufficient to put the fear of
e penitentiary, if not of God, in the
arts of many "get-rich-quick" promoters.
Comments upon the English system of
quiring fullest publicity to all of the
side facts which are so jealously guarded
this country indicate that some of the
nglish provisions might well be carefully
udied and applied. Too much regulation
es not prevent the evils of fraudulent
ancing, but a system of punishing dis-
nest and unfair dealing will tend to
iminate many frauds.
No statutes have ever stopt the gold-
ick trick; nor has any statute provided
perience to the gullible. But I firmly
elieve that the best protection that can
e given to the public is sure punishment to cheats and swindlers who operate under the guise of an honest promoter. The deterring effect of such laws will accomplish the purpose and prohibit all but the most brazen tricksters.

TO TAX SPENDINGS

EXPERTS are puzzling their brains to devise new methods of raising national revenue to take the place of the unpopular excess-profits tax. The sales-tax idea has been given wide publicity. One variation of this tax—which also meets the objection made to the income tax as a discourager of thrift—is a tax on the spendings of the individual citizen. As Mr. Chester A. Jordan, a public accountant, of Portland, Me., writes to the Boston *News Bureau:*

> The writer has the temerity to suggest increased consideration of a tax upon spendings for subsistence and luxuries, or, more briefly, a consumption tax. This is, of course, equivalent to a tax on sales of commodities or services to the ultimate consumer.
>
> The essentials of a simple form of law placing a tax on spendings or tax on sales to ultimate consumer would probably be as stated in the next paragraph.
>
> Each voter or resident of voting age shall pay to the State annually a tax of 10 per cent. (more or less) of his entire expenditures for living and pleasure of himself and his dependents excepting an exemption of $250 of such expenditures for himself and each dependent.
>
> Under such a law it would be necessary for each resident to furnish the Government with an annual statement. Such statement should be concise in form with explanations so clear as to leave no opportunity of excuse by the taxpayer for rendering a false return because of misunderstanding the requirements. No oath should be required. The preparation of the blanks for taxpayers' statements would, of course, require most careful and deliberate thought.
>
> There seem to be at least two quite unlike methods of preparing a statement to show such expenditures. One way to produce the required result would be to deduct annual savings or investments from the total annual income or adding to total income the additional amount of principal spent for living. Another way would be by simple statement of annual living expenditure in such detail as to admit of verification if necessary.

CANADA'S 1920 CROPS—Canada's increasing agricultural importance is shown by official figures contained in a recent Winnipeg dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal.* The total Canadian field crops this year, it seems, will reach nearly 1,250,000,000 bushels, while the products of hay and corn will exceed 25,000,000 tons, compared with over 1,000,000,000,000 bushels of grain and 20,000,000 tons of hay and corn for 1919. It is estimated in this dispatch that, Canada's 1920 wheat will average about two dollars a bushel. The field crops of Canada, incidentally, are estimated to represent about $170 a head of the population as compared with $110 in the United States.

The Great Pleasure of Smoking

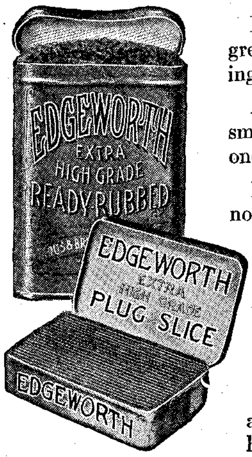
Of course, smoking is a habit. So is eating when you're not hungry, bathing, and working more than is requisite to provide for just immediate needs.

The nations of this earth which have bred the profoundest thinkers and men with that nervous energy which accomplished great things have had the smoking habit to the *Nth* degree.

Carlyle, General Grant, Mark Twain, Foch—think of the long and illustrious line of thinkers and doers who have lighted the fragrant weed and watched those blue argosies of smoke tack in and out among the sunbeams, drift round the evening lamp or set sail toward the sky.

Thinkers and doers! They had their hard times, but right well they savored the great pleasure of smoking.

Of course, these great men did not become great merely because they smoked.



But they knew the great pleasure of smoking.

And that comes from smoking just what suits one's personal taste.

Perhaps you have noticed the irritation of the pipe-smoker out of his own tobacco, compelled to fill his pipe with another tobacco.

A smoker's satisfaction depends almost wholly upon having the tobacco that just suits him.

Have you found the pipe tobacco just suiting your individual taste, with which to enjoy the great pleasure of smoking?

If not, we invite you to try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth doesn't suit the taste of everybody. For that very reason it may please you.

May we send you some?

Simply set down upon a postcard your name and address, also that of the dealer you will call upon for supplies in case Edgeworth pleases you, and we will despatch to you without charge generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes and then cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands provides an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into your pipe.

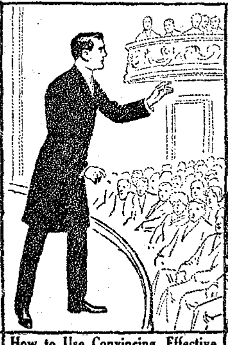
Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

How to Write Clean-Cut Business Letters That Produce Profits

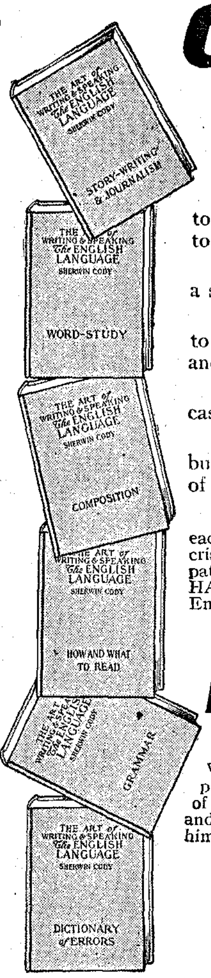
How to Write Stories, Reports, Addresses, Sermons, Advertisements, Etc.



How to Use Convincing, Effective English Before an Audience

How to Use Graceful, Fluent, and Entertaining English in Conversation

Good English and Good Fortune Go Hand in Hand


THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING The ENGLISH LANGUAGE SHERWIN CODY
STORY-WRITING & JOURNALISM
THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING The ENGLISH LANGUAGE SHERWIN CODY
WORD-STUDY
THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING The ENGLISH LANGUAGE SHERWIN CODY
COMPOSITION
THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING The ENGLISH LANGUAGE SHERWIN CODY
HOW AND WHAT TO READ
THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING The ENGLISH LANGUAGE SHERWIN CODY
GRAMMAR
THE ART of WRITING & SPEAKING The ENGLISH LANGUAGE SHERWIN CODY
DICTIONARY of ERRORS

Jack London rose to riches in a few short years from among the toughs of San Francisco Bay, because he learned to transfer his ideas to the printed page in virile, compelling phrases.

Arthur Brisbane, with his incisive style, commands, in a single year, a salary amounting to a comfortable fortune.

Elbert Hubbard rose from obscurity to advertising writer, to editor, to publicist, and thence to wealth and prominence because he mastered and applied the power of forceful language.

By constant study, William Dean Howells rose from the printer's case to his place as the most polished writer in American letters.

Joseph Pulitzer, arriving penniless in the steerage from Austria, built up a great metropolitan daily because he mastered the practical force of the English language and used it to advantage.

All around you the hundreds of men who are climbing higher and higher with each day's work are the ones whose speech compels attention and whose clean-cut, crisp, and interesting letters, stories, advertisements, etc., win clients, followers, patrons, checks, and dollars—SURELY FORTUNE IS WITH THE MAN WHO HAS DEVELOPED HIS POWER OF EXPRESSION. You can improve your English and increase your income.

These Great Books Point the Way for You to

Advancement—Success—Prosperity

In Commercial and Professional Life

With the mighty advances which are being made in every branch of business and professional life there has come a demand for a higher standard of intelligence—of proficiency. The time is past when illiteracy or slipshod methods of speech and correspondence are looked upon with tolerance. The man who can express himself with force and clearness is the man who is in demand everywhere.

"The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language"

By Sherwin Cody

Aside from their great value in widening a man's mental perspective—putting him in a position to appreciate and enjoy all the beauties of literature—these six books have an intrinsic value far beyond their cost. They have put thousands of men and women into the path that leads to increased business, promotion, and higher salary. They are simple, practical, valuable for Business Managers, Correspondents, Advertisement Writers, Stenographers, Story Writers, Authors, Public Speakers, and others.

"Your course is rich and fine. You seem to have condensed the experience of years into a few sentences that a business man can use immediately," says W. P. WARREN, Marshall Field & Company's Advertising Manager in speaking of these books.

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I want to look over Sherwin Cody's "Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language," which please send me for 5 days' *free examination*. I enclose 50c stamps and, if I decide to keep the books, will send eight further monthly payments of 50c, $4.50 in all. Otherwise will return books in 5 days and you are to refund the 50c paid.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York City

CURRENT EVENTS

RUSSIA AND POLAND

November 3.—It is reported from Cop hagen that Polish volunteer forces h occupied the city of Minsk, which reported to have been taken over fr the Bolsheviki on October 18.

Four Soviet armies are said to be mak an attempt to cut off the forces of G eral Wrangel in retreat southward fr Melitopol. General Wrangel adm the loss of Perekop, but declares that will fight to the end.

November 4.—Constantinople advices that General Wrangel has cut to pie two divisions of "Red" cavalry and effected a successful retreat for main body of his troops. The B sheviki are also said to have b unsuccessful in their attacks Wrangel's line south of Perekop, official statements from Moscow rep Bolshevik advances at some points.

According to advices from Riga, offens operations by irregular Polish tro commanded by General Zelgouski h been checked along the entire fr by the Lithuanians, and as a res the evacuation of Kovno has b postponed.

An unofficial dispatch from Warsaw s that the Polish Government has gran amnesty to all political prisoners.

November 5.—Premier Lenine fran admits the seriousness of the f situation in Russia, says a London port. He is quoted as saying t Soviet Russia never before had perienced such a food crisis. Stateme along the same line are credited Trotzky, who is reported as say that the "Red" Army is in dire n of food and clothing, and that if th needs are not supplied immediately the efforts of the "Reds" will be fut

November 8.—According to fugitive A trians reaching Copenhagen from Si ria, prisoners in that country are dy by wholesale from starvation, tuber losis, typhoid, and other diseases. is said that in one prison-camp 5,000, 2,000 died in six months.

November 9.—According to a Sebasto dispatch reaching London, Capt. Emn Kilpatrick, representative of the Am ican Red Cross in South Russia, a two nurses were killed during a rec Bolshevik cavalry raid at Salkovo.

FOREIGN

November 3.—The cabinet of Prem Delacroix of Belgium resigns.

The Turkish offensive in the direction Erivan, the capital of Armenia, been broken by the Armenian troops a decisive battle southwest of the ci according to advices received at Near East Relief headquarters in N York.

November 4.—The latest summary of Scottish liquor elections shows that districts have decided to make change, 24 favor reduction of licens and 18 will go dry.

The volcano of Izalco in San Salva breaks forth in a new eruption. Gr quantities of lava are being discharg on the northern slope, which is abo 6,000 feet high.

Elia Liut, an Italian aviator, makes t first flight over the equatorial And from Guayaquil to Cuenca, about 1 miles. The highest altitude reach was 19,000 feet.

It is reported from Paris that the special diplomatic mission from Mexico to various European governments has arranged with Great Britain to renew diplomatic relations when General Obregon assumes the Presidency of Mexico in December. Relations have been interrupted since 1914.

November 5.—France, Great Britain, and Italy have signed a tripartite agreement to support each other in maintaining their "spheres of influence" in Turkey. This agreement was signed August 10, and, altho not considered secret, has just been made public.

The Dutch Government proposes to its Parliament that the army be reduced by nearly half, or from 460,000 to 260,000, and it is believed certain that the legislative branch will adopt the proposal. This step is said to have been inspired by Holland's joining the League of Nations.

The De la Huerta Government of Mexico takes over the coal-mines in the northern states of that country as a result of the crisis which has been reached in the labor situation. President De la Huerta said the Government's action was taken because it was tired of the arbitrary stand of the mine-owners and their policy of forcing crises in the coal industry.

It is reported from Paris that the United States Government is understood to have renewed in most emphatic form its protests to the London Foreign Office against the Anglo-French oil agreement signed at San Remo, April 24. Under this agreement France recognized Great Britain's right to seize oil in those parts of the former Turkish Empire which the British are administering for the native inhabitants under the League of Nations.

November 6.—German University professors announce themselves ready to resume their connections with the professors and doctors of Britain, in a reply to an appeal of the latter suggesting the reestablishment of the "friendly intercourse" which existed before the world-war.

It is reported from Rome that the appointment of Rolando Ricci as Italian Ambassador to the United States has been officially confirmed.

Clashes between Socialists and Liberals in Yucatan arising out of the state election campaign there are reported from Merida. It is said that several persons were killed and many wounded.

November 7.—Fierce rioting breaks out in North Belfast. Hundreds join in the fray, the Unionists with stones and the Sinn-Feiners with revolvers and rifles. Wild scenes are also reported from Londonderry following a sudden attack on policemen in that city. Five policemen were shot, two ships were burned, and several others wrecked.

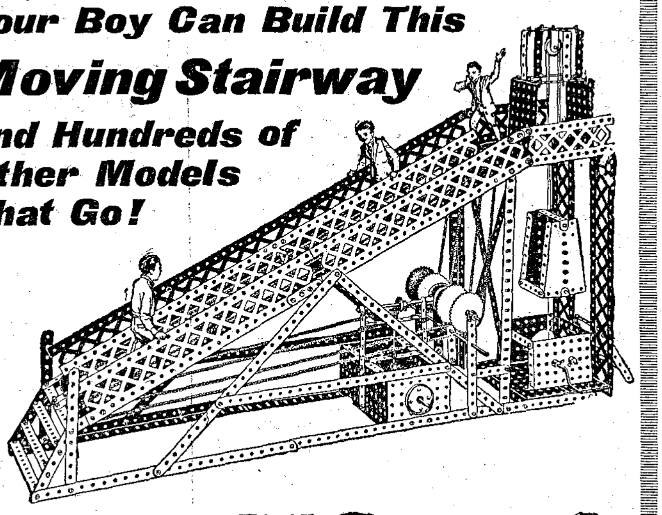
Municipal representatives of the Central-American Republics convene at Antigua to discuss the possibility of forming a Central-American union.

France and Czecho-Slovakia conclude a commercial agreement to reestablish freedom of trade between the two countries.

The French Government obtains an agreement from the mine employers to meet representatives of the National Federation of Miners in an effort to avert the threatened strike for higher wages and nationalization of mines.

It is reported from Santiago that Chile has formally recognized the new Mexican Government.

A wireless Bolshevik message from Moscow to London alleges that a secret



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And with his Meccano Electric Motor he can make them go like real machinery. It's loads of fun to build Beam Engines, Locomotives, Tractors, Looms, Clocks, and countless other models in shining steel and brass, that WORK. No study. The manuals show how to build over 400, and he can invent and reproduce hundreds more. It's a glorious, manly sport, good all the year long. By all means get him Meccano for Xmas.

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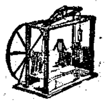
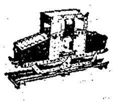
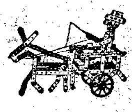


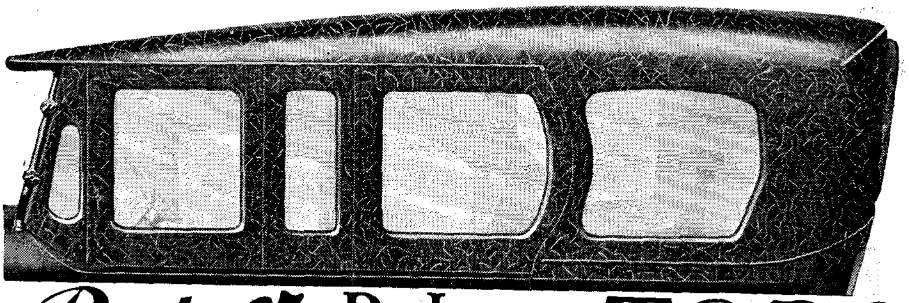
Beam Engine

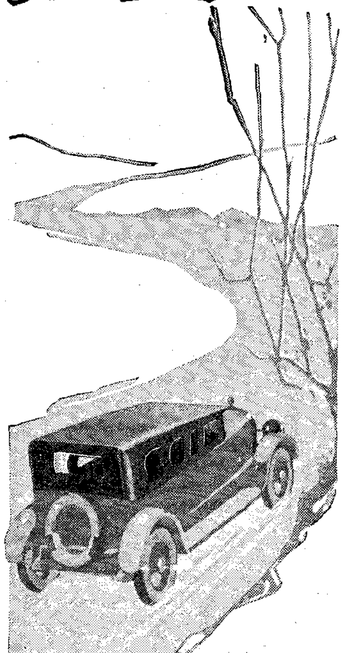


Electric Locomotive



Donkey Cart





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PREPARE for winter driving, now —assure yourself full comfort in all weather—make your car a closed car with a Badger Top DeLuxe, California design.

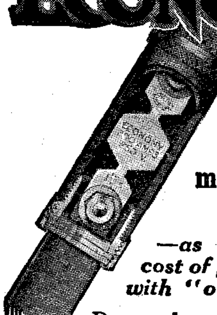
Closed in Winter, open in Summer, sightly, dignified and stoutly built; permanently attached in a few hours; free from rattles and squeaks —the Badger Top DeLuxe is the real all-season top for touring cars, and the cost is low.

Now built for the Buick, Nash, Studebaker, Hudson, Essex, Chandler and Oldsmobile.

See your dealer at once, or write for descriptive literature.

McAvoy Bros. & Co.
239 Baker Block Racine, Wisconsin
Makers of Fine Tops for Automobiles

ECONOMY FUSES



Cut annual fuse maintenance costs fully 80%

—as compared to the cost of protecting circuits with "one-time" fuses.

Do you know what you spend yearly for electrical protection? Call in your electrician—get the figures—they are four-fifths too high if you are using fuses which are discarded after operation.

An inexpensive Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Link, applied in a few minutes, makes a blown Economy Fuse as good as new. Nothing is discarded but the broken fuse strip which has operated. This makes possible the 80% cut in the cost of fusing.

Insist on Economy Fuses—approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories in all capacities—from 0 to 600 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts.

For sale by all leading electrical Jobbers and Dealers

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
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Economy Fuses also are made in Canada at Montreal

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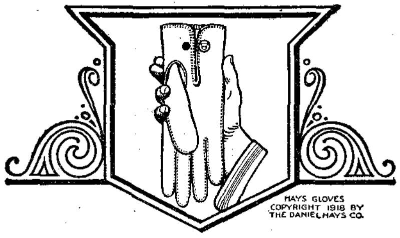
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Glove Fashion says: For street occasions wear Hays Buckskin Gloves

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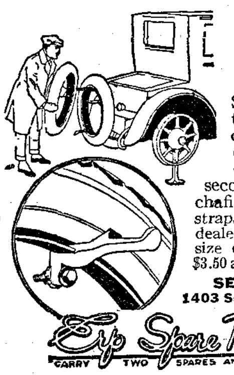

Simply bolt this device to tire carrier your car came equipped with. An ordinary monkey wrench does the work. Holds second spare firmly, prevents chafing and soft spots. No straps. No rattle. Ask your dealer or write direct, stating size of tire and make of car. $3.50 a set, West of Rockies, $4.00.

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Erp Spare Rim Carrier
"CARRY TWO SPARES AND BE SAFE"

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

treaty has been concluded between Poland and Latvia, with a view to partitioning Lithuania. The treaty is said to be supported by France.

Reports from Tiflis claim that the Armenians have yielded to the Bolshevik ultimatum demanding that they repudiate the treaty with Turkey, break diplomatic relations with the Entente, and permit the passage of Soviet troops through Armenia. The Armenians are said to offer no resistance to the advance of Turkish troops.

A public meeting is held in Tokyo for the discussion of the situation created by the adoption of the California anti-alien land law. A firm attitude toward the United States was recommended by the speakers, one of whom urged that the anti-Japanese discrimination in America be met with anti-American discrimination in the Orient.

November 8.—It is reported from Constantinople that the Turkish Nationalists, at the instance of the Bolsheviki, are holding Colonel U. P. Coombs, director of the American Commission for Relief in the Near East, as a hostage.

November 9.—Representatives of American business houses in Mexico are alarmed over the situation in that country, growing out of radical activities. The Socialists in Yucatan are reported to have seized several cities, and in Mexico City "Reds" led by foreign agitators are threatening a general strike in more than thirty industries.

At a meeting of the Austrian Social Democrats in Vienna resolutions are adopted definitely breaking with the Moscow Internationale.

The Italian delegates in conference with Jugo-Slav delegates at Rapallo for a settlement of the Adriatic problem propose that the Istrian frontier be that established by the Pact of London and that the independence of the new state of Fiume be recognized by both countries. The latter proposition is opposed by the Jugo-Slavs and also by the Serbian delegates, who maintain that the port of Fiume is indispensable to Serbia for economic and commercial reasons.

THE ELECTION

November 3.—Champ Clark, of Missouri, twenty-five years a member of the House of Representatives and former Speaker, was defeated by a Republican, T. W. Huckreide.

Judge Nathan L. Miller, Republican, defeated Alfred E. Smith, Democrat, for the governorship of New York by about 75,000 votes.

It is reported from London that the British applaud the election of Senator Harding, altho it is the belief in Great Britain that he is against the League of Nations.

All the French papers, with the exception of *Bon Soir*, a Socialist organ, express satisfaction at Harding's victory, according to advices from Paris. His election seems to be considered a sign of reaction against radicalism

It is reported from San Francisco that California voted overwhelmingly in favor of the antialien land law, recently adopted by the legislature of that State and put up to the voters by referendum. The law provides that in the future no alien, not eligible to United States citizenship, may own or lease agricultural land in California. It does not affect existing ownership or titles already acquired.

General Obregon, President-elect of Mexico, expresses his satisfaction with the election of Senator Harding, stating that he thinks he will make a good President and a good neighbor for Mexico.

November 4.—It is reported from St. Paul that Congressman A. J. Volstead, of the 7th Minnesota district, author of the Prohibition Enforcement Act, has been reelected on the Republican ticket after a close fight.

Dr. E. F. Ladd, president of the North Dakota Agricultural College, is reported elected Senator from North Dakota and will be the first Non-Partizan League member of the Upper House.

It is reported from London that the press of Europe continue to comment favorably on the election of Senator Harding, with the German newspapers rivaling the French in their laudation of the President-elect. It is said that the opinion seems to be spreading that consideration of a reorganization of the League of Nations must come quickly, and there are some who go so far as to say the League is dead.

The election returns from the Northwest show that the Non-Partizan League was defeated in Minnesota, Montana, Colorado, Idaho, Washington, Nebraska, and South Dakota, and its control in North Dakota was somewhat curbed.

November 6.—The Republican plurality in the next House, according to the unofficial list just completed, will be 176.

November 8.—According to statements given out by the Director of Publicity for the Non-Partizan League, the results of the election are construed as "a remarkable gain" for that organization. It is said that League candidates polled more than a million votes in nine States, which is more than three times the vote of two years ago.

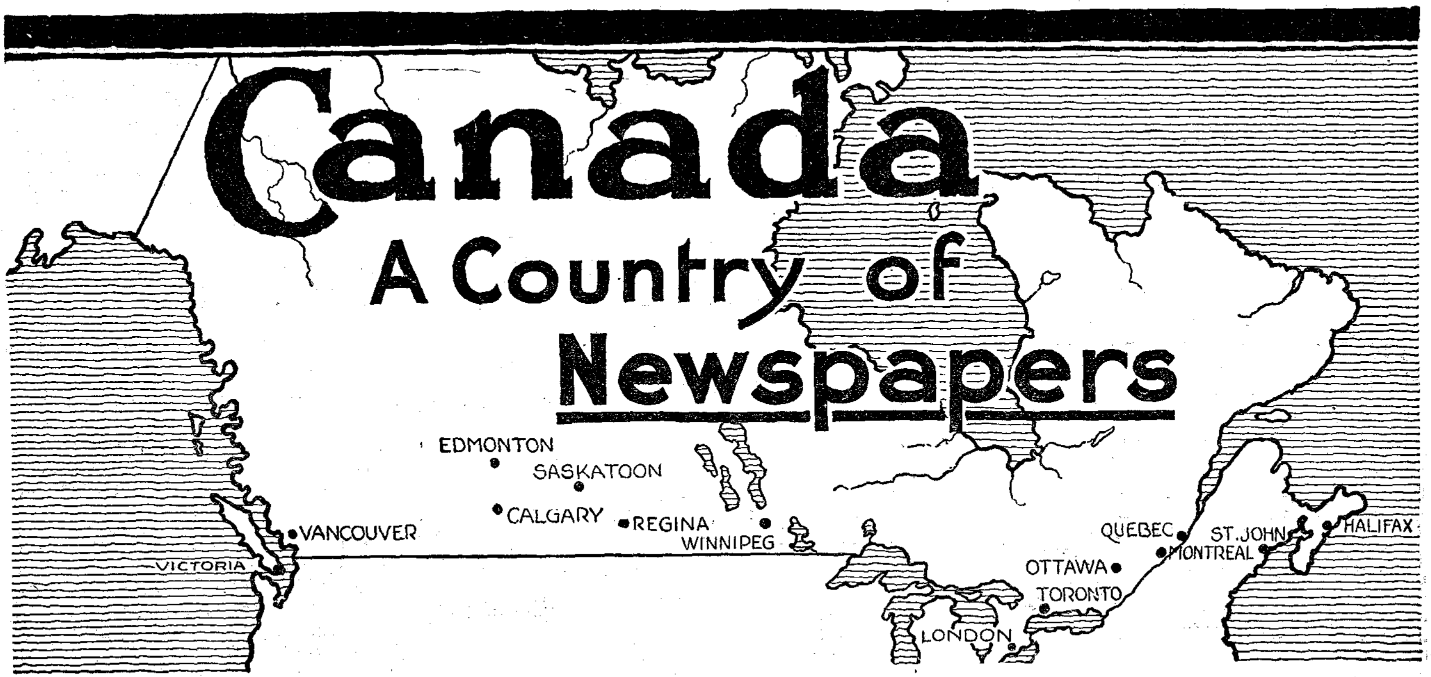
DOMESTIC

November 4.—Incomplete returns from various parts of the State indicate that the State bonus for ex-service men was carried by a big vote in New York. Approximately 400,000 men and women will be awarded a bonus, amounting to $10 a month for each month's service, the total not to exceed $250.

William Jennings Bryan, in an interview at Chicago, suggests that President Wilson should resign so that Senator Harding can become President and carry out with the greatest possible dispatch the policies approved by the American voters. Mr. Bryan says Mr. Wilson's resignation would make Vice-President Marshall President, and after appointing Mr. Harding Secretary of State, Marshall could resign. This would make the Secretary of State the next in succession.

November 5.—It is announced at the headquarters of Senator Harding that immediately after the President-elect returns from his vacation he will call into consultation on foreign affairs men and women of all parties who have been prominent in the fight over the Versailles Treaty, in an endeavor to formulate a program for the Association of Nations proposed by the Senator during his campaign.

Notice is served on the coal trade of the country by Senators Calder and Edge that unless the price of coal to the consumer is materially reduced before December 6 they will recommend to the Senate that the Government take over control of the coal industry.



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St. John	**Telegraph and Times**	**Toronto**	**Star**	**Calgary**	**Albertan**
Quebec	**Chronicle**			**Edmonton**	**Journal**
Quebec	**Telegraph**	**London**	**Advertiser**	**Vancouver**	**Sun**
Montreal	**Gazette**	**London**	**Free Press**	**Vancouver**	**World**
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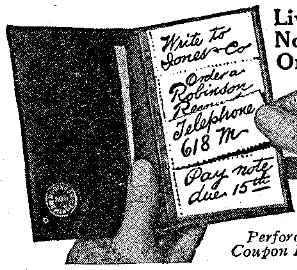

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Each memo a perforated coupon which, when attended to, is torn out, leaving **Live Notes Only.** No searching thru obsolete notes. Everything ready for instant reference. Pocket in cover.

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India Calf	2.50	3.50
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Genuine Morocco	3.00	4.00
Imitation Leather	.75	1.00
Cloth (without extra filler)	.25	.50

Ladies' Shopping Reminder With Pencil and Extra Filler,	Size L 2¾ x 3¾ in.
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Morocco, Cowhide or India Calf	2.25

Extra Fillers—Per dozen; Size B, 75c; Size A, $1.00; Size L, 70c. Gold name on cover 25c extra. Prices changed without notice. If not at your stationer's, order from us. (Stationers write.)

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There is a distinct advantage in using Fenton Labels in your business. They are made better—they stick better—they look better. There is a wider variety to choose from. Our policy includes any order regardless of its size. Our service is prompt. Our prices are right.

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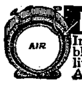

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK

No Rats By Sunday

On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice"—sent free to you.

E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

ROUGH ON RATS

CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

November 6.—Consternation is caused in the coal industry by the ultimatum issued by Senators Calder and Edge. A flood of statements is issued by various operators' and wholesalers' associations, the general trend of which is that the coal situation is now normal and that prices have fallen.

What is believed to be the first bank in the United States promoted and organized solely by women, run by women alone, and especially for the benefit of women is to be opened in Philadelphia in the next few months. The institution will specialize in loans to women who want to go into business. All the officers will be women.

Six names are placed in the Hall of Fame at New York University: Mark Twain for the authors' class; James Buchanan Eads for the engineers' class; Patrick Henry for the statesmen's class; William Thomas Green Morton for the medical class; Augustus Saint-Gaudens for the artists' class; and Roger Williams for the theological class. The name of Alice Freeman Palmer, educator, was elected to the Hall of Fame for Great American Women.

November 7.—The director of the census issues a preliminary statement regarding the white and negro population of Atlanta, Ga., showing that of the 200,616 inhabitants of the city, as announced on May 25, 137,834 are white and 62,747 negroes. The figures for 1910 were, white, 102,861; negroes, 51,902. It is also announced that of the 223,003 inhabitants of the State of Delaware, as announced June 29, 192,614 are white and 30,341 negroes. The figures for 1910 were, white, 171,102; negro, 31,181.

Recommendations drafted by Treasury officials, if approved, indicate that the nation will have to pay an annual tax of $4,000,000,000 for a period of three years. Approximately $8,000,000,000 in victory notes, war-saving securities, and Treasury certificates of indebtedness will be due for payment within that period, Treasury figures show.

John F. Cramer, Federal prohibition commissioner, in an address in New York, states that prohibition will not entirely stop the manufacture and sale of intoxicants for a generation. The commissioner believes that the liquor traffic will only cease with the advent of a new generation that does not know the appetite or the desire for liquor.

Figures of the United States Geological Survey show that soft-coal production for the week of October 30, was 12,338,000 tons, a new maximum for the year.

Dr. Samuel James Meltzer, head of the Department of Physiology and Pharmacology at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, dies at his home in New York at the age of sixty-nine. He was one of the most eminent scientists in the country and will be remembered particularly for his discovery of an improved form of artificial respiration.

November 8.—The major baseball leagues are broken up and a new twelve-club league organized at a conference of baseball chiefs in Chicago. The new league is composed of the eight National League clubs and the three from the American League which have sided with them in the plans for reorganization of the game. A twelfth member will be chosen later.

The United States Supreme Court hands down a decision holding that storage

Cut Your Coal Bills

USALYTE makes every gas-jet a furnace. It gives you heat where and when you want it. It uses no heat where you don't need it.

USALYTE, the heating marvel, will keep you warm on the coldest Winter day—at a negligible cost.

The coal it saves will pay for it a dozen times over the first season you use it. It is almost everlasting, safe, and **free from carbon.**

In two styles: for heating only or, with the new and exclusive in-built mantle, for heating and lighting.

For heating only, **$1.75**
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Order from your dealer or direct from us.
Take no inferior substitute.
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of lawfully acquired liquors in commercial warehouses and the transportation of such stocks to the home of the owner, are not prohibited by the Volstead Act. The belief is exprest that the result of this decision may be the release of about 10,000,000 gallons of intoxicants which have been stored in warehouses since January 16, 1920.

The War Department decides that the 550 American soldiers who died on British soil are to be buried permanently in Great Britain. The bodies will be concentrated in a cemetery near London under the perpetual care of the United States Government.

eneral Nivelle, of the French Army, successor of General Pétain in the defense of Verdun, arrives in this country as the representative of France in the *Mayflower* tercentenary soon to be celebrated in New York and Boston.

vember 9.—President Wilson announces that he has directed Secretary Colby of the State Department to visit Brazil and Uruguay as his representative, in acknowledgment of the recent visits to this country of the Presidents of those two republics. The date of sailing has not yet been announced.

early 9,000 bodies of American soldiers who died or were killed in France during the war have been shipped to the United States and turned over to the nearest relatives, and 1,000 more await shipment at French ports, according to an announcement made by the United States Graves Registration Service.

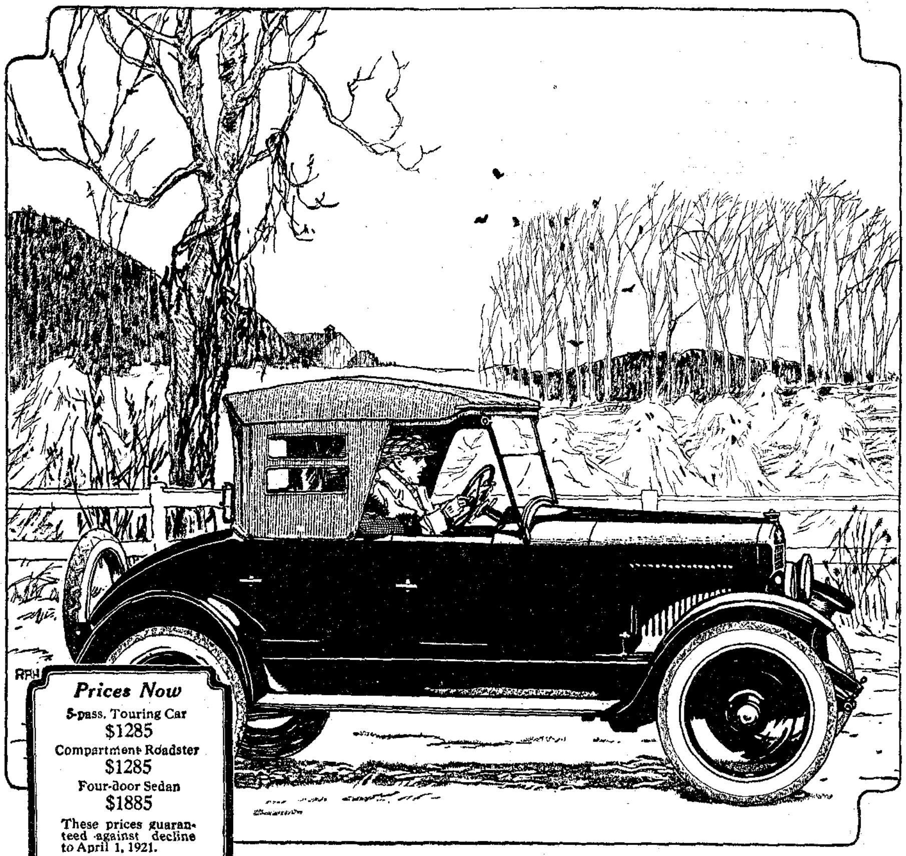
A Motorist's Adversities.

Last week I bought a tourin'-car, an' agent says to me, that I could learn run the thing as easy as could be; he d that all I had to do, was, first to fill tank with pure extract of gasoline, then to twirl my crank; an' jump right an' grab the wheel, an' give the thing wist, an' push a dew-dad with my foot, another with my fist—an' when I got goin' I was not to lose my senses but p my eyes straight ahead, an' stay ween the fences.

he first time that I tried her out, as emember now, I started from my barn an' killed a Durock sow; an' when old bbin smelt the gas, he throwed an awful an' jumped a stake-an'-rider fence, an' d right whar he lit. I run again' the e-post, an' skidded to the pastur', an' n I went to slow her down, the blamed g went the faster. I cut some awful licues, an' double figger 8's—I never so rattled sence I tried on rollertes. At last I jumped to save my neck n' landed on my back—an' saw a lion shootin' stars—then everything ned black—

f any feller wants a " Car " an' wants buy it right—my telephone is 23—it me day er night.—*Uncle John in the elsior Springs Standard.*

Hurry Call.—The genial editor of the *istian Advocate* (Nashville) likes a good y, as most wholesome people do, and asses the following along in his editorial es: " Several months ago, when Dr. er resigned as president of the Southern thodist University, Bishop Mouzon t to Louisville to see if Dr. Boaz could secured to take Dr. Hyer's place. In a or two the Bishop wired to Dallas. s is the form in which the operator at llas wrote and delivered the telegram: oze is available. Call a meeting of committee. Mouzon.' "—*Pittsburgh istian Advocate.*



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These prices guaranteed against decline to April 1, 1921.
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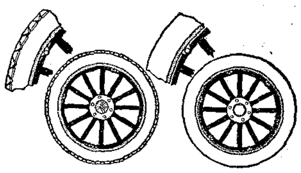
Countersunk Felloes—

giving a support on the whole rim instead of at six points only—mark a very distinct step forward in wheel design. *One of the Ten Points of New Briscoe Superiority.*



THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Cynicism.—The two keys to success are luck and pluck—luck in finding some one to pluck.—*Life.*

Well Done on the Gridiron.—“What's your favorite wild game?”

“Football.”—*Boston Transcript.*

Clever Rascal.—“How extravagant of you to pay £50 for a diamond ring for me!”

“Not at all—I shall save on your glove bills.”—*London Opinion.*

Unnecessary Exertion.—“You should try to curb your bad habits.”

“What's the use? Soon all of them will be abolished by constitutional amendments.”—*Life.*

Dearer Than He Thought.—Demobilized Tommy Atkins (gazing at price-cards in shop). “They told me I was fighting for dear life, but I never dreamt it was going to be as dear as this.”—*Punch (London).*

Changing the Call.—“They say Edison is working on a machine that will enable us to talk with the departed.”

“I suppose the proper call will be Heaven-ho! instead of Hell-o!”—*Boston Transcript.*

His First Thought.—Wife—“Ta-ta, dearie; I'll write before the end of the week.”

Husband—“Good gracious, Alice, you must make that check last longer than that!”—*London Mail.*

The Villain!

“I call that dress a crime,” said Hupp.
Replied his storm and strife,
“Stop jawing now and hook me up!”
So he fastened the crime on his wife.
—*Boston Transcript.*

A Mean Advantage.—Chairman (of public banquet)—“Gentlemen, before I introduce the next speaker, there will be a short recess, giving you all a chance to go out and stretch your legs.”

Guest—“Who is the next speaker?”

Chairman—“Before telling you who he is, I would rather wait until you come back.”—*Life.*

The Decoy.—“Say, Jim,” said the friend of the taxicab-driver, standing in front of the vehicle, “there's a purse lying on the floor of your car.”

The driver looked carefully around and then whispered: “Sometimes when business is bad I put it there and leave the door open. It's empty, but you've no idea how many people'll jump in for a short drive when they see it.”—*Kind Words.*

An Unreserved Front.—A mud-spattered dough-boy slouched into the “Y” hut where an entertainment was in progress and slumped into a front seat.

Firm, kindly, and efficient, a Y. M. C. A. man approached him, saying: “Sorry, buddy, but the entire front section is reserved for officers.”

Wearily the youth rose.

“All right,” he drawled, “but the one I just got back from wasn't.”—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Lest They Lose Count.—If all of Ireland is to indulge in the game of reprisals, there should be an official scorekeeper.—*Baltimore Sun.*

In Tents.—“Pop, what is a tentative performance?”

“It's one of them open-air shows, sonny.”—*Baltimore American.*

Just One Thrill after Another.—Some of the movie actresses seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual emotion.—*The Black and Magenta (New Concord, Ohio).*

An Exception.—Flatbush—“Do you think a man profits by his mistakes?”

Bensonhurst—“Not if he marries the wrong woman he doesn't.”—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Even Worse.—“I was reading an article which says that jazz is popular in China.”

“Well, if you've ever heard a Chinese orchestra you'll know why.”—*Baltimore American.*

He Should Worry.—He was a wise man that said that he hadn't time to worry. In the daytime he was too busy, and at night he was too sleepy.—*The Black and Magenta (New Concord, Ohio).*

One Place That Stumps 'Em.—“No city,” says a newspaper story, “has yet solved the problem of the reckless automobile speeder.”

How about Venice?—*Detroit Motor News.*

Expensive Both Ways.—The Elder—“You should begin to save up for a rainy day.”

The Younger—“I will as soon as I get through saving up for a dry day.”—*Detroit Gateway.*

Glad to Help.—Boy Scout (to old lady)—“May I accompany you across the street, madame?”

Old Lady—“Certainly, sonny. How long you been waitin' here for somebody to take you across?”—*Judge.*

Not His Sort.—The other day a little fellow of middle-class parents and drest accordingly was having a merry romp on the esplanade, rolling around on the concrete walk regardless of his clothes entirely. During a pause in his play his mother said to him, pointing to two boys in immaculate white suits: “Look, dear, wouldn't you like to be nice and clean like those children there?”

“Huh!” replied the youngster scornfully, “they're not children; they're pets.”—*Boston Transcript.*

Its One Attraction.—Captain Waters was once called to try a lawsuit in a small town not so very far from Topeka. There wasn't much doing and Cap got very lonesome. When his business was finally attended to and he was settling his hotel bill he said to the landlord:

“I intend, if possible, to come to this town to end my days. I wish to die here.”

The landlord was flattered and said:

“Indeed, Captain, I am glad that you like our town so well.”

“You have me wrong,” said Cap. “The reason I want to end my days here is because it seems to me that after a man had lived here a spell death would be a welcome relief. I never saw a town I could leave with so little regret.”—*Kansas Farmer and Mail and Breeze (Topeka).*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

“A. H. J.,” Lynchburg, Va.—“(1) How Admiral *Crichton's* name pronounced? (2) Wh is the correct pronunciation of the word *slou* in ‘*slough* of despond,’ and the word *soughi* in ‘the *soughing* of the winds in the trees’?”

(1) The name *Crichton* is pronounced *krai'ta* —*ai* as in *aisle, a* as in *final;* or Scottish, *krih'ta* —*i* as in *hit, h* as in Scottish *loch, a* as in *fina* (2) The word *slough* in “*Slough* of Despond” pronounced *slau*—*au* as *ou* in *out;* the word *sou* in “the *soughing* of the winds” is pronounced *s* —*au* as *ou* in *out.*

“C. H. S.,” Cleveland, Ohio.—“Please tell the names of the wars in which the United Stat has been involved.”

The wars which the United States has wag against foreign countries are the following: T Revolutionary War, 1775–1783; War with Fran 1798–1800; War with Great Britain, 1812–181 War with Mexico, 1846–1848; the Spanish W 1898–1899; Boxer Insurrection, 1900–190 European War, 1917–1918. There was also t Civil War, 1861–1865, between the Northern a Southern States.

“W. F. S.,” Marion, Ind.—“Kindly give the meaning of the words *von* and *taxi.*”

(1) *Von* literally means “of” or “from,” a is used with German family names to designa source, as of title, as shown in Otto Edua Leopold, Fürst *von* Bismarck, Herzog *von* Lau burg. (2) The aviation term “to taxi” mea to glide along the ground, or any other surfa Thus, a seaplane is said *to taxi* along the wa while it remains on the surface preparatory taking the air, or landing, as the case may be.

“S. G.” Uniontown, Ala.—“How are t streets of Washington numbered and lettered?”

The general plan of the streets of Washingt is formed on the basis of all numbered stre running north and south, and lettered stree east and west. There are four districts: N. S. E., N. W., and S. W.

“C. W.,” Plymouth, Pa.—“Was Sam Meredith ever Treasurer of the United Stat Two encyclopedias that I have consulted st that Alexander Hamilton was the first Treasu of the United States.”

Samuel Meredith was the first *Treasurer* of United States. Alexander Hamilton was first *Secretary of the Treasury* of the United Stat but these two are separate positions, the Sec tary of the Treasury being a cabinet officer, Treasurer, a subordinate of the Secretary.

“W. C. F.,” Millvale, Pa.—“Kindly tell on what day of the week January 1, 1659, fell.”

According to the Old or Julian Calend January 1, 1659, occurred on Saturday. T New or Gregorian Calendar places January 1659, on Wednesday.

“I. E. B.,” Pittsburgh, Pa.—“Please tell the correct way of pluralizing the word *Merc* when it is used as a name for a club or an org ization. Should it be, ‘The *Mercurys* will pl etc,’ or ‘The *Mercuries* will play, etc.’?”

According to Goold Brown's “Grammar English Grammars,” p. 244, obs. 12, *Mercur* is the correct way to form the plural of “Mercur as used in the sentence cited above.

“W. E. K.,” Akron, Ohio.—“In an argum ‘A’ declares President Johnson was not impeac because he was not thrown out of office. declares he was impeached regardless of whet he was ‘ousted’ or not. Each understands that verb ‘to impeach’ means to arraign or to br charges against, but ‘A’ maintains that officer or an authority is not ‘impeached’ unl discharged from office. Please throw some li on the subject.”

To impeach is “to charge formally with cri or wrong,” so “A” is wrong, for in Presid Johnson's case the articles of impeachment cited many offenses, the principal of which w the removal of the Secretary of War; the pu expression of disregard of and contempt for legislative branch of the Government; declaration that the one in session was not constitutional Congress, and particularly his struction to the execution of Congressional a *Johnson was acquitted* because the two-thi vote required was not obtained, the court vot 35 guilty and 19 not guilty.